THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D¹. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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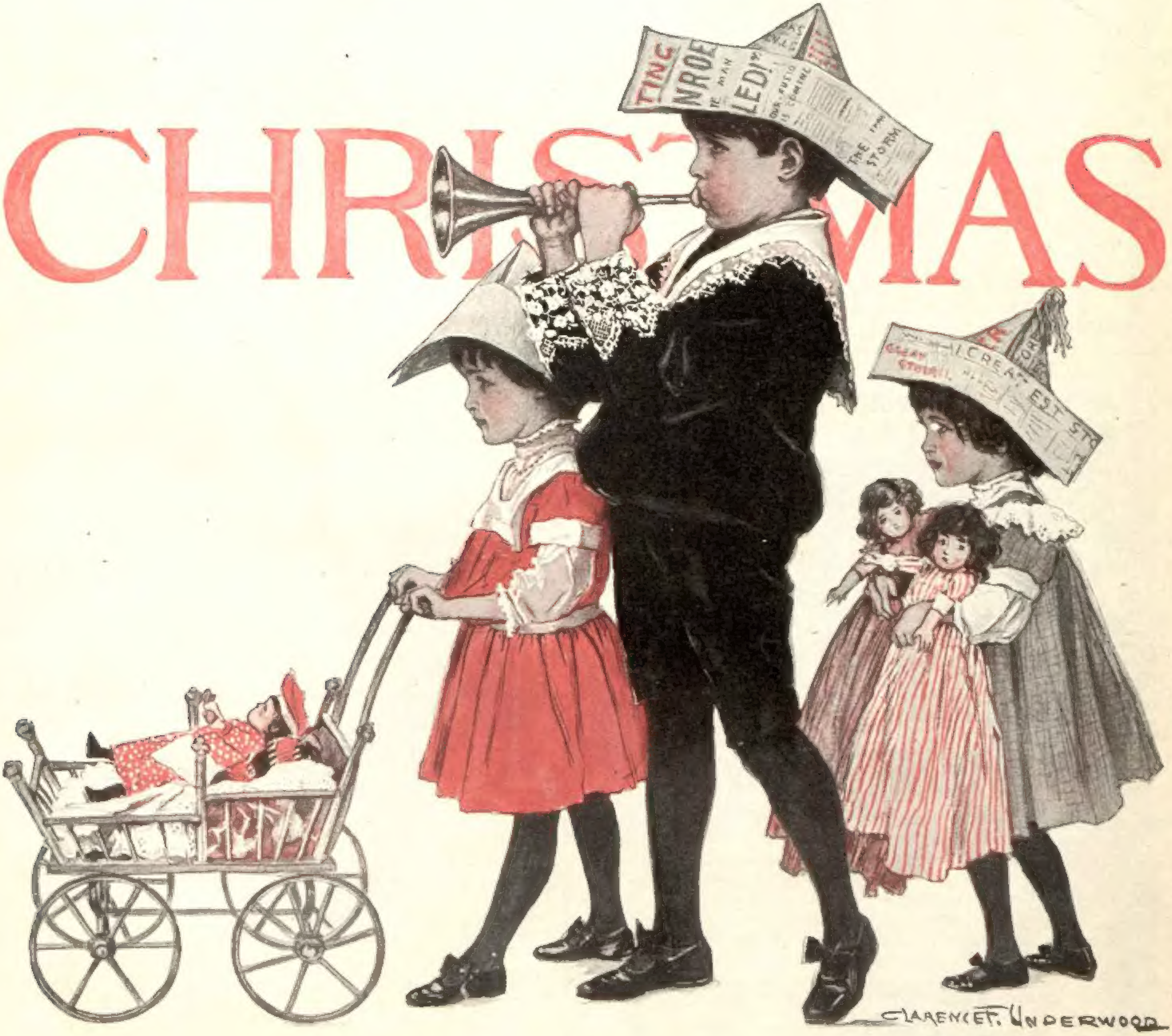
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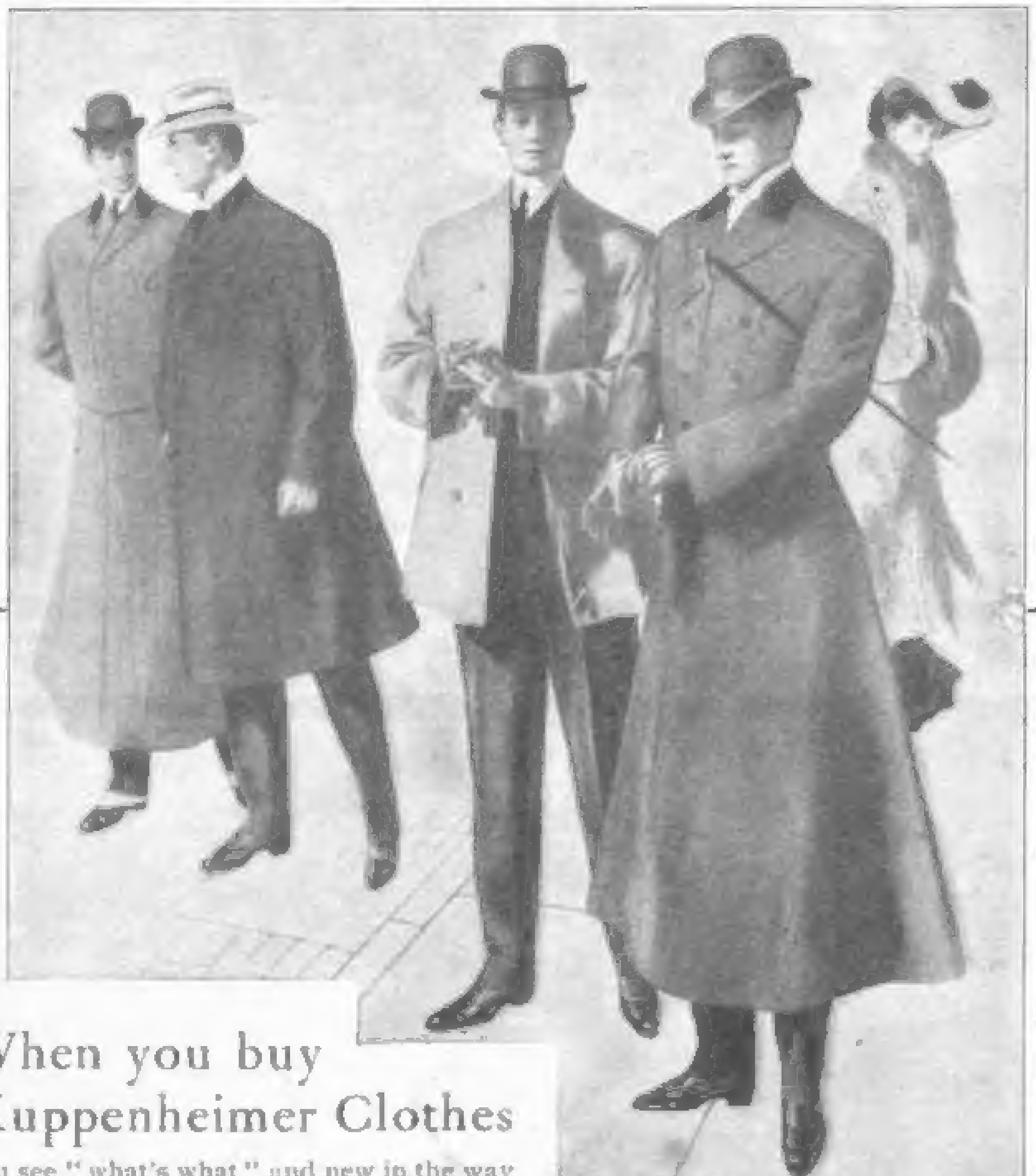

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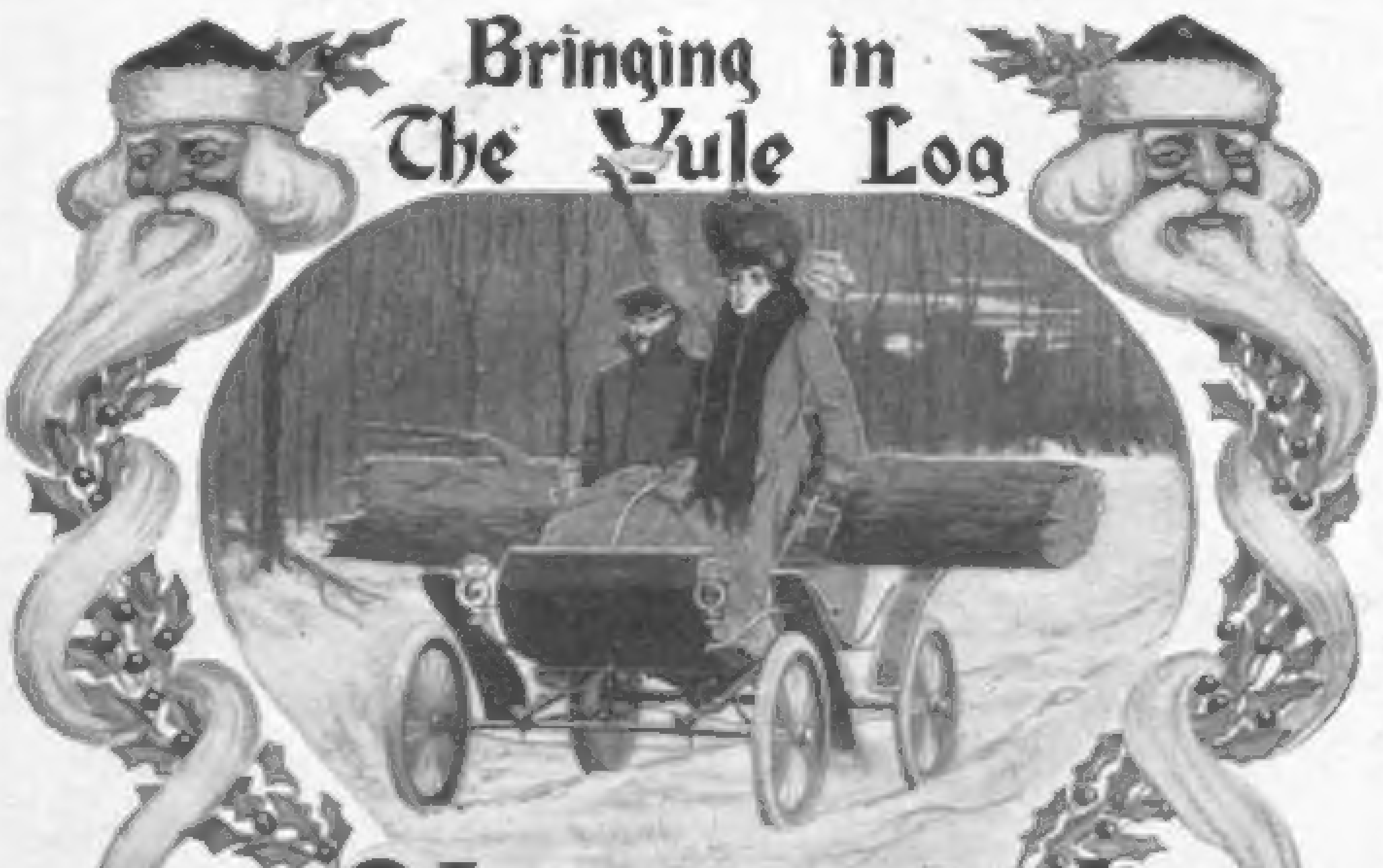

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The Mission of Fishing and Fishermen—By Grover Cleveland

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MR. CLEVELAND CASTING IN A QUIET POOL

IT WAS a long time ago that a compelling sense of duty led me to undertake, through the medium of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the exoneration of a noble fraternity, of which I am an humble member, from certain narrow-minded, if not malicious, accusations. The title given to what was then written—A Defense of Fishermen—was precisely descriptive of its purpose. It was not easy, however, to keep entirely within defensive limits; for the temptation was very strong and constant to abandon negation and palliation for the more pleasing task of commending to the admiration and affection of mankind in affirmative terms both fishing and fishermen. A determination to attempt this at another time, and thus supplement the matter then in hand, made resistance to this temptation successful; but the contemplated supplementation was then foreshadowed in the following terms:

"The defense of the fishing fraternity which has been here attempted is by no means so completely stated as it should be. Nor should the world be allowed to overlook the admirable affirmative qualities which exist among genuine members of the brotherhood and the useful traits which the indulgence in the gentle art cultivates and fosters. A recital of these, with a description of the personal peculiarities found in the ranks of fishermen, and the influence of these peculiarities on success or failure, are necessary to a thorough vindication of those who worthily illustrate the virtues of our clan."

The execution of the design thus foreshadowed has until now been evaded on account of the importance and delicacy of the undertaking and a distrust of my ability to deal adequately with the subject. Though these misgivings have not been overcome, my perplexity, as I enter upon the work so long delayed, is somewhat relieved by the hope that true fishermen will be tolerant, whatever may be the measure of my success, and that all others concerned will be teachable and open-minded.

Lessons the Fisherman Learns from Nature

THE plan I have laid out for the treatment of my topic leads me, first of all, to speak of the manner in which the fishing habit operates upon man's nature for its betterment; and afterward to deal with the qualities of heart and disposition necessary to the maintenance of good and regular standing in the fishing fraternity.

There is no man in the world capable of profitable thought who does not know that the real worth and genuineness of the human heart are measured by its readiness to submit to the influences of Nature, and to appreciate the goodness of the Supreme Power who has made and beautified Nature's abiding-place. In this domain, removed from the haunts of men and far away from the noise and dust of their turmoil and strife, the only fishing that can fully delight the heart of the true fisherman is found; and here in its enjoyment those who fish are led, consciously or unconsciously, to a quiet but distinct recognition of a power greater than man's, and a goodness far above human standards. Amid such surroundings and within such influences no true fisherman, whether sensitively attuned to sublime suggestion, or of a coarser mould and apparently intent only upon a successful catch, can fail to receive impressions which so elevate the soul and soften the heart as to make him a better man.

It is known of all men that one of the rudiments in the education of a true fisherman is the lesson of patience. If he has a natural tendency in this direction it must be cultivated. If such a tendency is entirely lacking he must acquire patience by hard schooling. This quality is so indispensable in fishing circles that those who speak of a patient fisherman waste their words. In point of fact, and properly speaking, there can be no such thing as an impatient fisherman. It cannot, therefore, be denied that in so far as fishing is a teacher of the virtue of patience, it ought to be given a large item of credit in reckoning its relation to the every-day affairs of life; for certainly the potency of patience as a factor in all worldly achievements and progress cannot be overestimated. If faith can move mountains, patience and faith combined ought to move the universe.

Moreover, if those who fish must be patient, no one should fail to see how vastly important it is to our body politic that there should continue among our people a large contingent of well-equipped fishermen, constantly prepared and willing to contribute to their country's fund of blessings a liberal and pure supply of this saving virtue.

To those who are satisfied with a superficial view of the subject it may seem impossible that the diligence and attention necessary to a fisherman's success can leave him any opportunity, while fishing, thoughtfully to contemplate any matter not related to his pursuit. Such a conception of the situation cannot be indorsed for a moment by those of us who are conversant with the mysterious and unaccountable mental phenomena which fishing develops. We know that the true fisherman finds no better time for profitable contemplation and mental exercise than when actually engaged with his angling outfit. It will probably never be possible for us to gather statistics showing the moving sermons, the enchanting poems, the learned arguments and the eloquent orations that have been composed or constructed between the bites, strikes or rises of fish; but there can be no doubt that of the many intellectual triumphs won in every walk of life by those belonging to the fishing fraternity, a larger proportion has been actually hooked and landed with a rod and reel than has been secured by any one given condition among the victories of the non-fishing world.

This may appear to be a bold statement. It is intended as an assertion that fishing and fishermen have had much to do with the enlightenment and elevation of humanity. In support of this proposition volumes might be written; but only a brief array of near-at-hand evidence will be here presented.

Those who have been fortunate enough to hear the fervid eloquence of Henry Ward Beecher, and even those who have only read what he has written, cannot overlook his fishing propensity—so constantly manifest that the things he said and wrote were fairly redolent of fishing surroundings. His own specific confession of fealty was not needed to entitle him to the credentials of a true fisherman, nor to disclose one of the never-failing springs of his best inspiration. When these things are recalled, and when we contemplate the lofty mission so well performed by this noble angler, no member of our brotherhood can do better in its vindication than to point to his career as proof of what the fishing habit has done for humanity.

What Mashpee Waters Did for Webster

DANIEL WEBSTER, too, was a fisherman—always in good and regular standing. In marshaling the proof which his great life furnishes of the beneficence of the fishing propensity, I approach the task with a feeling of awe quite natural to one who has slept in the room occupied by the great Expounder during his fishing campaigns on Cape Cod and along the shores of Mashpee Pond and its adjacent streams. This distinguished member of our fraternity was an industrious and attentive fisherman. He was, besides, a wonderful orator—and largely so because he was a fisherman. He himself has confessed to the aid he received from a fishing environment in the preparation of his best oratorical efforts; and other irrefutable testimony to the same effect is at hand.

It is not deemed necessary to cite in proof of such aid more than a single incident. Perhaps none of Mr. Webster's orations was more notable, or added more to his lasting fame, than that delivered at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument. And it will probably be conceded that its most impressive and beautiful passage was addressed to the survivors of the War of Independence then present, beginning with the words, "Venerable Men!" This thrilling oratorical flight was composed and elaborated by Mr. Webster while wading waist deep and casting his flies in Mashpee waters. He himself afterward often referred to this circumstance; and one who was his companion on this particular occasion has recorded the fact that, noticing indications of laxity in fishing action on Mr. Webster's part, he approached him, and that, in the exact words of this witness, "he seemed to be gazing at the overhanging trees, and presently advancing one foot and extending his right hand he commenced to speak, 'Venerable Men!'"

Mr. Webster's Remarks to a Fish

THOUGH this should be enough to support conclusively the contention that incidents of Mr. Webster's great achievements prove the close relationship between fishing and the loftiest attainments of mankind, this branch of our subject ought not to be dismissed without reference to a conversation I once had with old John Attaquin, then a patriarch among the few survivors of the Mashpee Indians. He had often been Mr. Webster's guide and companion on his fishing trips and remembered clearly many of their happenings. It was with a glow of love and admiration amounting almost to worship that he related how this great fisherman, after landing a large trout on the bank of the stream, "talked mighty strong and fine to that fish and told him what a mistake he had made, and what a fool he was to take that fly, and that he would have been all right if he had let it alone." Who can doubt that patient search would disclose, somewhere in Mr. Webster's speeches and writings, the elaboration, with high intent, of that mighty strong and fine talk addressed to the fish at Mashpee. The impressive story of this simple, truthful old Indian was delightfully continued when, with the enthusiasm of an untutored mind remembering pleasant sensations, the narrator told how the great fisherman and orator, having concluded his "strong, fine talk," would frequently suit the action to the word, when he turned to his guide and proposed a fitting libation in recognition of his catch. This part of the story is not here repeated on account of its superior value as an addition to the evidence we have already gathered, but I am thus given an opportunity to speak of the emotion which fascinated me as the story proceeded, and as I recalled how precisely a certain souvenir called "the Webster Flask," carefully hoarded among my valued possessions, was fitted to the situation described.

Let it be distinctly understood that the claim is not here made that all who fish can become as great as Henry Ward Beecher or Daniel Webster. It is insisted, however, that fishing is a constructive force, capable of adding to and developing the best there is in any man who fishes in a proper spirit and among favorable surroundings. In other words, it is claimed that upon the evidence adduced it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the fishing habit, by promoting close association with Nature, by teaching patience, and by generating or stimulating useful contemplation, tends directly to the increase of the intellectual power of its votaries, and, through them, to the improvement of our national character. In pursuance of the plan adopted for the presentation of our subject, mention must now be made of the qualities of heart and disposition absolutely essential to the maintenance of honorable membership in the fishing fraternity. This mode of procedure is not only made necessary by the exigencies of our scheme, but the brotherhood of fishermen would not be satisfied if the exploitation of their service to humanity and their value to the country should terminate with a recital of the usefulness of their honorable pursuit. The record would be woefully incomplete if reference were omitted to the relation of fishing to the moral characteristics and qualities of heart, with which it is as vitally connected as with the intellectual traits already mentioned.

No man can be a completely good fisherman unless within his piscatorial sphere he is generous, sympathetic and honest. If he expects to enjoy that hearty and unstrained confidence of his brethren in the fraternity which alone can make his membership a comfort and a delight he must be generous to the point of willingness to share his last leaders and flies, or any other items of his outfit, with any worthy fellow-fisherman who may be in need. The manifestation of littleness and crowding selfishness often condoned in other quarters, and the over-reaching conduct so generally permitted in business circles, are unpardonable crimes in the true fisherman's code. Of course, there is nothing to prevent those from fishing who wholly disregard all rules of generosity, fairness and decency. Nor can we of the brotherhood of true fishermen always shield ourselves from the reproach to which we are subjected by those who steal our livery and disgrace it by casting aside all manly liberality in their intercourse with other fishermen and all considerate self-restraint in their intercourse with fish. We constantly deprecate the existence of those called by our name, in whose low conception of the subject fishing is but a greedy game, where selfishness and meanness are the winning cards, and where the stakes are the indiscriminate and ruthless slaughter of fish; and let it be here said, once for all, that with these we have nothing to do except to condemn them as we pass. Our concern is with true fishermen — a very different type of mankind — and with those who *prima facie* have some claim to the title.

How to Know a True Fisherman

NO BURDENSOME qualifications or tedious probation obstruct the entrance to this fraternity; and skill and fishing ability count for nothing in eligibility. The oldest and most experienced and skillful fisherman will look with composure upon the vanishing chances of his catch through the floundering efforts of an awkward beginner, if the awkward flounderer has shown that he is sound at heart. He may not fish well, but if he does not deliberately rush ahead of all companions to preempt every promising place in the stream, nor everlastingly study to secure for his use the best of the bait, nor always fail to return borrowed tackle, nor prove to be blind, deaf and dumb when others are in tackle need, nor crowd into another's place, nor draw his flask in secrecy, nor light a cigar with no suggestion of another, nor do a score of other indefinable mean things that among true fishermen constitute him an unbearable nuisance, he will not only be tolerated but aided in every possible way.

It is curious to observe how inevitably the brotherhood discovers unworthiness. Even without an overt act it is detected — apparently by a sort of instinct. In any event, and in spite of the most cunning precautions, the sin of the unfit is sure to find them out; and no excuse is allowed to avert unforgiving ostracism as its punishment.

A true fisherman is also conservative, provident, not given to envy, considerate of the rights of others, and careful of his good name. He fishes many a day and returns at night to his home, hungry, tired and disappointed; but he still has faith in his methods, and is not tempted to try new and more deadly lures. On the contrary, he is willing in all circumstances to give the fish the chance for life which a liberal sporting disposition has determined to be their due; and he will bide his time under old conditions. He will not indulge his fishing propensity to the extent of the wanton destruction and waste of fish; he will not envy the superior advantages of another in the indulgence of the pastime he loves so well; he will never be known to poach upon the preserves of a fortunate neighbor; and no one will be quicker or more spirited than he in the defense of his fishing honor and character.

Truth as Defined by the Honorable Guild

THIS detailed recital of the necessary qualifications of good fishermanship serves most importantly as the prelude of an invitation for skeptics to observe the complete identity of these qualifications with the factors necessary to good citizenship, and from thence to concede a more ready recognition of the honorable place which should be awarded to the fraternity among the agencies of our country's good.

In conclusion, and to the end that there should be no appearance of timidity or lack of frankness, something should be said explanatory of the degree and kind of truthfulness which an honorable standing in the fishing fraternity exacts. Of course, the notion must not be for a moment tolerated that deliberate, downright lying as to an essential matter is permissible. It must be confessed, however, that unescapable traditions and certain inexorable conditions of our brotherhood tend to a modification of the standards of truthfulness which have been set up in other quarters. Beyond doubt, our members should be as reliable in statement as our traditions and the full enjoyment of fraternity membership will permit. An attempt has been made to remedy the indefiniteness of this requirement by insisting that no statement should be regarded as sufficiently truthful for the fisherman's code that had not for its foundation at least a belief of its correctness on the part of the member making it. This was regarded as too cumbersome and as permitting too much elasticity in the quality of the belief required. The matter seems to have been finally adjusted in a manner expressed in the motto: "In essentials — truthfulness; in non-essentials — reciprocal latitude." If it is objected that there may be great difficulty and perplexity in determining what are essentials and what non-essentials under this rule, it should be remembered that no human arrangement, especially those involving morals and ethics, can be made to fit all emergencies.

In any event, great comfort is to be found in the absolute certainty that the law of truthfulness will be so administered by the brotherhood that no one will ever be permitted to suffer in mind, body or estate by reason of fishermen's tales.

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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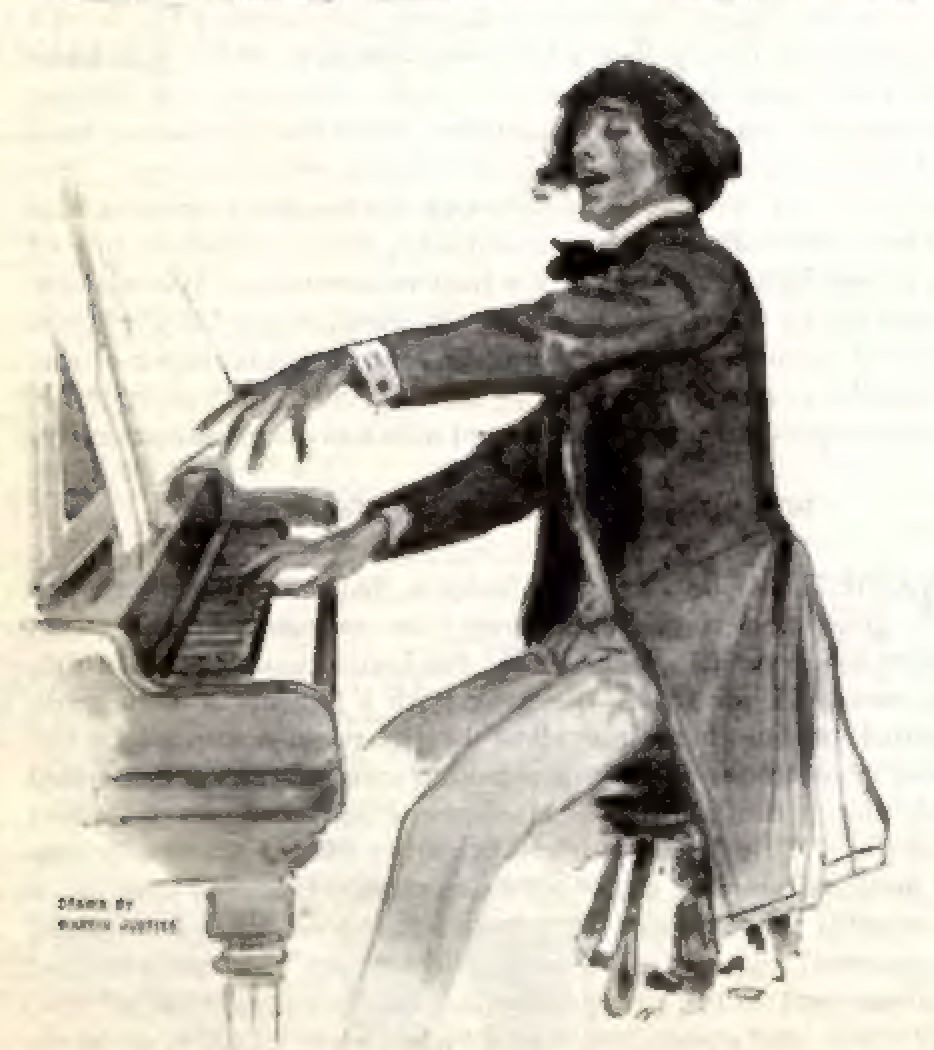


HAD GROWN THE HAIR FOR THE JOB

III — From John Graham, at the Schweitzerkäsenhof, Carlsbad, to his son Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago. A friend of the young man has just presented a letter of introduction to the old man and exchanged a large bunch of stories for a small roll of bills.

CARLSBAD, October 24th, 189—.

Dear Pierrepont: Yesterday your old college friend, Clarence, blew in from Monte Carlo, where he had been spending a few days in the interests of science, and presented your letter of introduction. Said he still couldn't understand just how it happened, because he had figured it out by logarithms and trigonometry and differential calculus and a lot of other high-priced studies that he'd taken away from Harvard, and that it was a cinch on paper. Was so sure that he could have proved his theory right if he'd only had a little more money that it hardly seemed worth while to tell him that the only thing he could really prove with his system was old Professor Darwin's theory that men and monkeys began life in the same cage. It never struck me before, but I'll bet the Professor got that idea while he was talking with some of his students.

Personally, I don't know a great deal about gambling, because all I ever spent for information on the subject was $2.75 — my fool horse broke in the stretch — and that was forty years ago; but first and last a lot of men have stepped into my private office to explain how it happened that they hadn't made a hog-killing with the hundred that they'd "borrowed temporarily" from the cash-drawer. Of course there must be a winning side to gambling, but all that these fellows have been able to tell me about is the losing side. And I gather from their experiences that when a fellow does a little gambling on the side, it's always on the wrong side.

The fact of the matter is that the race horse, the faro tiger and the poker kitty have bigger appetites than any healthy critter has a right to have; and after you've fed a tapeworm there's mighty little left for you. Following the horses may be pleasant exercise at the start, but they're apt to lead you to the door of the poorhouse or the jail at the finish.

To get back to Clarence: he took about an hour to dock his cargo of hard luck, and another to tell me how strange it was that there was no draft from his London bankers waiting to welcome him. Of course, I haven't lived for sixty years among a lot of fellows who've been trying to drive a cold chisel between me and my bank account without being able to smell a touch coming a long time before it overtakes me, and Clarence's intentions permeated his cheery conversation about as thoroughly as a fertilizer factory does a warm summer night. Of course, he gave me every opportunity to prove that I was a gentleman and to suggest delicately that I should be glad if he would let me act as his banker in this sudden emergency, but as I didn't show any signs of being a gentleman and a banker he was finally forced to come out and ask me in coarse commercial words to lend him a hundred. Said it hurt him to have to do it on such short acquaintance, but I couldn't see that he was suffering any real pain.

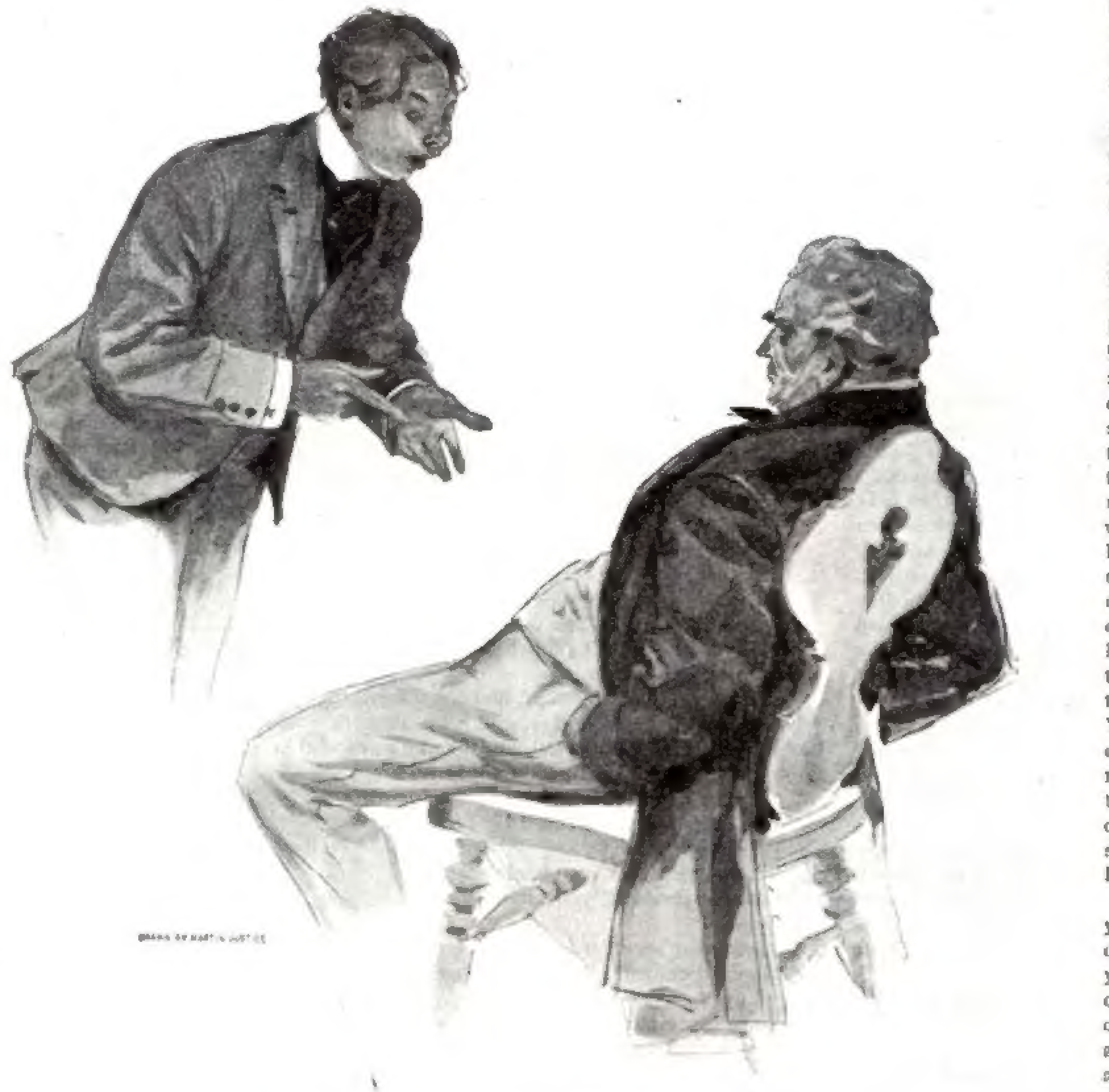
Frankly, I shouldn't have lent Clarence a dollar on his looks or his story, for they both struck me as doubtful collateral, but so long as he had a letter from you, asking me to "do anything in my power to oblige him, or to make his stay in Carlsbad pleasant," I let him have the money on your account, to which I have written the cashier to charge it. Of course, I hope Clarence will pay you back, but I think you will save bookkeeping by charging it off to experience. I've usually found that these quick, glad borrowers are slow, sad payers. And when a fellow tells you that it hurts him to have to borrow, you can bet that the thought of having to pay is going to tie him up into a bowknot of pain.

Right here I want to caution you against giving away your signature to every Clarence and Willie that happens along. When your name is on a note it stands only for money, but when it's on a letter of introduction or recommendation it stands for your judgment of ability and character, and you can't call it in at the end of thirty days, either. Giving a letter of introduction is simply lending your name with a man as collateral, and if he's no good you can't have the satisfaction of redeeming your indorsement even; and you're both discredited. The first thing that a young merchant must learn is that his brand must never appear on a note, or a ham, or a man that isn't good. I reckon that the devil invented the habit of indorsing notes and giving letters to catch the fellows he couldn't reach with whisky and gambling.

Of course, letters of introduction have their proper use, but about nine out of ten of them are simply a license to some Clarence to waste an hour of your friend's time and to graft on him for the luncheon and cigars. It's getting so that a fellow who's almost a stranger to me doesn't think anything of asking for a letter of introduction to one who's a total stranger. You can't explain to these fellows, because when you try to let them down easy by telling them that you haven't had any real opportunity to know what their special abilities are, they always come back with an "Oh! that's all right — just say a word and refer to anything you like about me."

I give them the letter then, unsealed, and though, of course, they're not supposed to read it, I have reason to think that they do, because I've never heard of one of those letters being presented. I use the same form on all of them, and after they've pumped their thanks into me and rushed around the corner, they find in the envelope: "This will introduce Mr. Gallister. While I haven't had the pleasure of any extended acquaintance with Mr. Gallister, I like his nerve."

It's a mighty curious thing, but a lot of men who have no claim on you, and who wouldn't think of asking for money, will pan-handle both sides of a street for favors that mean more than money. Of course, it's the easy thing and the pleasant thing not to refuse, and after all, most men think, it doesn't cost anything but a few strokes of the pen, and so they will give a fellow that they wouldn't ordinarily play on their friends as a practical joke a nice sloppy letter of introduction to them; or hand out to a man that they wouldn't give away as a booby prize a letter of recommendation in which they crack him up as having all the qualities necessary for an A1 Sunday-school superintendent and bank president. But when a cow that never sits down long enough between meals to chew the cud strays into your garden and you pass her along into the next truck patch instead of helping her out into the highway with a fence picket, you're not going to find the neighbors cheering when your name is mentioned.



HE HAD FIGURED OUT HIS SYSTEM BY LOGARITHMS

Now that you are a boss you will find that every other man who comes to your desk is going to ask you for something; in fact, the difference between being a sub and a boss is largely a matter of asking for things and of being asked for things. But it's just as one of those poets said, you can't afford to burn down the glue factory to stimulate the demand for glue stock, or words to that effect.

Of course, I don't mean by this that I want you to be one of those fellows who swell out like a ready-made shirt and brag that they "never borrow and never lend." They always think that this shows that they are sound, conservative business men, but, as a matter of fact, it simply stamps them as mighty mean little cusses. It's very superior, I know, to say that you never borrow, but most men have to at one time or another, and then they find that the never-borrow, never-lend platform is a mighty inconvenient one to be standing on. Be just in business and generous out of it. A fellow's generosity needs a heap of exercise to keep it in good condition, and the hand that writes out checks gets cramped easier than the hand that takes them in. You want to keep them both limber.

While I don't believe in giving with a string tied to every dollar or doing up a gift in so many conditions that the present is lost in the wrappings, it's a good idea not to let most people feel that money can be had for the asking. If you do, they're apt to go into the asking business for a living. But these millionaires who give away a hundred thousand or so, with the understanding that the other fellow will raise another hundred thousand or so, always remind me of a lot of boys coaxing a dog into their yard with a hunk of meat, so that they can tie a tin can to his tail — the pup edges up licking his chops at the thought of the provisions and hanging his tail at the thought of the hardware. If he gets the meat, he's got to run himself to death to get rid of the can.

While we're on this subject of favors I want to impress on you the importance of deciding promptly. The man who can make up his mind quick makes up other people's minds for them. Decision is a sharp knife that cuts clear and straight and lays bare the fat and the lean; indecision, a dull one that hacks and tears and leaves ragged edges behind it. Say yes or no — never perhaps. Some people have such fertile imaginations that they will take a grain of hope and grow a large definite promise with bark on it overnight, and later, when you come to pull that out of their brains by the roots, it hurts, and they holler.

When a fellow asks for a job in your department there may be reasons why you hate to give him a clear-cut refusal, but if you tell him frankly that you see no possibility of placing him, he may not like the taste of the medicine, but he swallows it and it's down and forgotten. But you say to a fellow that you're very sorry your department is full just then, but that you think a place will come along later and that he shall have the first call on it, and he goes away with his teeth in that job. You've simply postponed your trouble for a few weeks or months. And trouble postponed always has to be met with accrued interest.

Never string a man along in business. It isn't honest and it isn't good policy. Either's a good reason, but taken together they head the list of good reasons.

Of course, I don't mean that you want to go rampaging along, trampling on people's feelings and goring every one that sticks up a head in your path. But there's no use shilly-shallying and doddering with people who ask questions and favors they have no right to ask. Don't hurt any one if you can help it, but if you must, a clean, quick wound heals soonest.

When you can, it's better to refuse a request by letter. In a letter you need say only what you choose to say; in a talk you may have to say more than it's wise to say.

With the best system in the world you'll find it impossible, however, to keep a good many people who have no real business with you from seeing you and wasting your time, because a broad-gauged merchant must be accessible. When a man's office is policed and every one who sees him has to prove that he's taken the third degree and is able to give the grand hailing sign, he's going to miss a whole lot of things that it would be mighty valuable for him to know. Of course, the man whose errand could be attended to by the office boy is always the one who calls loudest for the boss, but with a little tact you can weed out most of these fellows, and it's better to see ten bores than to miss one buyer. You've got to open a good many oysters to find a pearl. And a house never gets so big that it can afford to sniff at a hundred-pound sausage order, or to feel that any customer is so small that it can afford not to see him.

You should answer letters just as you answer men — promptly, courteously and decisively. Of course you don't ever want to go off half-cocked and bring down a cow instead of the buck you're aiming at, but always remember that game is shy and that you can't shoot too quick after you've once got it covered. When I go into a fellow's office and see his desk buried in letters with the dust on them, I know that there are cobwebs in his head. Foresight is the quality that makes a great merchant, but a man who has his desk littered with yesterday's business has no time to plan for to-morrow's.

The only letters that can wait are those that provoke a hot answer. A good hot letter is always foolish, and you should never write a foolish thing if you can say it to the man instead, and never say it if you can forget it. The wisest man may make an ass of himself to-day, over to-day's provocation, but not to-morrow. Before being used, warm words should always be run into the cooling-room until the animal heat is out of them. Of course, there's no use in a fool's waiting, because there's no room in a small head in which to lose a grievance.

Speaking of small heads naturally calls to mind a gold brick named Solomon Saunders that I bought when I was a good deal younger and hadn't been buncoed so often. I got him with a letter recommending him as a sort of happy combination of the three wise men of the East and the nine muses, and I got rid of him with one in which I allowed that he was the whole dozen.

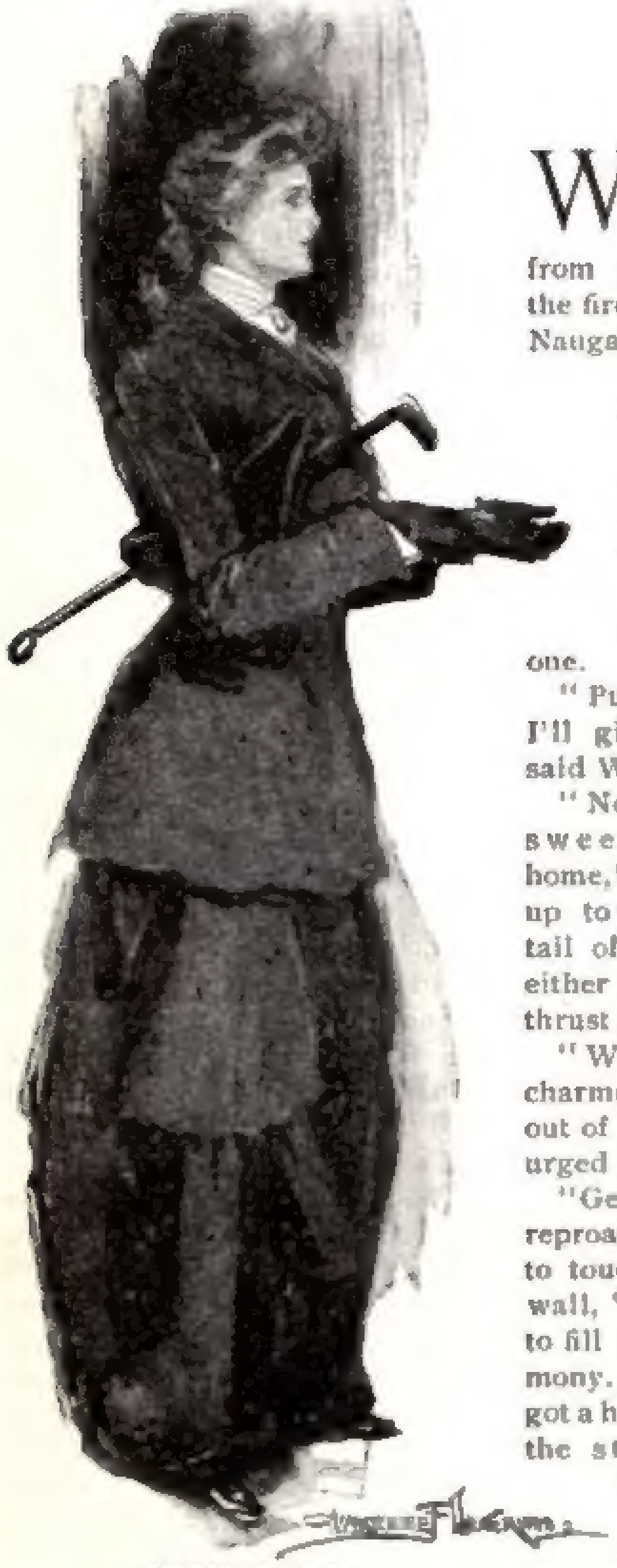
I really hired Sol because he reminded me of some one I'd known and liked, though I couldn't just remember at the time who it was; but one day, after he'd been with me about a week, it came to me in a flash that he was the living image of old Bucker, a billygoat I'd set a heap of store by when I was a boy. That was a lesson to me on the foolishness of getting sentimental in business. I never think of the old homestead that echo doesn't answer, "Give up!"; or hear from it without getting a bill for having been born there.

Sol had started out in life to be a great musician. Had raised the hair for the job and had kept his finger-nails cut just right for it, but somehow, when he played "My Old Kentucky Home," nobody sobbed softly in the fourth row. You see, he could play a piece absolutely right and meet

(*Continued on Page 55*)

The Unforeseen Reminder

By HAMBLEN SEARS



BORN IN 1782

"WELL, I'm for home," and Sedley rose from the circle around the fire in the hall of the Naugatuck Club.

"What's the rush, Tom?"

"Oh, I'm tired. That was a long run this afternoon."

"Stay here and dine," said some one.

"Put up with us and I'll give you a dinner," said Winthrop.

"No—no! I go to 'my sweet, my highland home,'" and he backed up to the fire with one tail of his riding-coat on either arm and his hands thrust into his pockets.

"We've got a fair charmer, who'll draw you out of bachelorhood," urged Winthrop, smiling.

"George," said Sedley reproachfully as he turned to touch a button in the wall, "George, don't try to fill me up with matrimony. I'm happy. I've got a home—— Otto, ask the stable boy to send up Khartoun."

"It's a most ridiculous thing—that house on the hill all alone and no girl to——"

"Hang her petticoats in my closets? Not on your life, Jimmy!" laughed the bachelor as he pulled on his gloves and made for the door.

"There's an extra run day after to-morrow with the new hounds. Will you be down?"

"Yes—about ten? All right! So long!"

Outside he mounted Khartoun and the two tired beings, with mud on fetlock and riding-boot, jogged off into the twilight. The last red of the autumn day was close down in the west and little clouds like pink balloons came scurrying out of the north with the crisp wind. All the hills stood black against the sky as they wound up the wooded road for five good miles. Then a light from a window, a bit of clear avenue, and Sedley pulled up at the door of his house, pausing a moment to look out over the woods and the sea, now darkening into the early October night.

He turned the knob and went into a generous room——

"Heavens preserve us!" he muttered.

There at the further end of the room, on a lounge before a fire—there in his house—sat a young woman in riding habit and three-cornered hat calmly pouring a cup of tea and tossing bits of toast to two—his two—shaggy stag-hounds.

Through the double doors from the dining-room came a trim little maid. Sedley raised a warning finger and stood watching the operation. In a moment the dogs sat up and looked at him and the girl instinctively turned.

"Don't get up!—please!—*Do* sit down again! I——" And he stopped for want of something to say, while the color spread over the girl's face as he moved toward the fire.

"I—I hope you won't mind—I had to——!"

"May I have some tea?" He asked so plaintively that she could not help smiling as he sank into a big leather chair.

"No doubt, since it's your tea—sugar?"

"Two lumps."

He did not take his eyes from her for fear she might fade away.

"You won't think me un—un—I didn't know——"

"I'll explain. You are a maiden of colonial days with your cocked hat, riding afield, and I—I'm—well, I'm——"

"You're a bachelor in the twentieth century and your name is Sedley."

"Do you mind?"

She smiled at his apologetic tone.

"How do you know who I am?"

"Well, in the first place," laughing in spite of herself, "there isn't one single thing in all this beautiful room that could possibly belong to a woman. Then here's a tobacco box marked Thomas Sedley."

"Maggie!"

"Yes, sir," said the maid.

"Can Miss Holmes have some more toast?"

"But that isn't my name!" cried the visitor.

"Oh, yes, it is."

"But it isn't any such thing! My name is——"

"Wait! I'll tell you your story. I even know your family; I know your age, too."

"Do you, really!"

"Certainly. You're Miss Holmes—sister to Sherlock——"

"How silly!"

"And you have all the ability of that famous family."

"And how old am I, if you please?"

"You were born in 1782."

"Thank you. I knew I looked old, but——"

"I mean you're—you're——"

"It's really one hundred and twenty-five years."

"You see, you—you've preserved your youth wonderfully."

"I should hope so."

"In fact you've scarcely changed for the last hundred and five years."

"But I'm sailing under false colors. Your nice little maid told me your name and that you were a bachelor."

"I knew it!"

"What?"

"No one but Holmes, or his sister, could put two and two together that way!"

"Oh, well, if you insist—but I mustn't stay——"

"Please sit down! You don't know how——"

"But it isn't—it isn't proper for me to be here. Won't you let me clear myself?"

"Tell me all about it," and he leaned forward.

"I was in the hunt to-day, and way off here somewhere Ladysmith stumbled and fell, and I came a graceful cropper, broke the girth and hurt poor Ladysmith's knee."

"I'll give Ladysmith a big lump of sugar."

"Yes, she's a dear! You'd love her."

"I do now."

"But you've never seen her!"

"Yet she stumbled, you know——"

"But——"

"Right near here."

"How ridiculous! Well, then I saw this pretty house and limped up."

"You?" anxiously.

"I mean Ladysmith——and rang the bell, and"—smiling up at him—"asked for the lady of the house——"

"Ah, that illusory lady—that mysterious person—where, oh where may she be?"

"——And the nice little maid said, ''Scuse me, mum, but there ain't none.' But she said I must come in, and she had Ladysmith to the stable, and then gave me this delicious tea." She stood up and smoothed her habit down, carefully covering so far as possible the little tan riding-boots.

Sedley got up hastily, still a little dazed.

"Won't you have some tea?"

"Dear me; no, thanks, I've had three cups already."

"Have some whis—— No, no, of course not! Won't you have—er—something?"

They stood now by the high mantel with only the light of the fire in the room.

"May I ask one more favor?"

"Will you, please?"

"You haven't any telephone——"

"No, I have telephones in town. I won't have one here."

"——And I can't telephone my people——"

"Of course. I'll hitch up something and take you home."

But still there was uncertainty, perhaps embarrassment, in her face. "——Or would you rather ride?"

"I would, really. I love horses and this is so beautiful—this cold, dark night."

"May I ride down with you?"

"I'm afraid that's the great favor——"

"It is indeed! To be able to——"

"I mean, it's unfair to take you out now, but I don't know the way, you see. And would you—and would you keep Ladysmith?"

"Of course."

And so he ordered two horses. As they waited she looked about the room, now lighted with its quietly shaded electric lamps.

"It is beautiful, really! I don't see how a man can make it so pretty."

He led her to the dining-room. The table was set for one.

"It would be hospitable to ask my guest——"

"Don't, please!" said she quickly.

"Forgive me. I won't," and he was so evidently sorry that she smiled forgiveness.

"It is really too pretty for anything. No mere man deserves it."

"Would you like to see—you know—how—how I housekeep?"

"I'd love to," and she went into the butler's pantry.

They were looking at the clean kitchen—Maggie standing by with embarrassed pride—when Sedley stopped. The front door opened and closed and a cheery masculine voice cried out: "Oh, Tom!" "Tom" murmured something unfit for publication and then turned to find a fair but frightened face looking up at him in dismay.

"What shall we do?" she whispered, coming close to him.

"I say, Tom! Are you there?"

"Hello, Ben! I'll be there in a moment;" then he whispered, "Stay here till I come back."

The girl was now thoroughly frightened. "It's dreadful! If he should see me! Oh, Mr. Sedley, I—I—you won't misunderstand, will you?"

"Stay in this room and wait," said he quietly. "And if you think I could misunderstand in the least, you aren't very nice to me, are you?"

"I know. I—it's terrible!"

He made a sign to her and went out through the dining-room.

"Say, Tom, I'm on my way to the club after wandering around here looking for a young woman who's visiting down below. Can't find her—give me a drink, will you? And send me on my way rejoicing."

"Sure, Ben," said Sedley, cursing the man inwardly. They moved over to the fire. Sedley's heart was in his mouth until he saw that Maggie had taken away the tea things. All was well.

"Hello, what's this?" asked Alton, picking up a lady's riding gauntlet. "Tom! Thomas! who is she?"

"Never you mind, my friend," and Sedley choked as his brain tried to work to the occasion.

"Who is she? Tell me, or——"

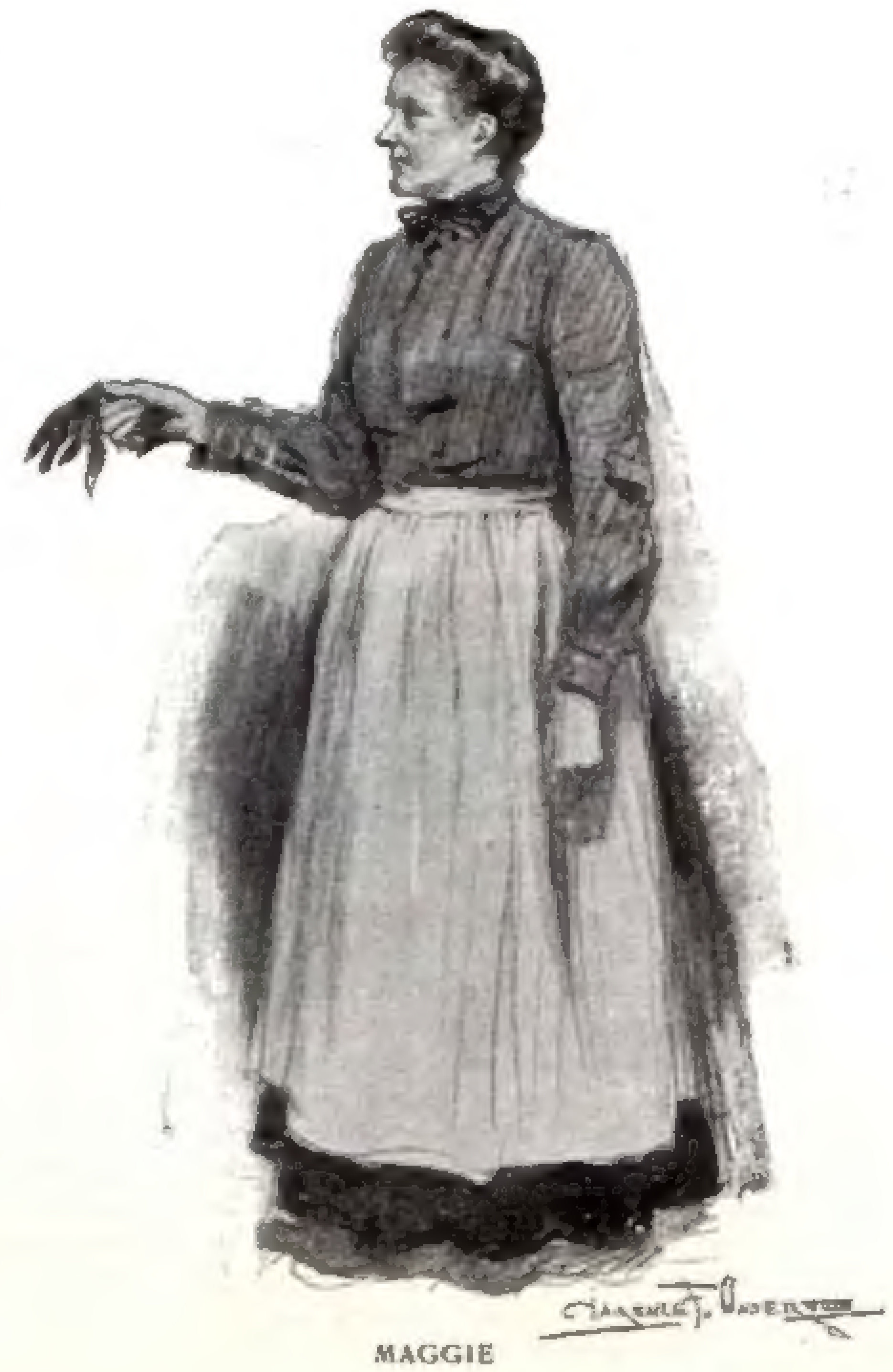
"Ben, do you suppose it's impossible for a bachelor to secure by some mysterious means the glove of a fair lady?"

"You don't mean to say——"

"I mean to say nothing," which was literally true.

"So the old hard-shell is cracked at last! If I don't——"

"Here, man, here's your beverage. Drink it," adding to himself, "and may it choke you."



MAGGIE

"Well, I'll be doggoned! To think of Tom Sedley ——" and he laughed at the nervous wreck in front of him. "Say, Tom, did the fair one ride to-day?"

"None of your business! Will you stay and dine?"

"I can't. I've got to get down and report my loss. She's probably at home now, anyway."

They went to the door, and as Alton mounted again Sedley called out: "You're dining here to-morrow, you know."

"All right."

"You and the Missus and your houseful."

Then he banged the door and sinking into a chair wiped his forehead. There was a quick step from the dining-room.

"Give me that glove quick!"

"Why?"

"Quick! quick!" He gave it up at once.

"It's all right, Miss Holmes. No harm done."

She seemed suddenly conscience stricken as she drew on the glove.

"You've got yourself into a terrible scrape to save me. I—I am very thankful to you, really." And she held out the little gauntlet. He was perhaps a little nervous and excited over what had just happened and that would explain his raising it gently to his lips.

"There are the horses," said a nervous little voice.

"Yes, yes; here they are——"

"Goodness me!"

"What's the matter now?"

"I can't leave Ladysmith here."

"Why not?"

"How will she get home?"

"I'll send her down in the morning."

"But how can I explain?"

"Dear me, that's so. Alexander, bring up that mare. I'll lead her down." And so they started down the dark road, walking the horses and talking quietly. He had somewhat to think on, and she? She had a strange horse.

As they came to the outskirts of the Naugatuck colony she pulled up.

"What's the trouble?" asked Sedley quickly.

Miss Sherlock Holmes looked over at him with a laugh.

"You said I was a hundred and twenty-five years old ——"

"But I only meant ——"

"What did the cavaliers of those days do for the damsels of those days?"

He hesitated.

"I don't dare to say."

"I can stand anything after the last hour."

"Well, so far as I know, you see—just answering your question, you know ——"

"Yes ——"

"Well, they fell in—that is, they ——"

"They didn't do any such thing!" stiffly.

"Yes, they did."

"They didn't! I'll tell you what they did."

"If your ladyship will be so kind," humbly.

"They were just willing to die for those damsels."

"Strange how few changes time makes."

"Thank you, again."

"How shall I die, ladyship?"

"You will put my saddle on Ladysmith, sir, and then you will leave me here to go home alone ——"

"No cavalier was ever such an ass!"

"Please!"

"But you don't know the way."

"Yes, I do, really. From here it's only a step. Please!" she urged gently. And he did.

Just as she was about to leave, he said:

"Those cavalier-damsel days had another custom."

"I don't believe it. What custom?"

"The damsel always—she did really—always gave the cavalier a favor at parting."

"Well, this damsel doesn't," laughed the girl.

"Not that gray glove?"

"No. That glove has been seen once too often already."

"May I be introduced to you some time?"

"I don't believe you can. I should be frightened."

"I can keep a secret."

"If you'll promise never to remind me of this again, and won't—won't make me terribly embarrassed ——"

"I promise."

"—— And I am really very much—very much obliged to you, Mr. Sedley, for it all." And off limped Ladysmith.

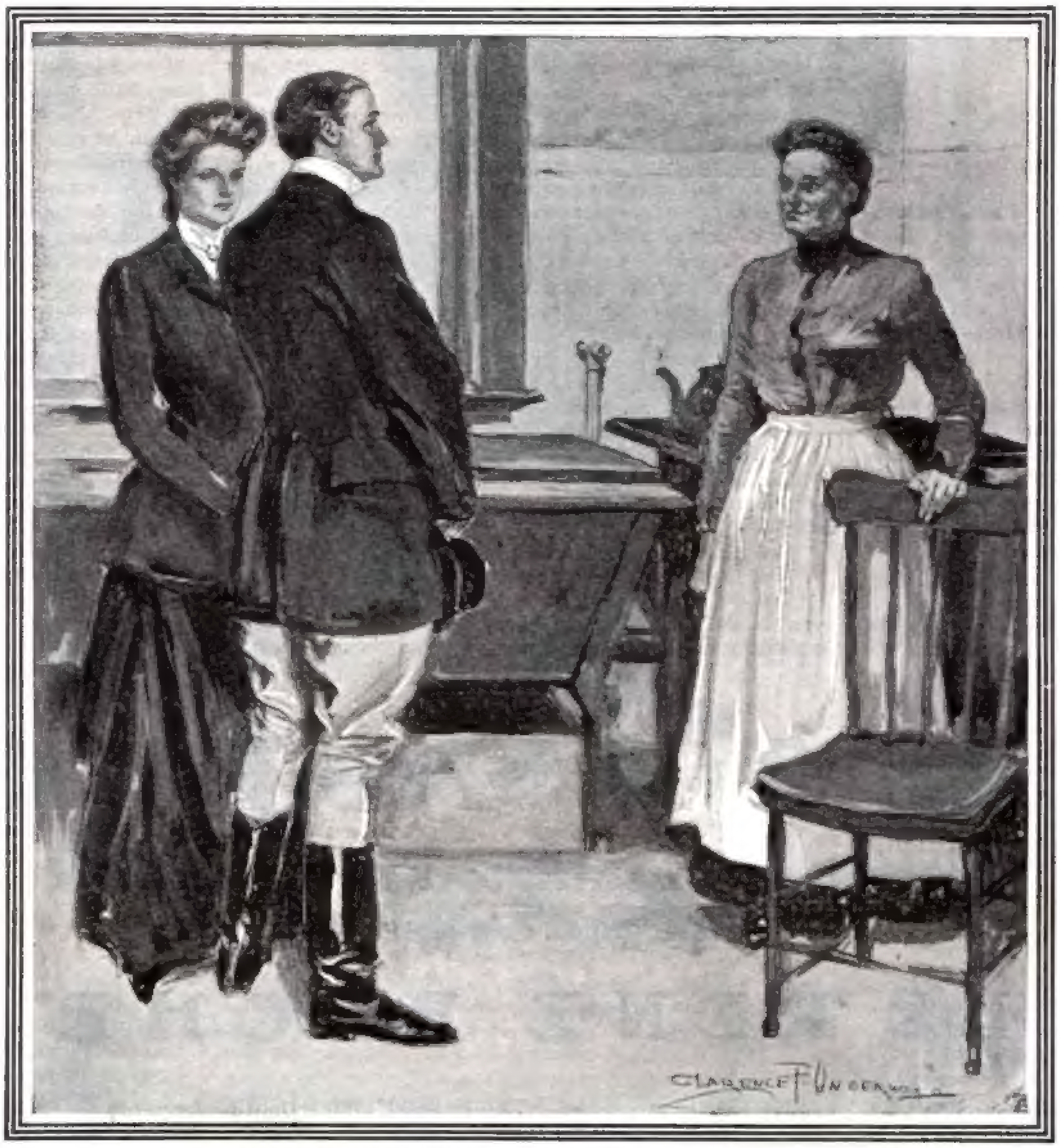
"Good-by, Miss Holmes."

"Good-by, cavalier."

II

"HERE we are!" cried Mrs. Braveur, coming in with her husband at eight the next night.

"And here's the rest of the company," said Sedley, as Ben Alton drove up with his party. They came in, two Braveurs and four Altons.



THEY WERE LOOKING AT THE CLEAN KITCHEN—MAGGIE STANDING BY WITH EMBARRASSED PRIDE

"Tom," said Mrs. Ben, "this is Miss Atwood, and over there trying to hide is Miss Mortimer." He drew in his breath quickly and stood still for an instant. Then in a sort of haze he shook hands with the first and turning to the second said:

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss Holmes ——"

"Holmes!" laughed Mrs. Alton, "I didn't say Holmes. I said Mortimer."

"Of course," said Sedley, "Miss Mortimer." And he watched a bright color run over the face and neck of a young person who gave him a look that made him want to sink through the floor.

"So her name's Holmes, eh?" whispered Alton, passing him as they sat down to dinner.

"Mrs. Ben," said Sedley severely, "I wish you'd squelch your husband."

"Ben, dear, what have you done now?"

"Nothing much. I was just reminding Tom of something he's going to do."

"He reminds me of something I'll do to him," said Sedley grimly. "Tell me about Miss Mortimer."

"She's lovely," said Mrs. Ben enthusiastically.

"Granted."

"She's Alexander Mortimer's daughter. But there's no chance for you."

"Why?"

"Because she's engaged, or practically so, to Peter Chisham."

"Engaged!"

"Yes, why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" And yet something seemed to have dimmed a pretty vision of tea things and firelight that had strayed through his brain for the last twenty-four hours.

"And, by the way, that reminds me," cried Alton's penetrating voice; "Edith, it's time you gave an account of your doings yesterday afternoon."

"And I decline to do so."

"What's up, Ben?" asked Braveur.

"Well, you see, yesterday afternoon I chased this young woman all over the county ——"

"I simply lost my way," put in the girl, realizing that some one was watching her closely.

"Wait a moment," and Alton raised his finger as if he were conducting a law case. "I stopped in here, found Sedley on this sofa, holding—what do you suppose he was holding?"

And he looked around with a glance that was big with importance.

"A book," suggested Mrs. Jim.

"A highball," muttered Jim.

"Converse with himself," said Mrs. Ben.

"Not at all! Not at all! He was holding a—glove!"

"Wonderful!" said Jim, disgusted.

"A *lady's* glove!"

"Heavens!" said the company.

"Tom," cried Mrs. Jim sympathetically, "tell us who she is. I'd be delighted if——"

"I'll tell you who she is," put in Alton.

They all waited—two in that room with mingled fear and dismay.

"She's Miss Holmes!"

The bombshell had burst. There was a pause.

"And who is *she?*"

No one noticed a long sigh of relief that escaped from one fair person there.

"Come, Tom, speak up."

"Wait," said Alton. "When I got home—and I stopped only a moment at the club—there was Edith"—the dismay and fear returned—"and what do you suppose she had on?"

"I hope at least a——"

"Jim, dear!" said his wife deprecatingly.

"Not at all! Not at all!" cried the prosecuting lawyer.

"*What!*" exclaimed the company.

"I mean—of course—but she had something else on."

"Please itemize, Ben," commanded Braveur.

"Jim, dear, don't be vulgar."

"Wait. I'll itemize ——"

"Ben Alton, don't you say another word!" exclaimed his scandalized wife.

"*Gloves!*" cried the poor man. "She had on gloves."

"Edith," said Braveur, "you're saved."

"I'm lost," thought the frightened girl. "Well?" she said aloud.

"But don't you see?" And Alton looked around.

"As usual, Ben," laughed Sedley. "Your mental process is too cloudy for sight."

"But they were the same gloves."

"How do you know?"

"They were gray gloves, don't you see?"

"There is, of course, only one pair of gray gloves in the world."

"Ben, you ought to be a detective instead of an idiot," and Braveur looked with compassion at his host.

"Oh, I've only begun! Well, when I confronted Edith with this damning evidence she said they belonged to a Miss Holmes ——"

"Did she?" asked Sedley quickly.

"Sure."

"Ah, the plot thickens," said Braveur. Miss Mortimer kept her eyes on her plate. Sedley grew more nervous.

"And," Alton went on, "to-night I come up here and Tom makes a slip and mentions the name of Miss Holmes. There you are. Now, I ask, who is Miss Holmes?"

"Thomas," said Braveur, "in the words of the poet, it's up to you. The prosecution rests."

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Sedley, raising his glass. "I drink to Miss Holmes." And they all did, too.

"Who is she, Tom?"

"Describe her."

"Is she lovely?"

"She's perfectly beautiful," he answered seriously. One glance of dismay and reproach flew across the table at him as he went on.

"Have you known her long?" asked sentimental Mrs. Braveur.

"Not long."

"Do we know her?"

He bowed formally. "You have not the pleasure of Miss Holmes' acquaintance."

"More details, Tom."

"Well," turning carefully away from Miss Mortimer's direction. "She has beautiful blue eyes——"

"Good!"

"——Fair hair, a tall figure—in fact she's pretty near my ideal."

"She'd like your gossiping about her," said Miss Mortimer severely.

"I'm not gossiping. I'm telling the truth."

"Tom, do you—do you like her very much?" asked Mrs. Braveur.

"I do, Lucy."

"May we congratulate you?"

"Not yet. I'll let you know in a little while."

"It's all bosh!" exclaimed Braveur.

"It's the gospel truth!" snapped Sedley. "Only—well, it was you who said Ben was an idiot."

Dismayed as Edith Mortimer was, she could not help looking straight into Sedley's face and saying:

"If I were Miss Holmes I'd soon let you know what I thought of a man who trifled with me so."

"Do you know that I am trifling with her?"

"I do. That is, I know how any girl would feel—yes, how I should feel myself."

"How would you feel?" asked Alton.

"I should feel so angry that I would send the man about his business in short order the next time I saw him."

"You won't tell her, though?" urged Mrs. Braveur gently.

"By the way, you know her. What sort is she?"

The girl was fairly caught. She glanced at Sedley's face and grew furious at the amused smile she saw there.

"You may tell them, but tell the truth," said he.

"She'd thank you for the permission," sniffed the young woman.

"Well, come on, Edith," laughed Alton. "What's she like?"

"She's a very nice girl."

"Pretty?"

"No—o."

"I tell you she's lovely," cried Sedley to the company.

"You see we don't agree, so I won't say any more." And then Mrs. Braveur, who was acting as hostess, rose and the other women followed.

"Ben," said Sedley, as they began to smoke, "you can put on your asbestos suit and get on the first express train for the lower regions."

"Thanks! But Naugatuck'll do for me for a while."

"All right, I'll get square. Wait till you come up to play all night next time. I'm doggoned if I don't tell the Missus."

"Oh, let an old man have his fun, Tom. I was only joking." And Braveur, studying his host's face, held his peace.

III

NEXT morning at ten the hounds met near the club and soon went away for the morning drag. There was a goodly company of some fifteen, men and women, but they had nearly all got away before Sedley arrived. He was soon going hard after them, however, and in fifteen minutes he caught sight of a slight figure riding well and taking the jumps easily on one of Alton's mounts. "Khartoun" brought him up to her and he received a frigid "good-morning."

"May I ride with you for a little?"

"I'm very angry with you, Mr. Sedley," said she, sitting straight on her horse and looking ahead.

"Are you really?"

"I don't think—it was very gentlemanly to take such an advantage of a girl who—who made a mistake."

"Are you sorry you made it?"

"I am now, most certainly."

"What could I do?"

"You could have done anything but what you did."

"But if I hadn't said I knew Miss Holmes and let them think——"

"You need not have ridiculed me."

"Miss Mortimer, I never thought of such a thing."

"You did," cried the girl with tears of irritation in her eyes, as she turned quickly away from him. "You were laughing at me all the time, and I could not defend myself."

"You can now, it seems."

"Yes, I think I can," and she nodded her head vigorously in his direction.

"Careful of this fence! 'Ware hole on the other side!"

"Oh, you're very thoughtful *now*," and she put her horse hard at it and cleared well.

"Miss Mortimer," said he, coming up again. "I'm really sorry. Won't you forgive the first offense?"

"I suppose I'll have to, or you will tell the whole story——"

"Miss Mortimer!"

His tone made her turn in the saddle and look at him, and what she saw on his face frightened her a little. For a moment they rode on. Then she pulled up to a walk.

"I didn't mean that, Mr. Sedley."

"Thank you."

Silence again for a time as they galloped on.

"It's a beautiful day for a run, isn't it?" asked a conciliatory little voice presently.

"Very," he answered.

Then he saw Chisham make toward them, saw the newcomer received with marked cordiality, and thereupon abruptly excused himself and rode away.

In the Naugatuck colony there were so few people that every one saw every one else daily, and Sedley therefore found himself constantly in Miss Mortimer's company. She was always polite, but there came no sign of the bright, self-possessed young woman he had once had tea with in his own home. Then, too, Peter Chisham seemed to be always near her, frequently talking earnestly, always listened to. Sedley kept away more and more, and yet he could not stay away.

So it came one day that the habitant of the highland home, now much distressed over life in general, rode off into the hills one afternoon with no other purpose than to ride and meditate. And so also it turned out that on a sudden he saw a horsewoman ahead in the wooded roadway. He knew her in a moment, but something about her struck him as different. Ladysmith walked slowly with loose rein, the girl leaned forward with both hands clasped around her knee, and the gentle figure showed unmistakable signs of weariness.

(*Continued on Page 44*)

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Opened at Washington by the Clerks of the Dead Letter Office

BY RENÉ BACHE

THE faith of childhood in Santa Claus and his gifts makes a good deal of business for the Post-Office Department during the Christmas season.

Little boys and girls know only two ways of communicating with the jolly Christmas god—by the chimney and by mail. A letter, dropped into the fireplace just before bedtime, may be expected to reach him. The smoke, when the fire is lighted, will carry it up the flue; or, if it is not safely conveyed in that fashion, Kriss Kringle will come for it. In fact, a mere list of toys and other articles desired, when similarly deposited, will accomplish the purpose in view.

But these are days when postal facilities are employed much more generally and widely than was the case fifteen or twenty years ago, and the channel of communication with Santa Claus by chimney has been to a great extent abandoned, the every-day mails being preferred on account of their greater promptness and sureness of delivery. Hence it comes about that, at Christmastide each year, thousands of missives addressed by children to their patron saint are dropped into post-boxes all over the country.

They are directed in a great variety of ways—sometimes simply to the "Arctic Regions," but oftener to a more definite locality, such as "Ice Land," "Snow Land" or "The North Pole." Occasionally a European capital, such as London or Paris, is mentioned as the address of the saint, and in such a case the missive is duly forwarded—to be returned to the United States, a month or two later, with the words "Not Found" officially stamped upon it. If mailed without a postage-stamp it goes just the same, because the charge for carrying a letter to a foreign country is collectable at the other end, if not paid in advance.

Such letters, strange as it may seem, sometimes travel about all over the continent of Europe in pursuit of "Mr. Kriss Kringle," being forwarded from place to place by postal officials who seem to entertain no suspicion of their true character. Eventually, of course, they are returned to this country, where they find their final haven in the foreign division of the Dead Letter Office in Washington. It is an interesting fact, worth mentioning in this connection, that French, German and even English children are frequently imbued with the notion that Santa Claus resides in America, and address their Christmas petitions accordingly.

The Hartz Mountains, in Germany, where such quantities of toys are made, are understood by many children to be the good saint's headquarters. Last Christmas a small Quaker girl in Philadelphia addressed in obedience to this notion her letter, which, in winding up a series of requests, said: "I will not ask thee, dear Santa, for a live baby, for I am sure that either my grandmother or my aunt means to give me one. And I know thee is so busy."

Another little girl wrote from Baltimore to Kriss Kringle at the "North Pole," asking for a pony and cart, and explained that though her Papa had no stable, there would be room for the pony in the playroom closet. Somehow the missive got as far as New York, but was sent thence to Washington with the inscription "No such post office in this State" stamped on the envelope. Technically, "Santa Claus letters," as they are called, come under the head of "fictitious" mail matter, and those which are directed to such impossible places as "Snow Land" or "Arctic Regions" are so marked at the local post offices and forwarded direct to the Dead Letter Office.

It is held by the Post-Office Department that such children's letters are entitled to the same privacy and respectful treatment as ordinary first-class mail enjoys. When they reach the Dead Letter Office they go through the regular course of procedure, being opened, examined for valuable contents—once in a while small sums of money are found in them—and returned to the senders in case (as often happens) their addresses are appended. If they lack stamps, as is frequently the case—for missives of the kind are liable to be dropped into the post-box "on faith" and without prepayment—the writers, if practicable, are notified. The letters whose senders cannot be reached are burned.

"I would like a woolly dog," wrote one little boy last Christmas. "I would like an alive one. I have a woolly dog on wheels, and he barks. I do not care for the alive one unless he can bark, too."

This is an example of the kind of letter that is dictated by the child to a sympathizing parent, who takes it down verbatim, addresses it to the North Pole, or to Pekin, China, and shows the youngster how to drop it into the mail-box on the nearest corner. When, on Christmas Day, the woolly dog makes his appearance, it is obvious that the communication must have been received by Santa Claus, and no further questions are asked.

Most Santa Claus letters are dictated in this way, but many children prefer, and are encouraged, as soon as they have acquired the art of printing words, to forward their

petitions in autograph. Done in large angular letters, last Christmas, was the confidential missive of a small Washington girl, who wrote:

> Please bring me a doll, and some candy. I like candy. Dear Santa Claus, bring me some green candy. 2410 G Street. That is all.

Now, why should this little girl have preferred green candy. Was it because she had found green sweetmeats more toothsome, or (as seems more likely) because she admired the color?

Here is another, from a small boy, likewise in autograph print:

> My dear Santa Claus: I hope you will come to my house, and don't forget. I want a drum, a bote, an engin, and a story book. And a trumpet. Yours truly, from Stephen Fink, 709 24th st., N. W.

There is no art more difficult for a child to grasp than that of epistolary composition. Hence it comes about that nearly all Santa Claus letters are written with more or less help from the grown-ups. But there are occasional exceptions, of which the following is seemingly an example:

> Deer Santy Claws: Maggy nex dor had two dollys last Crismus, and i had nun. I cride all day. She don't nede enny dollys this crismus. So don't giv her enny, and giv me two.

Now, is not that just like a child? Really, when one comes to think of it, children are very interesting, anthropologically considered. They are many thousands of years older than we are. We adults are of to-day, but they, in their modes of thought and expression, represent the infancy of the human race, ages before the first civilization dawned on the earth!

It is a curious fact, noticed in the Dead Letter Office, that the children of the rich write comparatively few letters to Santa Claus. And the reason why is not far to seek. It is not that they have less faith in the myth but because they have no anxieties as to the gratification of their wants. They know that, when Christmas comes, they are sure to get whatever they desire, and it is not worth their while to bother with petitions.

When the writer was himself a little boy he was told that the chimneys of the houses of the poor were so narrow that Santa Claus could not make his way down them, and so was obliged to carry his toys and other gifts elsewhere. It was a pathetic and picturesque way of expressing the idea of the *res angusta domi* which forbids many of the best blessings of life to those who cannot afford to buy them.

Just before Christmas of last year there came to the War Department in Washington, from the Dead Letter Office, a letter from a soldier's little boy, addressed to "Santa Claus, Alaska." It was "returned for better direction," and read:

> I would like you to send me, if you please, good Santa Claus, one steam car, one little red wagon, one stocking full of candy. Much Oblige. Your little friend, Daniel Le May, Jr.

The hearts of the bureau officials, toughened by official hard knocks and the influence of unsympathetic red tape, were melted by this childish appeal, and a collection was promptly taken up, the sum obtained being sufficient to purchase a locomotive and train, a miniature automobile, and several pounds of fairly digestible confectionery. These were at once shipped to Master Daniel Le May, with a letter bearing a huge seal and ribbons, and stamped "Palace of Santa Claus, Alaska." It read:

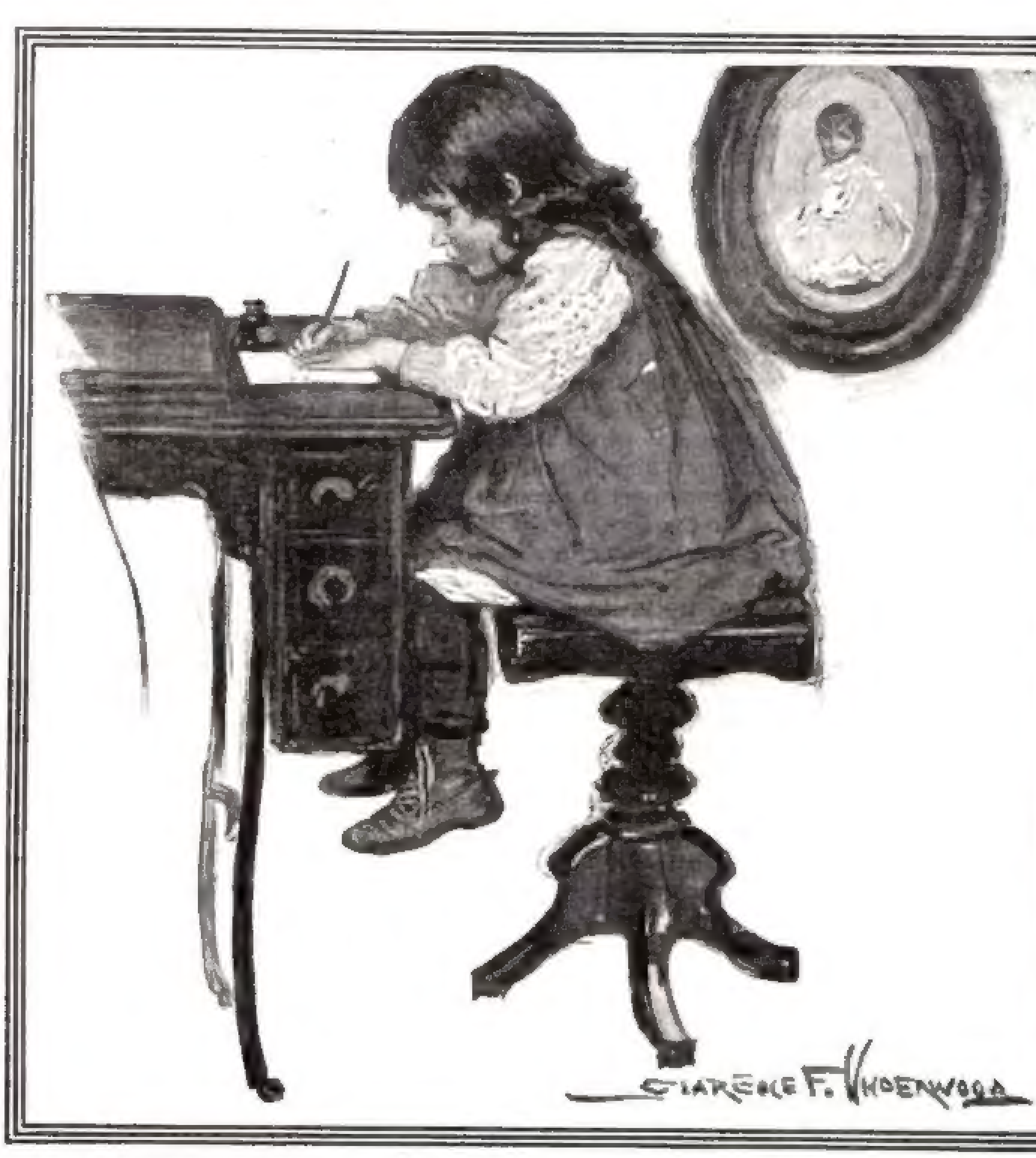
> My little Friend: My last train of reindeer, skimming over the cold snows and ice of my far-away home, brought me a big bushel-bag of letters from my little friends, and among them I found yours. After lighting my pipe and telling my man to close all the doors of my palace so as to keep out the cold winds, I made him get out of my factory some things for you; and, after having them packed, I told him to harness my two fleetest reindeer, Blitzen and Vixen, to my sled, and take them to the post office for you. I hope you will get them in time for Christmas. With my best wishes for a merry Christmas, I sign myself, your friend,
>
> Santa Claus.
>
> Done at the Palace of Santa Claus, this Christmas, A. D. 1902, under seal.

On more than one occasion the clerks at the Dead Letter Office in Washington have put their pennies together to buy gifts for children whose chimneys (as suggested by pathetic letters at Christmastide) were too narrow to let in good old Kriss Kringle.

"Please brig me a dolly," writes one scrap of femininity. "And please, Mr. Santa, brig it up the steem-heeter, and not down the chimny, so she won't get her hair burned."

A small boy writes: "Dear Saint Nicholas: I love you next to God. So, please, if God don't mind, bring me a billygote."

Goats are evidently in great demand at Christmastime. Another boy writes: "I want my billy goat to have horns, so he can but, and a tale, so I can pull it."



"PLEASE BRIG ME A DOLLY; AND PLEASE, MR. SANTA, BRIG IT UP THE STEEM-HEETER, SO SHE WON'T GET HER HAIR BURNED"

Equally characteristic is a Christmas petition from a youngster who has an aquarium. He writes: "Please, Mr. Santa Claus, giv me a bull-frogg. I want one that can sing."

A little girl says: "I would like some munny for myself to spend. The munny you gave me last Christmas Mamma put in the bank. I want the munny to buy candy."

Another writes: "I am a little colored girl. I want a white doll-baby, with gold hair, and eyes that shut. And a red dress, please."

Santa Claus' Christmas correspondence is full of humor and pathos. From whatever sources it emanates, whether the mansions of the rich or the most untidy slum, it is the literature of an innocence as yet unspoiled by the world.

The Chayote
A Phenomenal Plant
By Harold Bolce

WERE it not for the fact that the description of a phenomenal plant which the Department of Agriculture is attempting to introduce into the United States has been prepared by conservative authority, it could readily pass as a chapter from some extravagant fiction. It is the chayote which, in the opinion of the practical experts who seek to acquaint the people of America with it, is in many particulars the most remarkable plant in the vegetable kingdom. They point out that in the country to which it is best adapted fortunes may be made by farmers who will cultivate it.

Among other strange features of the chayote, it is unique in being the only plant known which insects do not attack and which is entirely immune from fungi. The variety of practical uses to which the chayote can be put is almost endless: although it bears a fruit, it is a vine. In the rapidity of its growth it is astonishing even to botanists. It is a perennial, and once started grows on and on, covering fences, barns, the tallest trees, hillsides and anything which it finds to climb. Within a few months from the time of planting these vines will often bear as many as five hundred fruits, some of them weighing no less than three pounds.

The chayote plant blossoms and ripens fruit every month in the year, and this ever-bearing characteristic is pointed out by the Department of Agriculture as a significant thing, for as the chayote is very palatable and nutritious and may be utilized in a great variety of dishes, its introduction into the United States will mean that Northern markets in the dead of winter will be provided with delicious fresh fruit which should be within reach of all classes.

The chayote fruit is shaped like a pear. Baked and seasoned with sugar and lime-juice, it cannot be distinguished from apple pudding. Stewed, it is a substitute for apple sauce. Boiled and seasoned with pepper and salt, it is like summer squash, only the fibre and flavor are said to be more delicate. In Porto Rico, where its good qualities are beginning to be appreciated by the residents from the United States, the chayote is readily converted into a great many different kinds of pies, puddings, sauces, tarts and fritters. As a staple article of food, it is cut in halves and boiled. The fruit is then extracted and minced with vegetables and a little meat, when it is returned to the empty shells and baked. Thus prepared, it becomes the chief dish of a substantial meal. In France, where importations of the chayote are now eagerly purchased, the fruit is cut into disks so as to resemble the true artichoke, deftly seasoned with sauces, and served on French tables as *fonds d'artichaut*, and even the discriminating French palate accepts it for that highly-prized vegetable.

Although these are a few of the culinary uses which the chayote serves, they make but a fraction of the plant's utility.

In the second year of its growth the roots of the chayote produce tubers which weigh usually about three pounds and which are highly prized where the plant is known. These tubers are boiled or baked and served in the place of true yams, but are said to be more nutritious. The naturalist Herrera, who has studied the plant in Mexico, states that the chayote is the most easily digested of foods and recommends it highly as a general table dish, and especially as a substitute for arrowroot in the dietary of children and invalids. The Department of Agriculture is convinced that the chayote tuber, as well as the fruit, will ultimately become a world-wide article of food.

What is of striking interest in regard to these tubers is that they can be gathered from year to year without in the least disturbing the plant. They grow near the surface of the soil, in some cases protruding above it. The vitality of the chayote plant does not depend upon them and they may be harvested regularly as part of the crop.

A matter of importance to farmers who might engage in the chayote industry is that, should there be at any future time an excess of production, both fruits and tubers are highly valuable as food for cattle. Moreover, the chayote will grow where ordinary forage is scarce.

A further virtue of the plant is that its new shoots are used as a substitute for asparagus. Cutting them, however, retards the growth of the chayote vine, and so, even in the countries where it is grown, chayote tips are held at such a high figure that only the wealthy can buy them. It is the opinion of the Department of Agriculture that it would be profitable to cultivate chayote farms just for the tips, particularly in the neighborhood of cities in or near the tropics where fresh asparagus is rarely found on the market.

The flowers of the chayote are exceedingly rich in nectar, and as they blossom the year round in warm latitudes, the plant affords a prolific source of honey. It is the hope, therefore, of the Government scientists that the chayote will get a foothold in parts of Florida and other sections of the South where bee-keeping is becoming an important industry.

The seed of the chayote is regarded as a great delicacy, especially when roasted and served with anchovy sauce, but inasmuch as the fruit possesses but a solitary seed, this dish is somewhat of a luxury.

These various uses do not exhaust the plant's resources. The vine itself is eagerly eaten by cattle, but it has a commercial importance greater still. In Algeria the vines are woven into fine wickerwork, and the milliners have begun to utilize the fibres of the plant in the manufacture of hats.

It is thus apparent that this remarkable plant from its tuber to the tips of its new shoots has definite commercial value.

FORTUNE'S SHADOW

One Case When Easy Come Was Not Easy Go

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

HAVING accumulated a fortune of approximately five million dollars, Cornelius Caggs thought he knew something about finance; being a bachelor, he thought he knew something about women. Possibly, if he had kept the two problems separate he might have had a reasonable degree of success in solving both, but the combination wrecked his self-esteem.

Cornelius Caggs had a niece—a whimsical little woman with very impractical ideas. At least so Cornelius thought.

To her his money would go in time, but he hated to think what would happen to the fortune when she was privileged to draw against it. She was a delightful little woman, for whom he had a deep affection, but she lacked a true conception of the value and proper uses of money. She only cared for it when she wanted something.

"I wish I had a million dollars," she said. She was always wishing for something—whatever came into her mind—and she did not hesitate to give expression to her wishes in his presence, for they were usually of a nature not to be taken seriously.

"Could you spend it?" he asked.

"Well, I could spend the income without any trouble," she replied.

"Let's see!" he remarked musingly. "A million dollars at four per cent. would be $40,000 a year—in round numbers a hundred dollars a day. Could you spend a hundred dollars every day of your life?"

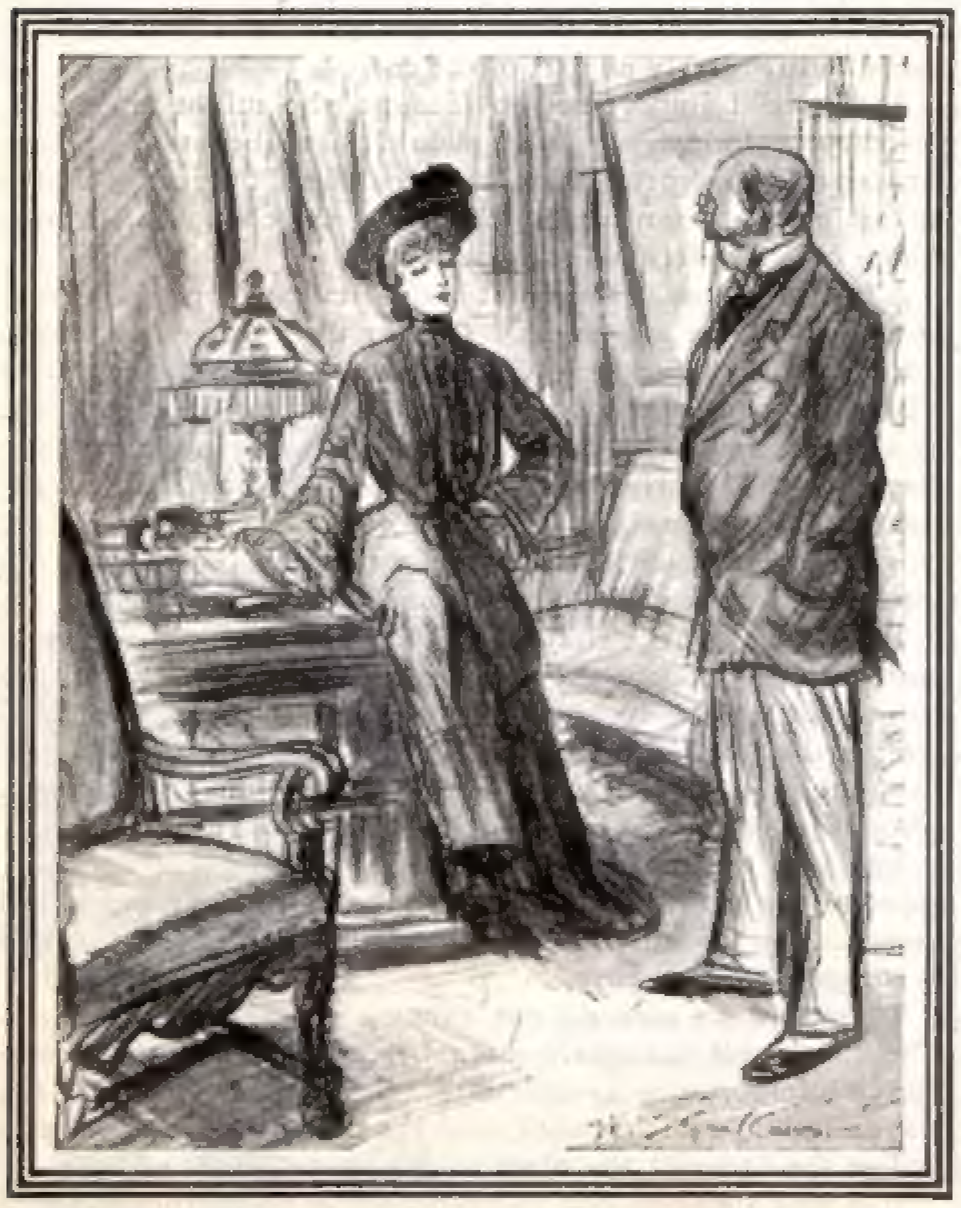
"Could I!" she cried.

"Legitimately, I mean," he hastened to add; "for things that would be of some pleasure or use to you. Any one could throw it away or give it away, but that isn't the point. Any one could spend $36,500 a year, too, but to start with an absolutely clean slate every morning and close with an absolutely clean slate every night is quite a different thing. It cuts out credit entirely and makes the daily income the basis of life. I think, Charlotte, it would wear on you."

"With a hundred dollars a day, who would want credit?" she demanded. "I'd pay cash for everything."

Cornelius laughed and dropped the subject, but it recurred to him when he reached his own bachelor quarters. It was an evidence, he told himself, of the inability of the average woman to really grasp a financial problem. She could not look beyond the mere possession of money to see that, in some circumstances, Fortune might cast a deep shadow. In a word, she was childishly shortsighted—possibly as a result of her limited sphere of thought and action, but shortsighted just the same.

Nevertheless, to make sure that he had not overlooked anything himself, he put the proposition to one of his cronies.



"I WISH I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS," SHE SAID

"As I understand it," said the latter, "it would be an absolutely cash business, without debts or credits, cleaned up and balanced every twenty-four hours—a hundred dollars a day spent clear, without a financial obligation of any kind to worry the executors in case of sudden death."

"That's it exactly," asserted Cornelius. "How do you think it would work out?"

"I think it would put me in an insane asylum in less than sixty days if I tried it. I couldn't stand the nervous strain of such a race as that."

Thus encouraged, Cornelius let his sense of humor run riot with him. He pictured to himself the harrowing predicaments in which a man who undertook such a task might find himself, and the more he thought of it the more humorous it seemed. It did not seem so difficult at first glance, but when one got down to details the restrictions closed many avenues of legitimate expenditure. All in all, it seemed so absurd that he resolved to try it, if only as a lesson for his next of kin. If it gave her a little financial sense the few thousands necessary would be well invested; and, besides, he would get some amusement out of it.

"Charlotte," he said, when next he dined with his niece, "do you really think you would be equal to that hundred-dollar-a-day proposition?"

"Try me and see," she returned promptly.

"How about you?" he asked, turning to his niece's husband, Alfred Deming.

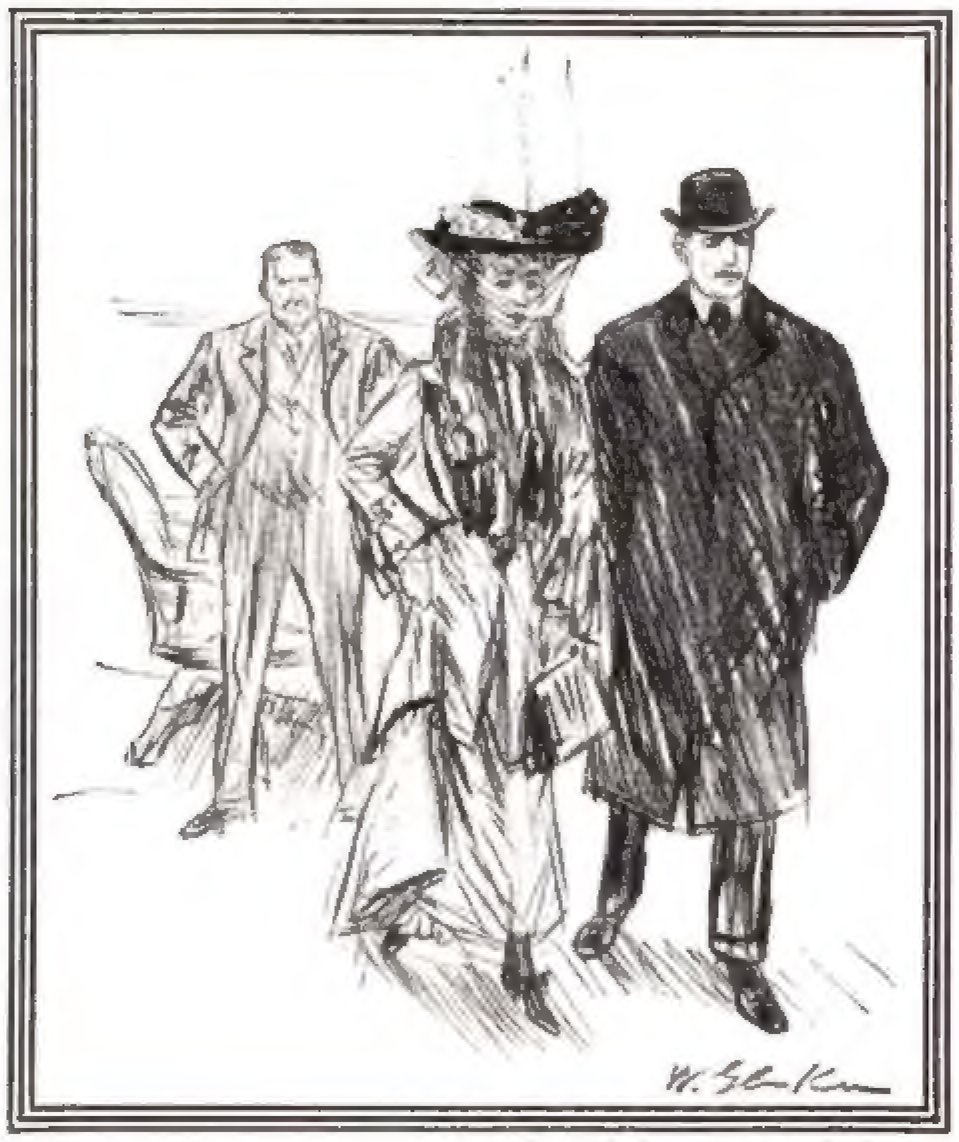
There was something in his quizzical manner that made Deming hesitate, but to a man whose income is not very much in excess of a hundred dollars a month the same sum daily looks very enticing. Furthermore, Deming had given the matter practically no thought.

"I think I can get rid of my share of it," he said.

"I gave you credit for more financial sense," retorted Cornelius. "However, I'll give you a chance to try it, provided you are willing when the conditions are fully understood. You are to start with no money, assume no financial obligations, accumulate no money, and spend approximately a hundred dollars a day—a trifle one way or the other I'll overlook, but you must be reasonably close to the exact amount. As it would be impracticable to put the currency in your hands each morning, I will place a thousand dollars to your credit in the bank, against which you may draw, and I will keep a balance of at least $500 there as long as you live up to the letter of our agreement. In consideration of this you must release me from every other real or implied obligation. I have been making Charlotte an allowance of a thousand dollars a year, and that will cease, never to be renewed. If the experiment that looks to you so inviting proves a failure—if you violate the conditions in any way—the whole thing ends right there, and I must have your written promise never, by even so much as a hint, to ask me for any further financial assistance. This applies particularly to Charlotte, whose smiles and endearments have proved somewhat costly to me in the past. But I want to impose conditions that will lead you to make a very earnest trial of the scheme, thereby pounding a little hard sense and practical financial knowledge into your heads. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly so," replied Charlotte, her eyes sparkling as she thought of the many things she would do.

"Very well. I will expect you to keep an account of each day's expenses—not itemized down to pennies, but sufficiently comprehensive so that I can get a good general idea of how the money is going—and a statement covering these daily accounts must be mailed to me at the end of each week. I will not be hypercritical in passing judgment on them, but will watch pretty closely for items that indicate expenditures or gifts made for the sole purpose of getting rid of money. Anything of that nature is barred. You may be reasonably generous and charitable, but not extravagantly so. I think the expense account will be a sufficient check on you for my purpose, for the circumstances will make it difficult to 'doctor' it, even if you were disposed to do so. There can be nothing to cover up except a pure waste of money, and it will be just as easy to avoid that as it will be to cover it up: when you are unable to do the one you will be unable to do the other. Now, if you are still of the opinion that I am giving you an enjoyable task we will put the agreement in writing."



BUT THEY RETURNED CRESTFALLEN AND MUCH HUMILIATED

"You're trying to frighten me out of it," laughed Charlotte, "but you can't do it. I wouldn't give a snap for the woman who couldn't spend a hundred dollars a day. I could spend five times that in one morning's shopping, and I can't see that there's anything to the problem except splitting the shopping up into five days."

Cornelius smiled in a knowing way, and the agreement was duly drawn up and signed.

"Now," he said, "we will proceed to get you in shape to begin your race with an income. Have you a lease of this flat?"

"Of course."

"Well, to avoid unnecessary complications at the start, I'll take it off your hands. There's a financial obligation involved in that, you know."

"C-can't we lease a flat or a house?" asked Charlotte, startled.

"Isn't a lease in the nature of a liability?" demanded Cornelius. "With your name on such a contract can you say that the slate is absolutely clean at the close of the day?"

"But how are we to live?" cried Charlotte.

"That's your lookout!" laughed Cornelius. "I've heard you say that any one ought to be able to live on a hundred dollars a day."

"Oh, that's not such a terrible problem," put in Alfred. "We can go to a hotel or we can take a flat for a month and pay in advance."

"But I was planning to get a house," wailed Charlotte, "and—and people will just laugh at us, whether it's a flat or a house, if we refuse to look beyond the time for which we make the first payment. We can't get one at all without a lease."

Cornelius chuckled audibly.

"I thought you'd wake up when you got down to hard facts," he said. "Perhaps you'll do a little more thinking the next time. However, you've got until Monday to make your plans, and I think you'll stumble upon some other rather ugly problems while you're doing it. Monday morning your income begins; Monday night the income for that day must be out of the way; Tuesday you start again—— By the way, have you thought about gas?"

"What about it?" asked Alfred anxiously.

"You're incurring a financial obligation when you use it, aren't you? You're running up a bill—creating a debt that must be met later, and that's barred. Clean slate each night, you know. Just think it over."

"Thunder and guns! why didn't he speak of that before?" grumbled Alfred when the merry Cornelius had left. "I never thought of these technical debts."

"Nor I," sighed Charlotte. "But," and she braced herself, "we've got to meet these problems, Alfred. For the honor of my sex I'll never let it be said that a mean old millionaire was too much for a woman; that he knew her capabilities better than she did. I shall apply myself to this work, Alfred, even at the risk of undermining my health. It may be too much for a mere man, but no woman ever will admit that a hundred dollars a day is more than enough to keep her reasonably well occupied."

"We might pay in advance," he suggested after a moment of thought

"Why, of course!" she cried. "How stupid not to think of that before! The first of each month we can make a deposit sufficient to cover all the gas we'll use, and——" She stopped short. "That will make a creditor of us," she said gloomily. "The gas company will owe us something, but only a trifle. Uncle ought to waive that if he is going to make a liberal interpretation of the terms of the agreement."

Cornelius, being consulted, agreed to waive it. It was, he said, a small but actual violation of the contract, but he did not rely on any petty technicalities to make his lesson clear. A quarter-in-the-slot gas meter, such as was used in some tenement districts, would avoid even this complication, but he would not insist upon it.

"Now, I guess we're all right," said Charlotte with a sigh of relief. "We can pay the exact cash for everything else

They went to a real-estate agent to get a flat, and he offered them a very satisfactory one for $80 a month.

"Just right," commented Alfred. "That will leave us $20 for the day."

The agent looked puzzled and asked if they wanted a one-year or a five-year lease.

"No lease at all," said Charlotte, "but we'll pay you for the first month in advance"

"We can't rent a flat for thirty days," said the agent.

"Oh, but we intend to stay longer than that," urged Charlotte.

"All I want is some definite assurance of that," said the agent so coldly that they began to feel uncomfortable.

"We—we can't give it," explained Charlotte. "We can't assume any financial obligation, you know, but really——"

"Excuse me," said the agent. "I have some other matters to attend to"

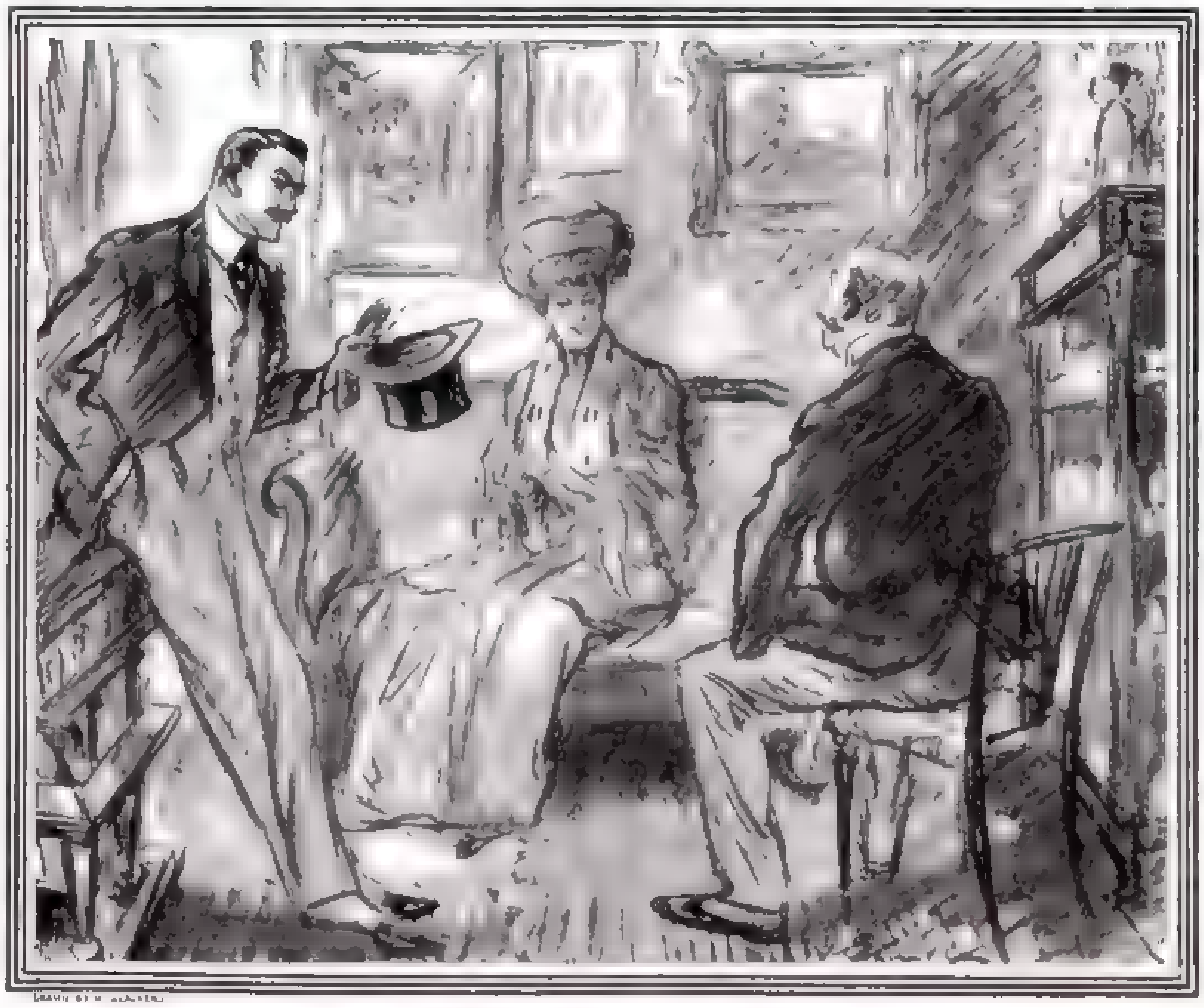
"But I assure you——"

"I don't think," the agent interrupted, "that we should care to rent at all to people whose income is so uncertain that they can't plan for more than thirty days ahead."

"Thirty days!" cried Alfred. "One day, you mean."

But they retired, crestfallen and much humiliated.

"It's awful!" wailed Charlotte. "We'll have to go to a hotel and pay the clerk every day—and—he'll think we're crazy. We're only dealing with preliminaries now, too, for we don't really start until Monday."



IT WAS SETTLED ON THAT BASIS

However, Cornelius showed his liberal spirit by coming to their relief again. "Any one ought to be able to live on a hundred dollars a day," he chuckled, and, having thus "rubbed it in," he offered to let them have the flat of which he had assumed the lease temporarily. They could pay for that monthly in advance, or daily.

Then came the question of the maid. They felt that they really ought to have two or three, but they had room for only one, and she would have to be paid in advance. This new order of things worried the maid. It seemed to her an indication of insanity, and she left the second day.

"If I stay home and do the housework I lose all opportunity to spend the money," Charlotte said anxiously. "It's just dreadful; that's what it is."

It took three days for her to get matters running satisfactorily at the flat, during which time the task of spending most of the hundred dollars devolved upon Alfred. He did it by buying clothes, ordering a suit one day, an overcoat the next, and then another suit—paying for each in advance, to the great bewilderment of the tailor

"You'd think," the latter told his cutter, "that he'd do it all up at once, but he comes in each day with a new order. I'm looking for his keeper to show up any minute"

Meanwhile Alfred was telling Charlotte that it was time for her to become active.

"I don't think more than $250 for clothes for me will look well on the first week's expense account," he explained. "If you'll just take the job off my hands for the rest of the week I'll devote myself to hunting for a flat or a house that we can get on our plan of payment."

"Make it a house, if you can," she urged, "because then we can spend so much for furnishing it. I don't think I'll have any trouble spending the money when I once get out, but the marketing has been very trying. They all want to trust us, Alfred. The milkman has been actually mean about taking the money from me every day—says he'd rather I paid every week or every month; and the grocer didn't have something I wanted the other day, and when it came in later he sent it up, and I had to run all the way to his store to pay him for it before he closed up. The worry of keeping out of debt is making me thin. But I'll make the money fly when I get downtown."

She was as good as her word in this. Few indeed are the women who don't know "a whole lot of things" that they "just need" for the house. She bought curtains and china and rugs and furniture, and finally got to gowns. One dinner-set cost her quite a pang. She had no immediate use for it, but she was sure she should have in time, and it was cheap at $150.

"I can't spend that much to-day," she told the clerk. "Can't you sell me half of it?"

"If you are in a great hurry for it," he explained politely, "and will make a deposit of half to-day and agree to pay the rest——"

"Oh, I can't do that," she interrupted. "I can't agree to pay anything."

"Then I don't see how I can let you have it," he said with a shrug of his shoulders, "and we certainly can't consent to break the set."

She felt that she had made a fool of herself and hastily passed on to something else. Uncle Cornelius, she thought bitterly, had put her in a very ridiculous position. She had much the same trouble with gowns, too—and wraps. She wanted a theatre wrap, although the strenuous financial life was leaving her too weary for evening entertainments. Still, an income of $36,500 justified a handsome wrap—and she couldn't get it. Also a dinner-gown that she admired was out of the question.

"I can't stand this very long," she sighed wearily one evening. "I finally got the better of Uncle Cornelius' restrictions on a gown by buying the material for it one day and paying the dressmaker in advance for making it the next, and by dividing it up that way I suppose I could work up to a $300 ball-gown, but it's dreadfully wearing on the nerves."

As for Cornelius, he knitted his brows when he went over the expense account for that week. "The ingenuity of woman," he commented. "She's found a way to split up big expenses that I never thought of, but I can see evidences here that they are finding the gait a pretty swift one"

In this he was correct, although they were much encouraged when Alfred succeeded in getting a house that had been vacant for some time, by agreeing to take it without repairs of any kind. The owner considered him an eccentric fool, but he consented to let it go without a lease, "although," he explained, "if any one else happens to want a lease of it I'll naturally turn you out and let him have it." This was not a pleasing outlook, but it was something to have a house.

"We can devote a month or two just to furnishing it," cried Charlotte.

"Deducting the necessary daily expenses," returned Alfred thoughtfully, "we'll have $75 to $85 to spend at one time. By economy we might work it up to $90. Can we get even a first-class bedroom set for that—one suited to our income?"

"We'll have to buy odd pieces," sighed Charlotte.

"And how about a piano?" he asked.

Charlotte was visibly startled.

"Heavens!" she cried. "Can't we have a piano? Think of having the income from a million dollars and no piano! Well, we can get a stable and keep horses, anyway."

"Yes," he returned, "we can get some kind of a horse, but the good ones come high. And we can get a buggy, but no carriage—unless we take some old carry-all"

"A millionaire in a carry-all!" Charlotte ejaculated plaintively. "Why, Alfred, we can't really live. What do rich people do?"

"Spend their money in lumps," replied Alfred; "and travel."

"Just the thing!" cried Charlotte in delight. "We'll travel. I always wanted to go to Europe, and every one says it costs a lot." For a moment Alfred was tempted to join in her jubilation, but he thought better of it.

"We can't get a deck cabin," he remarked, "because it would cost more than we are ever allowed to have at one time. We can only get ordinary first-class accommodations by buying for you one day and me the next, and we might be located far apart. We can't reserve anything; we must take only what we can pay for at the time."

"It's downright mean," she said, "but we must risk it."

"How about the hundred dollars a day while we're on the boat?" he asked, and she sank disconsolately into a chair. "I might get rid of it at poker, but there would be no certainty. I might win and make the problem of the day more serious. I don't see how we can do it, Charlotte."

"Think of it!" she wailed. "A hundred dollars a day and we can't go to Europe. Why, Alfred, we couldn't even take a yachting cruise if we were invited." Discouraged, weary, she rested her arms on the table, and her head drooped until it rested on the arms. "But we can go to California," she said finally, although without much spirit

"By relays," he suggested.

"It's unspeakably dreadful," she said. "But let's try California, anyway. We ought to be able to spend money easily at one of those big hotels, and it will give us time to plan out our future. We've been so busy galloping along with the income that we haven't had time to think yet."

They attempted the trip, but never completed it. The financial preparations for leaving Chicago, split up into several days, were wearisome, and the journey was worse. They reached St. Louis on a night trip, and raided a jewelry store the next day. There was much in that line that Charlotte wanted, but she had to content herself with comparative trifles in order to leave a margin for the hotel and the continuation of the trip.

"Even at home, with the most rigid economy for some particular day, I'll never be able to get the kind of a watch I want," she complained. "And a hundred a day looked so enticing, too."

At Omaha they tried to rest for a few days, gave it up, and started back for the city where a home gave them better opportunities for spending money legitimately. Even then they were a little nervous about the Omaha hotel bill, for they could not say that they really had wanted all the things that they ordered. But Cornelius made no criticism. The fact that a longer trip on that basis had proved too great a task for them was enough to satisfy him.

"Talk about work!" growled Alfred. "There's no eight-hour limitation to this job, and the mental strain is terrific. We'll have to seek advice. I wonder what other people would do."

They decided to find out just as soon as they had the house properly furnished. They had some awkward experiences in getting what they wanted without spending more than the allotted sum for each day, and were far from being satisfied with the result, but they had to make the best of it. Then, utterly worn out and looking like worried, haunted beings, they invited a few friends to dinner, and, without fully betraying their secret, sought advice.

"If you had the income from a million dollars," said Alfred casually, "what is the first thing you would do?"

"Buy an automobile," was the instant reply of one of the men.

"Barred," sighed Alfred. "Cost too much."

The man started to argue, but Alfred told him that he did not quite understand the situation, and asked for other suggestions.

"I think jewelry would tempt me," said one of the women, "especially diamonds."

"Yes," returned Alfred sarcastically, "a fine thing in the diamond line you could get for $80 or $90, couldn't you?"

"Whose talking about $80 or $90?" put in another of the men. "It's the income from a million, isn't it? Well, if I had it I'd get a yacht."

"Buy it a board at a time, I suppose," remarked Alfred, and they all looked at him strangely. Evidently, they thought he was mentally unbalanced. Both he and his wife had been acting strangely for some time. And now they did an even stranger thing. Charlotte thoughtlessly suggested that they all go to a roof garden, and thereupon Alfred began making frantic signals to her. The money for that day was exhausted.

"Delightful!" cried one of the women.

"Impossible!" put in Alfred, and Charlotte instantly grasped the situation; but the guests, with the freedom of old friends, insisted. Why was it impossible?

"No money," said Alfred, finally driven to desperation. "Plenty to-morrow, but none to-night, and it would be humiliating to rely on a guest to furnish the entertainment."

"Oh, if you feel that way about it," returned one of the men, "we won't pay for a thing, but I'll loan you——"

"Not for a million dollars!" cried Alfred excitedly.

They did not press the matter, and presently retired. Here surely was a case for the doctor; and even the doctor thought so when a slight indisposition necessitated a few visits, for which Alfred insisted upon paying cash each time.

"And do you know," he told the doctor, "you don't charge half enough? You hardly even help us out. I don't suppose anything short of a surgical operation would fix me up for one whole day."

The doctor regretted that he was not an alienist.

They were coming rapidly to the situation Cornelius had pictured in his day-dreams, and he was correspondingly elated. They were beginning to see their foolishness, to understand their ignorance. When one knows how little he knows, he knows a good deal, and Cornelius could see that they were having hard sense pounded into them. Their expense accounts showed their struggles to keep even. Cornelius got a good deal of amusement out of those expense accounts — until they took a sudden, mystifying turn.

"This won't do!" he exclaimed. "They're buying horses at a rate that would stock a livery-stable. It's just getting rid of money."

So he sent for them, and they drove to his bachelor quarters with a carriage and pair that couldn't have cost less than $1500. He noted, too, that the worried look had left their faces; they were happy and contented.

"There is the evidence that you have broken the contract," said Cornelius, pointing to the carriage.

"Oh, no, it isn't," returned Alfred. "Your problem is very easy when you once get the hang of it. You see, we bought a horse for $75, and the next day we traded it with a cash bonus for a better horse. That's all right, isn't it? We assumed no obligation, we spent the money, and we got the horse. We didn't get the horse for the mere sake of spending the money, either: the horse was of use to us — for trading purposes."

"I suppose that's all right," admitted Cornelius with a troubled, anxious look.

"In that way," Alfred went on, "we were able to work up to just the kind of horses that we wanted; and then we began with an $80 buggy and kept trading with a bonus until we got this carriage."

"Are you going to keep much of a stable?" asked Cornelius tentatively.

"Oh, no," replied Alfred cheerfully. "We're out of the horse market now and have gone in for music, beginning with a $60 music-box. In something less than a week we expect to have a very satisfactory piano, and then we'll start with a rowboat and go after a steam yacht. The problem of a house is rather more difficult, because land values make it impracticable to get started right, but we may be able to trade the yacht for something satisfactory in the house line, and then we can work up to another yacht if we want one. Really, Uncle Cornelius, we did think of throwing ourselves on your generosity a little while ago, but we're reasonably contented now."

Cornelius gave a low, distressed whistle, and then pointed his finger straight at Charlotte.

"You did this!" he cried. "No man would have been equal to it."

"Well, Uncle," she admitted, "I got a gown that didn't exactly satisfy me, so I took it back the next day to exchange it, and — I had the money for that day in my purse."

"Unfortunate combination of circumstances!" cried Cornelius. "A woman with an exchange ticket and money in her purse would wreck any scheme. I admit I'm beaten. What terms can I make? Will you take half the present income and no restrictions or conditions?"

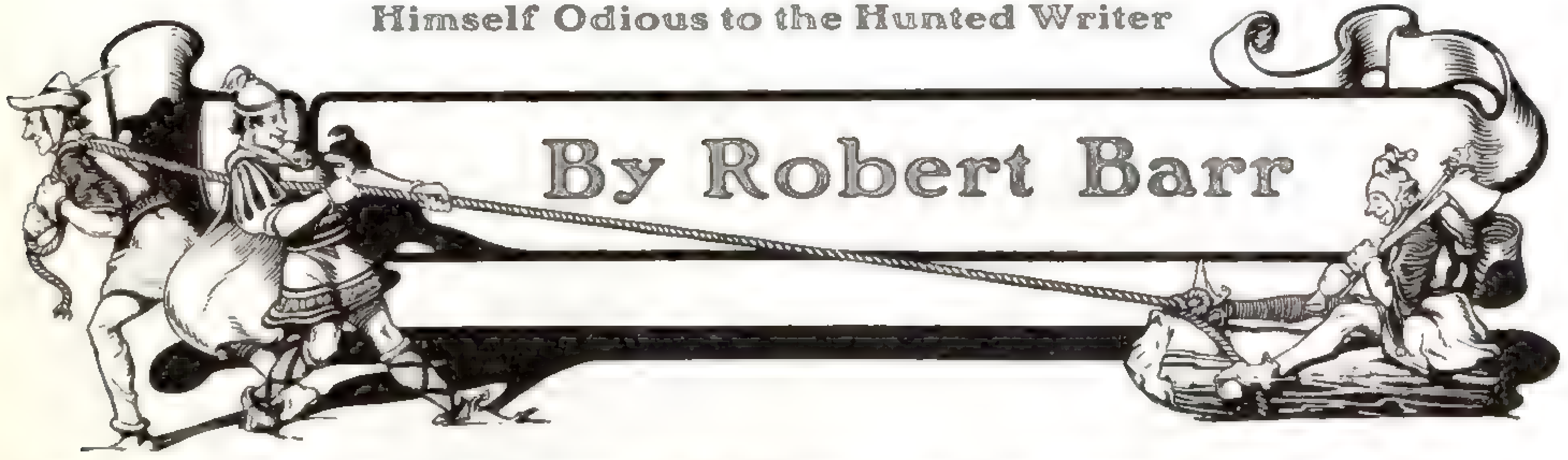
"If you'll admit your ignorance of finance," she said.

"I'll admit my ignorance of the combination of finance and woman," he answered. "I bow to woman. When it comes to matching my wits against hers I'm no more than a two-cent rag-doll, and I've learned this at a reasonably small cost. In my previous ignorance I might have married, you know."

It was settled on that basis.

The Autograph Hunter

The Sins of Omission and Commission by Which He Makes Himself Odious to the Hunted Writer



By Robert Barr

I SHOULD be a rich man to-day if the people of the United States knew more about postal affairs than they do. It says much for the patriotism of the country that the average citizen believes a two-cent stamp will carry a letter anywhere. This is a grave mistake, for the efficiency of a two-cent stamp seems to depart from it when it reaches the Atlantic Coast. A Canadian stamp is much more potent. It will do all that a United States stamp can do, and it can also transport a letter from British Columbia to the depths of darkest London, or even to Australia or South Africa, but a United States two-cent stamp cannot carry a letter from New York to Liverpool. The latter "stops at the shore," as Byron remarked. It seems very unfair that the person who is fined for this ignorance is not the one who commits the offense, but the unfortunate recipient of the underpaid letter. I beg Congress to pass a law making it obligatory on the part of any post office at which an underpaid letter is posted to open it and send it forthwith to the culprit, fining him heavily for his ignorance or carelessness. This curious idiosyncrasy on the part of the American citizen is not eradicated by residence in a foreign country. I called on Stephen Crane one day and found him highly offended because his agent in New York had sent him a long envelope, and had expostulated mildly on the understamping of the same. The envelope, containing a heavy manuscript, had been originally posted by Crane at Oxted station, and the receiver in New York had to pay something like one dollar and twenty-five cents extra postage. Crane said that the agent should have charged the one dollar and twenty-five cents against him, instead of sending the envelope back across the ocean with a letter making complaint regarding the same. I at once agreed with him that the agent should not have written the letter.

"What he *should* have done," said I, "was to have got on the first boat, come over to England, and assassinated you. That is the fate a man deserves who puts a two-cent stamp on a sixty-five-cent letter."

Next morning in my mail arrived a bulky package without even the two-cent stamp on it. However, I recognized Crane's handwriting and refused to accept the parcel. He admitted the next time we met that he had sent the parcel and that the postman had made him pay extra on the return of it, but he always averred that the package contained an expensive book which I was yearning to possess, and which I was forever debarred from receiving on account of my parsimony. But I always believe the parcel contained a brick, and as I had a house made of them I didn't need it.

Some years ago a very great man went over from England to attend the International Postal Convention in Washington. When he returned I asked him what he thought of the postal officials of America. He replied:

"They are remarkable for two things: first, their great geniality and hospitality; secondly, their utter ignorance of everything pertaining to postal affairs."

I had an experience once which rather corroborates the Englishman's cynical view. When my chief, of the Detroit Free Press, had some thoughts of assigning to me the task of establishing the weekly in London, I hustled round to get some information of British postal law, about which I was painfully ill-informed. I could not find a British Postal Guide anywhere in that Western city, so I took the liberty of calling on the official who should have known most about mail matters in the district. The postmaster received me with a cordiality which had so agreeably impressed my English friend, in spite of the fact that I came from a Democratic paper, while he was a Republican office-holder. He regretted that he possessed no British Postal Guide, but said the postage on newspapers was the same there as in the United States.

"You slap a one-cent stamp on the paper, and off she goes," he added encouragingly.

"But we don't put one-cent stamps on the papers we send out from the publishing office," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, you do. A paper can't go through this post office unless it has got stamps on it."

"Bless me!" I exclaimed, "we could never get through with such a number as we have to send to our subscribers if we had to put stamps on them. We shove them into sacks, carry them down to your back yard, put them on the scales, and pay a cent a pound."

"But you've got to have stamps," he cried in amazement.

"Certainly not."

"Then the fellow at the other end has to pay."

"No, he hasn't."

"Oh, you're mistaken," he asserted. "Nothing goes unstamped through the post office."

"I beg your pardon, but *you're* mistaken," I maintained stoutly.

He leaned back in his chair and regarded me for a moment with something like pity in his eyes.

"What will you bet?" he asked at last, with the confidence of a man who had a sure thing.

"Anything you like," I replied.

"Oh, I don't want to loot a reporter," exclaimed the generous P. M. "I always like to stand in with newspaper men But I'll soon prove you in the wrong," and with that, pressing a button, he ordered the assistant postmaster to be brought to him. When that official came:

"Look here," cried the postmaster confidently, "this man says that we take the Detroit Free Press and send it through the mails without being stamped."

"Yes, sir," replied the assistant, "we do."

"Send it all over the United States?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the fellow at the other end doesn't need to pay?"

"No, sir."

"For a cent a pound?"

"Yes, sir.

An expression of genuine surprise came over the postmaster's face. Then he said with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"Do you mean to tell me that an enlightened Republican Government sends a d——d Democratic rag through the mails for a cent a pound? I've a notion to resign!"

He didn't, as a matter of fact, but I thought he might have resigned for a better reason than the one he alleged.

Last time I was over in America and in the office of my publishers I wished to send a few books to some of my friends. I had forgotten what book postage was in the United States, and asked the head of the firm. He didn't know. Then I asked the next man, and so on, and so on, but not one of them had the slightest idea. They all referred me to the postal clerk, whose duty it was to know, and claimed that they had no reason to burden their minds with superfluous and useless knowledge.

To keep your brain free of unnecessary information may be one plan of earning a million, but even that postal clerk of theirs doesn't know any too much about the stamping of foreign letters, as many a communication I have received from that eminent firm bears witness.

Still, I should not grumble, for there was one commercial company in enlightened Boston, no less, with which I was so unfortunate as to have some business dealings which called for a good deal of correspondence, and this Boston establishment beat the record. Every letter they sent me had merely a two-cent stamp on it, and I was compelled to pay six cents when the letter reached England. At last I somewhat strenuously objected, and I give here the reply of the president of the company himself, which contains good advice that should be followed by every one. Alas! I have not been able always to avail myself of its sensible injunctions:

> *Dear Sir:* Yours of the twenty-third received and contents noted. I should be personally under deep obligations to you if, in any future communication with which you favor this company, you would use language more in keeping with commercial courtesy than that which is exemplified in the communication before me. I should be further obliged if you would see the impropriety of putting down such remarks as you thought fit to make on a postal card which passes through many hands before it reaches mine. Regarding your complaint of understamped letters, I beg to state that I have every confidence in the accuracy and efficiency of our postal clerk. I have his assurance, which I see no reason to doubt, that a five-cent stamp was placed on every letter sent to you. I venture to suggest that the underpaid letters you received were from some other firm. I have the honor to be
>
> Yours truly,

Would it be believed that I had to pay six cents extra postage on that very letter! Like Crane's agent I sent back the envelope with its insufficient two-cent stamp and the words "Thirty centimes" marked on it, and, like Stephen Crane, I did not even put a penny stamp on the envelope; but I never heard from the man again. Boston is a stuck-up town, with no sympathy for the human passions of revenge and retaliation.

But what, says the intelligent reader, has all this to do with autograph hunting. Much, my dear sir or madam. The autograph hunter has got things down to a system. He sends you first a letter on heavy paper which is a eulogy of your immortal works. This bears a two-cent stamp. He incloses an envelope, also very thick and heavy, addressed to himself. Usually there are several cards on which you are to write your esteemed autograph, and the extra card just brings the whole outfit to a trifle over the half-ounce, whereupon you have to pay sixteen cents instead of six. I admit it is a joyous moment in the life of an author when he receives his first request for an autograph. But by and by the thing palls, especially as autograph hunters seem to know little of five-cent stamps and half-ounce weights. Very often an autograph hunter incloses a ten cent piece in his letter, and the postal authorities invariably find it out and charge the receiver double registration fee. They assert that the inclosing of a coin in a letter has a tendency to corrupt the postman, but as an American ten cent piece is of no mortal use to a village postman in England, I don't see where the temptation comes in. I have opened a letter, taken out the ten-cent piece and tendered it as payment for the extra postage and double registration, but the post office itself will not accept such currency

I now come to the Pittsburg boy who is the cause of my writing this article, and I also come to the nub of the article, which is to give away a secret that seems to have been vigilantly kept from the people of the United States. I have a great liking for a schoolboy anyhow, only exceeded by my affection for a schoolgirl, therefore I try to give them good counsel, remembering the days when I taught school in America. I wrote to the Pittsburg boy something to this effect:

> *My dear boy:* See the consequence of ignorance and pay attention to the admonitions of your schoolmaster while yet there is time. You have spent five cents to send a letter to me, and now I am going to spend five cents to return the answer to you. If you had gone to your postmaster and asked for an international reply-paid postcard it would have cost you four cents and me nothing. You could have written my address and your message on the forward card and your own address on the return card, and then in a short time you would have had my legible autograph on the writing side thereof, thus saving yourself one cent and making it unnecessary for me to spend five, and giving neither of us half the trouble we have taken.

I was astonished a while afterward to get a reply from the lad, who said very respectfully that he had called at the branch post office near the school, and the postmaster had assured him that there was no such thing as an international prepaid reply-card. I let it go at that, but by and by there came a second letter apologizing for the other, saying he had consulted the head post office and found my statement true.

So there you have the whole art and craft of gathering in the autographs of those who live in foreign lands. Buy the humble international reply postcard for four cents and an international difficulty is solved. There are very few men on this earth for whose autograph I'd give four cents unless it was at the bottom of a certified check—still, in the days when I knew no better I bought autographs, although I never wrote to any one for his signature.

There is no man for whom I have a greater admiration and liking than Mr. Horace Hart, M. A., Controller of the University Press in Oxford. I was in the University town the other day paying a visit to him when he showed me the most wonderful collection I have ever seen. This was a drawer full of envelopes meant to reach him, but all wrongly addressed, from every quarter of the world. It says much for the acuteness of the British Post Office that any of them ever arrived anywhere. Many of them were extraordinary enough, but the one that caused me most amusement, because it hit the nail so squarely on the head, came from India and was simply addressed, "Controller of the Universe, England." The postal authorities sent this direct to the Controller of the University Press, and it was intended for him, sure enough; but any one who knows the masterful nature of Mr. Hart, and his genius for ruling the universe or anything else that is intrusted to his care, will understand the particular aptness of that addressed envelope.

I have no wish to boast, but I am one of the few men who ever took a rise out of Mr. Horace Hart, and I am distinctly proud of the fact, for if any man is up to snuff, he is. It all rose out of an autograph I bought during my early days in London. I purchased at a dealer's an autograph letter of Charles Dickens. Now Mr. Hart had known Dickens personally, and it was into his hands that the copy of Edwin Drood came.

The great novelist handed to Mr. Hart the last pages of Edwin Drood, and after he had gone and Mr. Hart looked over them he went to his chief and said.

"I fear there is something wrong with Mr. Dickens. This is the first time his manuscript does not make the number."

The next news they heard was that Dickens was dead at Gadshill.

Dickens' novels were first published serially in shilling numbers, and the great writer knew to a line how many of his written sheets were required to make up the fifty-two pages of each number. I have one of these numbers before me as I write. It is a little green pamphlet five and one-half by eight and three-fourths inches in size. There are sixty-six pages of advertisements, not counting the three cover pages, and only thirty-two pages of text, so the proportion of text to advertisements was somewhat similar to that which obtains in a popular American magazine of to-day. One of the advertisements begins with a quotation from Charlotte Brontë and is. "For fiction read Scott alone; all novels after his are worthless." Dickens must have smiled when he read that advertisement, as doubtless he did read it. Or perhaps he frowned; anyhow, he had no reason to grumble, for these little green numbers cost but a tithe of what it must take to produce a copy of, say, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and sold readily for five times as much.

Dickens had been dead a dozen years or so before I saw London, and one of the first things I did in the metropolis was to purchase in Piccadilly a letter alleged to have been written by him which certainly looked genuine enough. When I became acquainted with Horace Hart, and learned that he had known Dickens, I showed him my precious autograph letter. He glanced at it, tossed it contemptuously aside and said:

"If you really want that sort of thing I think I can introduce you to the man who writes them."

"You mean it's a forgery."

"Certainly it is a forgery."

"How do you know?" I asked, somewhat irritated by the cocksureness of his manner.

"If you won't take my word for it," replied Mr. Hart, "here is the address of Miss Hogarth, Dickens' sister-in-law. The lady knows more of Dickens' letters than any one else in the world; in fact, if that were genuine you could not publish it without her permission. Write to her and inclose the document, and she will tell you at once whether it is bogus or not."

I did so, and Miss Hogarth very kindly replied that the letter was a forgery; that Dickens did not live at Gadshill in the year mentioned, and that any one who knew his handwriting would not have been deceived by this imitation. In conclusion, she begged to inclose an authentic letter by the great novelist, although it was only signed "C. D." She asked me to accept this, and spoke of the novelist's affection for America, and I think it was my allusion to the fact that I had recently come from the States that brought me the undoubted letter of Charles Dickens. I should probably make a good autograph hunter if I ever took to the occupation. I compelled the autograph dealer on Piccadilly to refund the money I paid him, and then took the second letter to my friend Horace Hart

"The man on Piccadilly admits the former letter was a forgery, but here is one that is undoubtedly genuine. You can see for yourself it is merely signed 'C. D.,' and if a forger had done it the full name would have been there."

"Oh, well," said Hart, giving a very casual glance at the second letter, "I see it is hopeless to try to save you."

"You think this is bogus also"

"Of course it is bogus"

"What will you bet? I'll bet you a luncheon it isn't."

"I'll take you," said Mr. Hart, and then I showed him Miss Hogarth's letter.

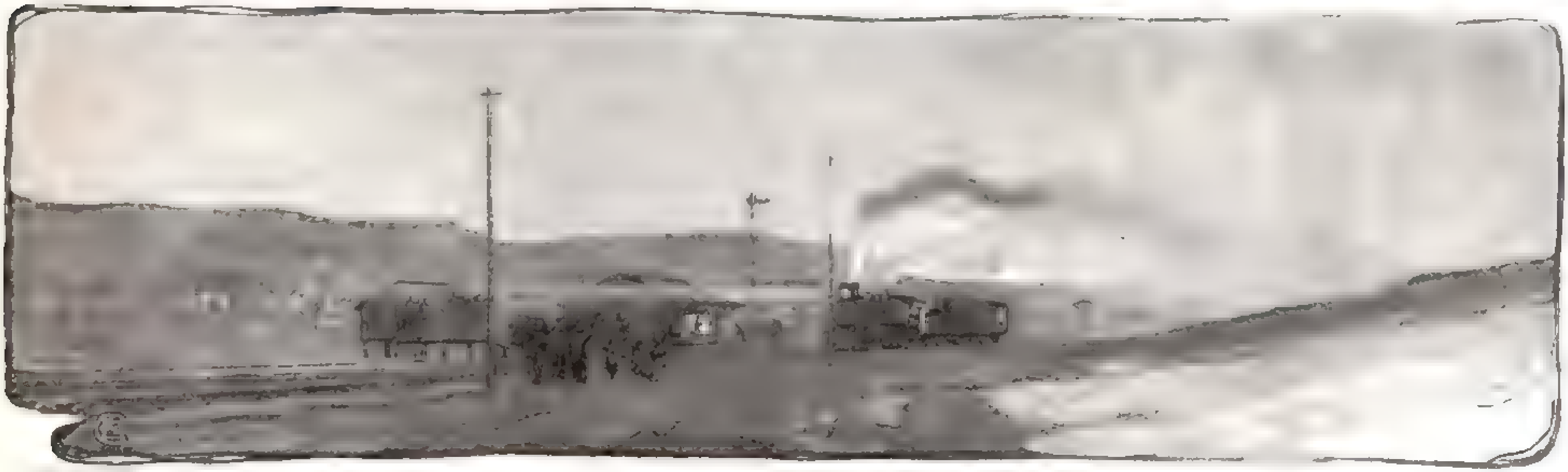
We had a very good luncheon on the strength of it.

But I have been taken in and done for myself on autograph letters. Some months ago I was amazed to see, in the catalogue of a celebrated dealer in old books on the Strand, my own name among the list of autographs for sale, and listed at no less a price than one dollar and twenty-five cents. The document was described in the catalogue as a most interesting and intimate letter. Next time I was in town I called in casually at the bookstore and asked to see this autograph They do not know me, and so I was quite safe in asking to see my own autograph. I became somewhat indignant when I read the document. It was genuine enough. A man had written to me detailing the experiences he was having in London trying to get a footing in the literary world and had aroused my sympathy. He wanted advice and I gave him advice. I also had been foolish enough to inclose some cash. He was evidently a shameless individual, for he had sold envelope and all with his own address in my handwriting. I paid the dollar twenty-five for my own autograph and thought it mighty dear at the money. In my anger I wrote my opinion of him to the man who had so basely worked on my tender feelings. A moment's reflection might have shown me the folly of this, and, after the letter was irretrievably gone, I had some qualms of conscience regarding my vehemence, for I remembered too late that he might be some poor wretch starving, and compelled to sell anything that was salable to get bread.

My qualms were somewhat allayed by receiving from him the following:

> *Dear Sir:* Many thanks for your letter. If you only wrote like that in your books they might perhaps sell, for I took this letter to that Strand man and he gave me a shilling more for it than for the first. Again thanks for first making my market (for no one else would have bought your autograph), and second for supplying me with the material for disposal in that market. Your grateful correspondent,
>
> P. S. Send me some more.

THE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL



What Santa Claus Brought to the Box-Car Santrys

By Frank H. Spearman

ALL the same, it makes a difference even in the railroad life. Shockley, though a lone man, had been married; he was a widower. Mr. Kenrick, colloquially known as Fatty, could not claim ever to have been anything more than a bachelor. Here, then, were seeds of distrust latent but ready to spring into discord between the two men the moment Mrs. Jack Santry in her house-car reached Benkleton.

Shockley had the yard in those days and no man could tell Shockley how to run a railroad yard; he was a past master Kenrick was agent, and a wonderful agent. Reports regular, accounts correct; company money, company money and Kenrick's money — mighty little — Kenrick's money. The two men were unusually friendly. They never ate together, slept together sat together or talked together, and in this way came to be great friends. Shockley was built very like a hatchet, while to say of Kenrick, bologna-wurst, would hardly be long enough or strong enough. He was generously fleshy and shockingly bald; he was seedy in dress, wore spectacles that had been through the grasshopper troubles twice and smoked any kind of tobacco.

It would not be fair either to Mr. or to Mrs. Santry — but in particular to Mrs. Santry — bluntly to begin without saying a word as to how they happened to be keeping house in a box-car. From such a statement one might think them a very mere sort; but they were not, and it all happened naturally enough. Jack Santry's father had been a cattleman, an Eastern gentleman with a Western investment, which in time took all he had and ended by taking him.

But while it lasted! The never-ending wires of the Santry ranch; the low, white, Spanish-walled, red-tiled, rambling ranch-house with its seas of rolling sections and the sweeping green of the blue-joint in the cañons, the brown of the bunch-grass on yellow bench walls, and beyond and over all, eternal sunshine, blue air and the tiering pines of the Black Hills. Why not say it is a great country and be done.

Mrs. Jack, too, was from the East. Moreover, though she had known Jack all her life she never fell in love with him till she visited his sisters on the ranch. Mrs. Jack, to put it roughly, was a dear little love of a girl with tears as close to her smiles as showers to an April sun. When Jack told her his love-story she cried — and he kissed her. When the Bar M. Santry brand, ranch, family, everything, went wholly to monetary smash and Jack's father died, Jack cried and she kissed *him*. But give him up? Well, hardly. His mother and sisters went back East to live with an uncle of means. There was a big wreckage to look after at the ranch, and to save for his mother and the girls what was left Jack stayed in the West to wind up affairs.

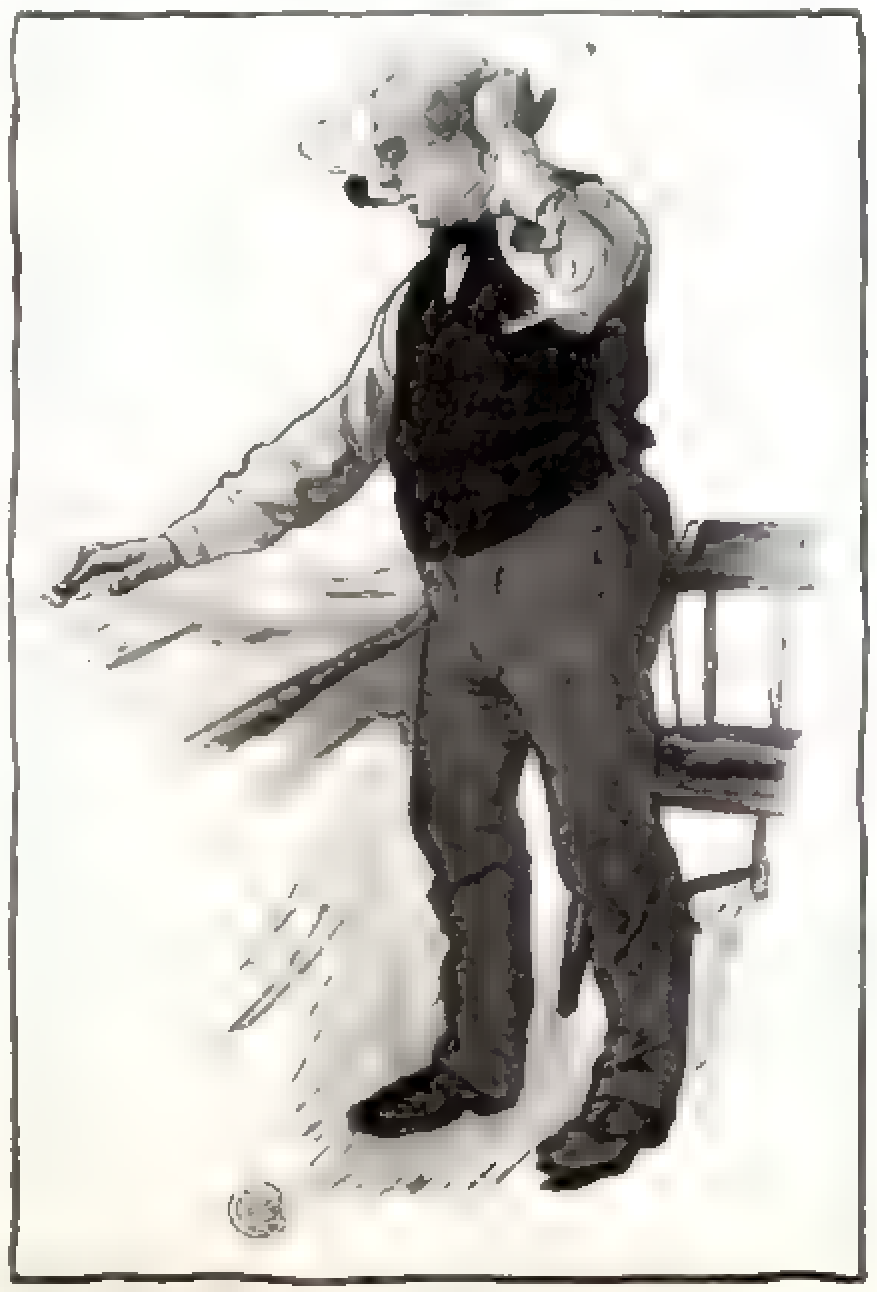
The railroad people were then building up the Arikaree and in getting title through the Santry ranch, which ran on both sides of the river, had business with Jack. He was all alone at Blue Hill, a small division town, on slim allowance and writing forlorn letters to his far-away sweetheart. In one of those very letters the awful news came one day that Jack Santry had become a locomotive engineer

Bucks was to blame for it; he was general superintendent, headquarters at Blue Hill, and then, as always, seducing good Western men from starvation, he suggested railroading to Jack.

There was in that country really no other way to earn a dollar. Jack couldn't leave without sacrificing what his mother and the girls had left, and in the railroad business there was no branch that offered the money or the rapid promotion the engine service offered. Jack was half starving, and to a man desperately in love two hundred dollars a month seemed a fortune. In the end it came out right, but it mortified Jack's sisters beyond expression, shocked his poor mother within an inch of her life, and stained his sweetheart's letters with tears. But give him up? No.

He showed Bucks the letter — part of it. Bucks is still a bachelor, though no one understands why, for on that very occasion — and Jack had then been firing but ten weeks — he told Neighbor to give Santry an engine. Six months later, Jack, with money in the bank, went East, and Mrs. Jack married him then and there.

In this way the cowboy engineer took his place among the other engineers, though there were some that said, "Once a cowboy always a cowboy;" and Mr. and Mrs. Jack boarded at the Blue Hill hotel. That life, however, became so nearly unendurable that when Jack told his wife he had a chance to go to the front, Mrs. Jack jumped at the prospect of getting away from the dreadful women all about her.



SEEDY IN DRESS . . . AND SMOKED ANY KIND OF TOBACCO

"But, Allie, there is nothing at Benkleton," objected Jack. "It's just the end of the line and there are no houses, no hotel, nothing."

"Jack, I'm so sick of a hotel."

"But there isn't a thing there to live in, dear"

"I'd rather live in a tent, Jack, than to have to meet these women every day. Mightn't we have a tent, Jack?"

"Why, dear, you don't know anything about it. There isn't even a doctor west of Blue Hill — a hundred and forty miles."

"But, Jack — I have never been ill a day in my life. What should I want with a doctor?"

Every objection she met in the same way and at last she fairly compelled him to ask all about it. Callahan, train master, explained how the railroad men on the front managed — they lived, he told Jack, in freight cars.

When Allie Santry heard the explanation she bubbled over. Her husband could not make arrangements quickly enough. For the first time since she had crossed the Missouri to live she forgot her secret daily cry, and before Jack got downstairs to ask for a transfer she had begun planning the furnishings. When the week came that she could leave the hateful hotel Callahan had given them a thirty-four foot furniture car, with folding doors at the end and ceilings nine feet high, to fit up for housekeeping.

Mrs. Jack's very first glimpse of the selection settled the uncertainties of the situation. It was quite a new car and the fragrant pine interior smelt as sweet as a summer cottage. Mrs. Jack realized instantly that many people, of greater pretensions than their own, spent their summers in infinitely worse quarters, not to speak of paying dearly for the privilege. She ran in through the folding-doors, singing and dancing the entire thirty-four feet to the head-end and then pirouetted, ballet-like, across the beam of the apartment all the way back. Jack tried vigorously to kick the ceiling — something he had always been able to do at college — and failing stood delighted: there could be no question of ventilation.

In two hours the car was over on the "rip" track with the carpenters boring holes into the sides for windows, especially for one long, high, narrow window at the front end, just as if the car did not belong to some unfortunate Eastern road that would not see it again for at least two years. The first things that went into that car, after the windows, were three huge trunks, and seven boxes of wedding presents that had never been unpacked. The day that went to buying the house-furnishings was the most exciting of the Santrys' married lives, for the car was to start at night and they were to follow on the morning passenger train to the very frontier, Benkleton, end of the line.

Mrs. Jack, even then, at its worst, liked the tent-and-raw-pine town better than the Blue Hill hotel. Mr Shockley, the man in charge of the railroad yard, gave her an unrestricted choice of sites on the track spurs. He shunted her residence up and down the ladder-track behind the switch-engine — old Soda Water Sal it was — and would, he told her, set her house-brakes anywhere she liked; and when she left it to him, with oh, so pretty a smile, he gave her a spot on the high ground where the western bluffs completely sheltered the car from the afternoon sun and the morning breeze rose with the dawn to bring the sweetness of the river sedges to her pillow, and to Mr. Santry's, as she called Jack

There they began housekeeping. Every railroad man about the place bent himself to extend courtesies

Shockley, the obliging yardmaster, could not do enough, and when Mrs. Jack heard that he was said to have shot a man somewhere in the East she only cried, feeling quite sure the man *must* have deserved it in the East, if anywhere. Mr. Kenrick, the heavy station agent, was another friend who could never do enough for the engineer and his wife. Parcels, letters, telegrams, fresh vegetables as R. R. B., company tacks, twine for picture-cord, ink, pens—really it was nothing but, what will the lady have next? Her windows were little picture squares, the shades of green and the curtains of flowered muslin, and the high window was papered in stained-glass effects. As the bluffs did obstruct the afternoon sun which was supposed to shine through this pet window, Mr. Shockley on favorable afternoons, when the worst of the day's work was done, would run up the hand ladder, let the brake chain go with a whirl, and Soda Water Sal would obligingly pull the house out on a Y to try the western sun on the stained-glass paper. The very first month that they were in their new quarters the Santrys had home-made ice cream at Sunday dinner. A candy pail served for freezer, and Yardmaster Shockley, certainly the most considerate of murderers, held up a beer car for the ice.

II

ONE Sunday afternoon in the following December, the day before Christmas, by the way, Fatty Kenrick, agent—round, shirt-sleeved and short-sighted—sat behind his grasshopper glasses in the Benkleton station at peace with the entire division. The sun shone in a winter blaze across Shockley's sandy yard, and a heartless fly, defying the season, buzzed about the bald spot on the station agent's head as he wrote his letter home. As to the way in which things happen who can tell? but Kenrick states it as a fact that he was writing at that very moment to his mother about pretty little Mrs. Jack when Jack Santry himself strode down the platform in such a manner that Kenrick immediately looked up.

"Ken, I want orders to run special with my engine to Blue Hill right off," said Jack abruptly. "Ask the McCloud dispatcher for them quick, will you?"

"Sure. Going to Blue Hill this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, to-morrow's Christmas, Jack."

"Yes, I know it. They're going to celebrate there to-morrow, I hear. I want to start the minute the orders come and I'm going to take my wife down with me."

"Your wife?"

"Yes."

"Warm day," suggested Kenrick, covering the key while he put aside his letter.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," announced Jack Santry irrelevantly.

Kenrick getting at the fly with one hand struggled with the other to get at the McCloud dispatcher. Before he succeeded Santry was back again seemingly excited and away again to the roundhouse. When McCloud answered and Kenrick sent the request the answer came, "What does Santry want to go special to Blue Hill for to-day?" The run from Benkleton to Blue Hill was then, and is yet, it must be remembered, a hundred and forty miles. Kenrick answered with such information as he had, "For Christmas." The response came immediate, "No."

Kenrick, considering the incident closed, reached for his letter. The McCloud dispatchers were in those days busy men and when they spoke at all, spoke to the point. Jack stuck his head in at the window, "Have the orders come?"

"They say they can't do it, Jack."

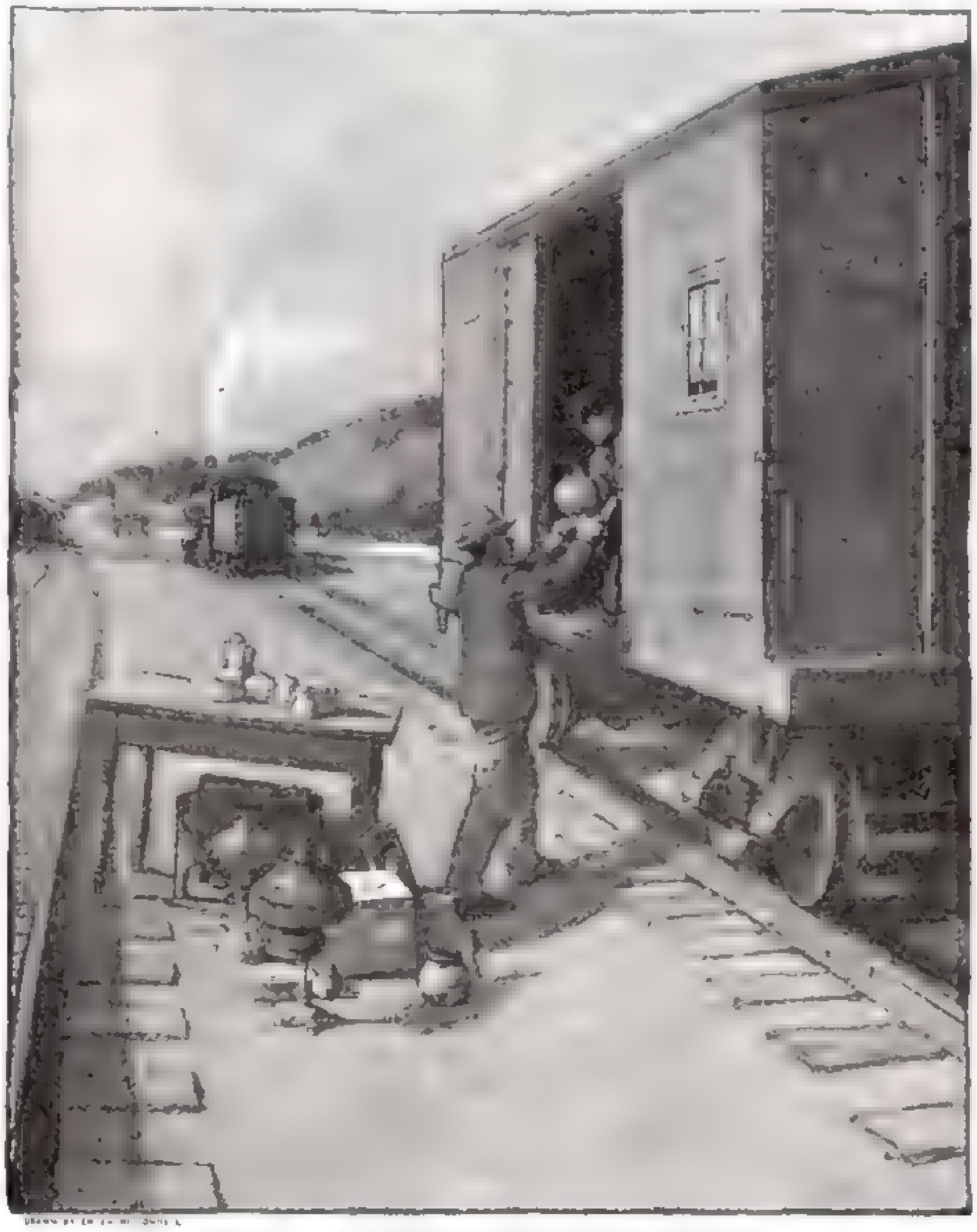
"Can't do it? They've got to do it. Call them again quick and say I want orders for Blue Hill, special, right off," demanded the engineer earnestly. This time Jack Santry came in and sat down for his answer. There was more clicking and more talk and Santry again stated his request in direct, even energetic, terms, and the dispatcher at McCloud called the chief dispatcher into the game and Jack waited a while and the answer came, "No." Jack with undisguised anger started over toward the house-car and Mr. Fatty Kenrick resumed his letter. But the afternoon was warm and his head sunk presently on the table; he dozed. Jack Santry's voice at the window woke him.

"Look here, Ken, I'm going to Blue Hill. Tell those fellows once more I want orders."

Kenrick was surprised. He had never heard a tone like that in Santry's voice, and, anyway, such talk in a new engineer sounded contumacious; but Jack, Kenrick knew, was impulsive. The agent tried to quiet him. "For your own good, Jack, you ought to be reasonable," he urged. "Man alive, you can celebrate Christmas here just as well as you can at Blue Hill. What do you want to go down there for, with as sweet a little wife as *you've* got?"

Jack did look considerably confused at that and seemed as if about to speak, but he did not and the agent struck again. "A quarrel with the dispatchers now will make it unpleasant for you as long as you're on the division."

"Hang the dispatchers," blazed Jack, getting very angry at the suggestion. "What business have they to interfere with my affairs? They've been altogether too busy at McCloud, right along. Send word from me just as I tell you—I am going to Blue Hill and I want orders quick."



THEY WERE LIGHTENING SHIP FOR A FAST RUN

Kenrick rattled at the key with a good deal of action. He sent the engineer's word just as it was spoken, for Jack stood right over his shoulder; though Kenrick felt that in sending it he was blasting then and there the career not alone of Jack but of gentle little Mrs. Jack, who was as leisurely and mild as Jack was quick and fierce. The instant the message had gone Jack Santry started for the platform and Shockley like a conspirator joined him.

Sometimes the lightest circumstance lets in a flood of light on a suspicious situation. Could Shockley have been drinking? Kenrick suddenly wondered. Could Jack Santry have fallen into conviviality with the yardmaster and might this possibly account for his excitement, his recklessness, and his utter disregard of consequence? Kenrick remembered the mournful adage: "Once a cowboy always a cowboy." Was Jack for a mere mad whim going to sacrifice his future to see a crazy lot of cowboys run riot at Blue Hill and had it come about through Shockley? True, Shockley, since he came to the West End, had never touched a drop, but Callahan was notoriously afraid he would begin. Had he begun?

Kenrick in distress pondered these things as he saw Henry Shockley join the engineer and the two walk rapidly across the yard. Kenrick had always felt that Shockley, though the best fellow in the world, had but a slight regard for law and order, and feared now lest he should be behind this unreasonable attitude of the engineer. In his letter he could not write further. He sat watching the two men far across the yard, and when they reached the house-car Jack walked up the stairs and in, while Shockley, outside, lighted his pipe and smoked up hard.

In a moment, a bare moment, the side door was slid open and Jack appeared carrying a cook stove; he passed it to Shockley, who, taking it in his arms as tenderly as a baby, set it down between the tracks. The dining-room table appeared at the door; Jack staggered a little behind it, but Shockley passed it over the stove as firmly as a mother passes a wash-rag over a sore finger. Pictures in frames, as Kenrick described them in waybills, began to issue from the door: Shockley never lost a puff as he handled the hazardous, and extra-hazardous, even to fancy vases and banquet lamps. The thing was as plain as day, even to Kenrick. They were lightening ship for a fast run, and Kenrick felt himself growing faint. If no orders came now? The sounder at his hand began to click. "Impossible to give Santry orders for Blue Hill."

While the agent was taking the message the hostler was backing Santry's engine down the spur toward the house-car: evidently the hostler was partly in the conspiracy, but Kenrick knew he would not dare fire for Jack without orders, and therein lay Kenrick's hope that Jack would not succeed in committing official suicide. Dodge, Santry's fireman, was out on his farm and couldn't be reached even if he could be tempted.

Message in hand, Kenrick ran bareheaded across the yard; Jack standing with Shockley was directing him what to do with the dishes when Kenrick handed him the telegram. Jack Santry read it and turned white, but he did not hesitate one minute. Fast as his fingers would work he tore the telegram into fine scraps, looked at Kenrick and pointed to the engine slowing before the car.

"All right. Now tell your dispatchers one thing more. I'm going to Blue Hill."

"Without orders?" gasped Kenrick.

"Without orders. Tell those fellows if they've got anything in the way they don't want hit to get it into the clear, for, if I don't get a right of way, I'll make one across the whole division."

Kenrick gasped. Did Jack Santry think he could run an engine across a railroad division as he would gallop a bronco over a cattle range? This was cowboy railroading with a vengeance.

But while Kenrick gasped Shockley ambled ahead to help couple the engine as if there were really nothing doing. One moment went in well-meant remonstrances on Kenrick's part; they were kindly but coldly spurned. Jack disappeared into the car and Shockley, having coupled, was scratching a match, wholly regardless of rules, on the water-tank. Before the stunned agent, overcome by the situation, had got back to the key, Jack Santry was climbing into the cab and then the very crux of the conspiracy stood revealed: Shockley climbed promptly up after him to fire to Blue Hill.

Kenrick called McCloud wildly; the engine, the house-car, were moving past his window. He made one last desperate move for law and order and in front of Jack Santry's very nose dropped the red board. Shockley slammed coal into the furnace; Jack merely waved a parting hand at the distressed agent and drove his locomotive through the authority of the division like a four-in-hand. When McCloud answered, McCloud got only the bare statement that Santry in the 834 had started without orders for a run right across the division. When they fairly tore the wires with stop messages, from the dispatchers severally and jointly, Kenrick had but one answer: "He's gone."

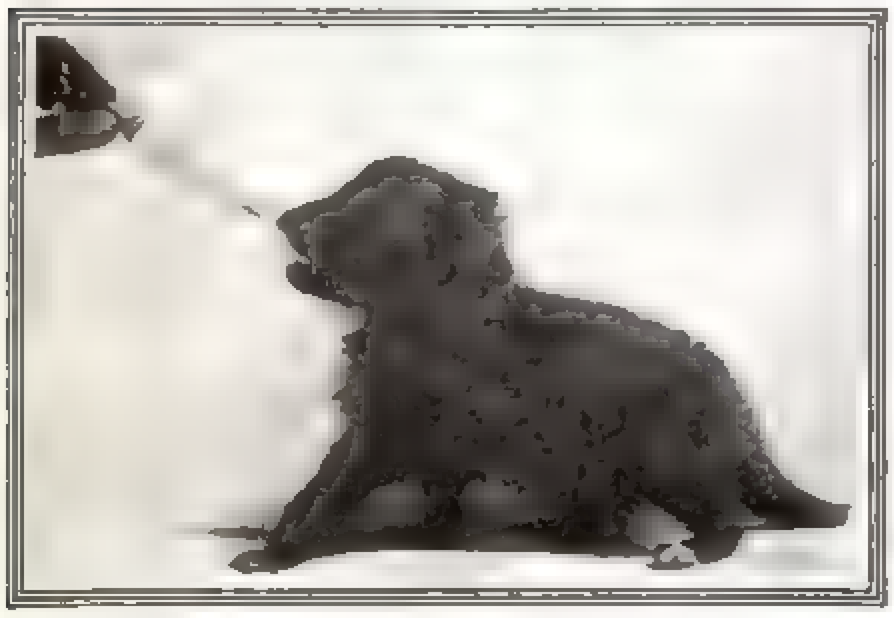
III

A BOMB exploding on the train-sheets would have been a sleepy affair compared with the moment that Kenrick's final message came from the front end. A cowboy engineer running wild down the division on Christmas Eve and ready to ditch whatever opposed him. Here was a celebration for your life. There was a rattling of wires from end to end of the line. Orders flew, boards were dropped, passenger trains sidetracked, freights ordered to get to the clear—to take the turntables, crawl under the bridges, dodge into the cañons, get off the earth—anywhere out of the way till the madman from Benkleton could be headed, dragged from his engine and locked up. Dispatchers sent orders, trainmasters stormed, operators went trembling, and trains all the way from McCloud to Blue Hill began to scud for cover. From the front end came report after report as Jack Santry, engine and house-car, flew by station after station. Board after board

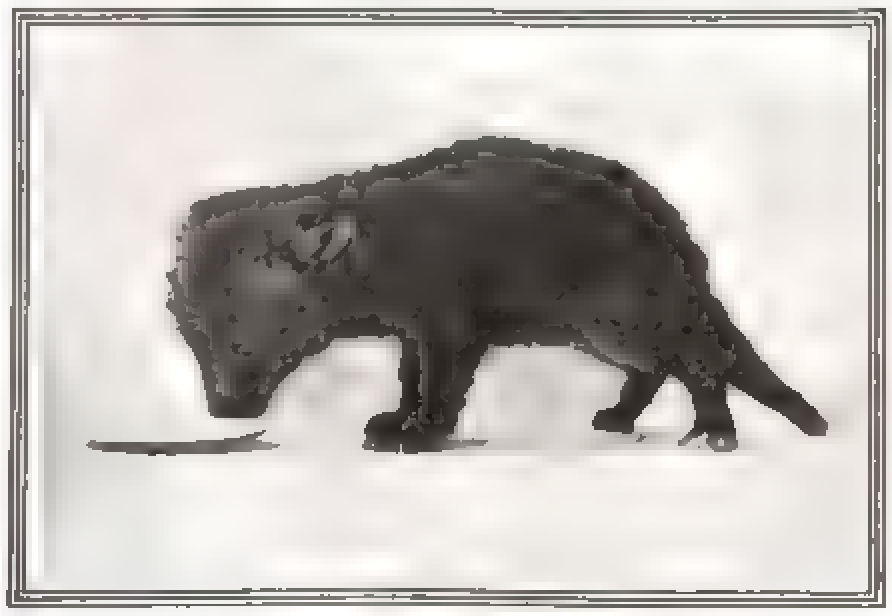
(*Continued on Page 54*)

WAIFS OF THE FIELDS

By Ernest Harold Baynes


HAVE PATIENCE—HE WILL COME TO IT

FEEDING YOUNG GRAY SQUIRRELS


YOUNG FOX DRINKING

As a rule, the greatest kindness we can do for any wild creature is the passive kindness to be shown by allowing it to retain its freedom. Nevertheless, almost every one has a chance, now and then, to save the life of some helpless animal, and good intentions and kindly feelings will not avail unless behind them there is a knowledge of the animal's needs and of the proper way to minister to them. Full-grown animals, as individuals, are seldom in need of human assistance; it is the young creatures, whose parents have been captured or killed, or which have met with some other mishap, that are most often thrown upon our mercy. Among the animals I have reared myself, for instance, were a nest of young robins that had been blown to the ground in a storm; a young blue jay that I rescued from a cat; a litter of young foxes whose parents had been shot by a gamekeeper; four little gray squirrels whose mother had been stoned to death by a thoughtless boy, and a nest of young house mice whose mother had been captured and eaten by a cat. All these little animals actually needed assistance, and would have died if they had not received it

Young birds, I think, are the animals which most frequently require our assistance, and they offer a great variety of problems to those who would help them in their hour of need. In solving these problems the use of common-sense will be found as effective as it is elsewhere. If the young bird you happen to find has been blown from the nest during a storm and is wet and cold, why, the first thing to do is to dry and warm it. . To do this you may mop the greater part of the water from the body with a sponge or a wad of absorbent cotton, and then put the patient into a cage and place the cage near the stove. If you have no cage use a box. If the bird is old enough and strong enough to perch be sure to give him something to perch on; otherwise make him a nest of material as nearly like that of which his original home was made as possible. That is to say, if the bird is a young cuckoo make him a nest of twigs; if a yellow warbler, a nest of cotton will do. The cuckoo might not thrive in a cotton nest; it might be necessary for his well-being to have twigs to clutch, and his feet might become deformed if he were put where he could not exercise them properly

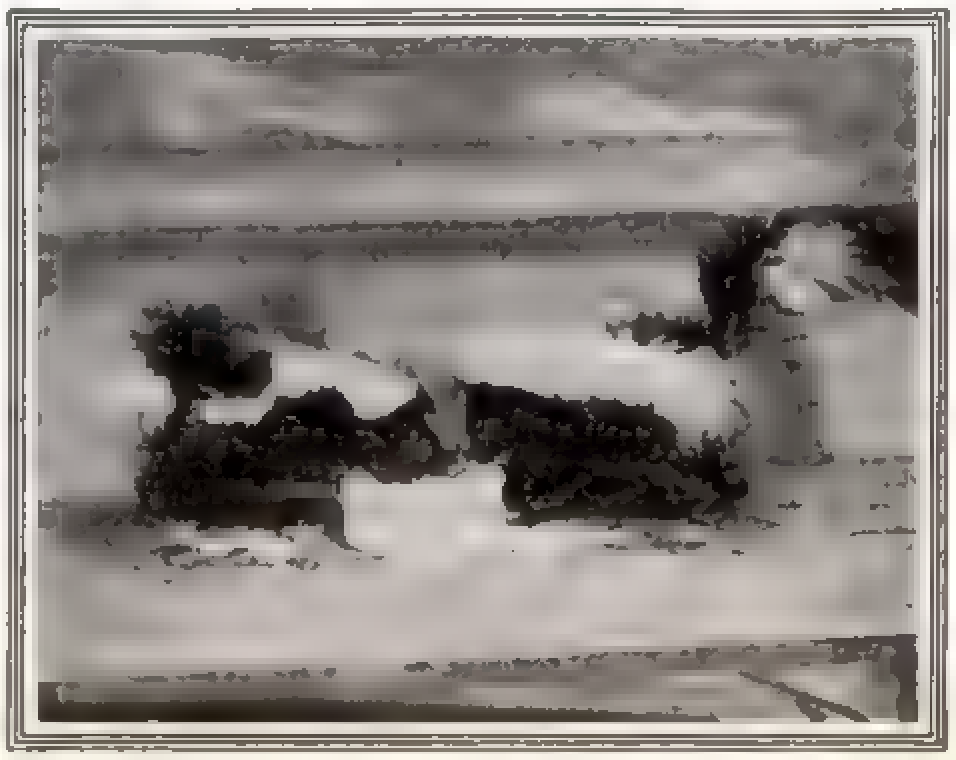
The next thing to do for your bird is to feed him, and this may or may not be an easy matter. If he is very young he will require very soft, easily digested food, by preference spiders and little tender grubs. As these are usually hard to get in any quantity, boil an egg hard and mix the yolk of it with an equal quantity of mashed potato. This mixture should be made fresh every day. If you can induce the bird to open his mouth, by jarring the nest slightly, or by chirping, or by touching him under the chin, it will save you much trouble; otherwise you will be obliged to open his bill before you can put the food into it. And this must be done with the greatest care, as the bill of a bird is very soft at this age and may easily be twisted out of shape. He should be fed once an hour from daylight until dark, and with every other meal a few drops of water should be given. After he gets enough sense to call for food he should be fed as often as he calls. His diet may be gradually changed to ants' eggs, small worms and other soft bodied creatures, and this food may be given until the little bird is big enough and strong enough to shift for himself. Fruit-eating birds, such as robins, cedar-waxwings and catbirds, may be given a little ripe fruit, such as berries and cherry-pulp. The above directions for feeding do not apply to birds of prey, which may be fed at once on raw animal food, such as chopped beef or chicken, frogs' legs or mice, given in pieces small enough to accommodate the mouth of the particular individual

The rearing of young mammals is in some respects easier and in other respects more difficult than the rearing of young birds. It is easier, because one form of food—milk—answers for all of them up to a certain age, and more difficult because very young mammals must be fed throughout the night, and, moreover, because they are more sensitive to cold and must be kept warm by artificial heat even in what might be termed warm weather. The warmth they would naturally receive from the body of their mother must be supplied in some form or they will quickly become chilled and die. If there is a lighted stove in the house which is available for this purpose the problem is solved at once. Otherwise, the most convenient plan I know of is to use a stone jar of boiling water, which, if managed properly, need not be renewed more than twice in twenty-four hours. The nest containing the young creatures should be placed, together with the hot-water jar, in a box, with a wire netting or other perforated partition between them, thus permitting a circulation of warm air, without allowing the young animals to burn themselves. Now for the feeding. When young mammals are fed in the natural way, of course they get their milk fresh at every meal, and the fresher you can give it to them the greater will be your success. The milk should also be warmed; if administered cold it is apt to chill them. When very young they should receive small quantities of milk, but they should be fed frequently—every two hours at least. In rearing a family of young mice I fed them seventeen times in the first twenty-four hours, and although they were blind and almost hairless when I took charge of them, I reared seven out of the original eight. In administering the milk you must use the method that seems most likely to be successful in the particular case you have in hand. You will find that nearly all young mammals are able to suck instinctively, and your problem, as a rule, is to induce them to suck something with milk in it. For squirrels, woodchucks and other young animals about the same size, a glass medicine dropper, such as may be bought for a few cents at any drug store will be found very convenient. Get a rather large one; the frequent taking away of the dropper to refill it makes a hungry animal very impatient. If the youngster to be fed does not take to the new method of feeding at once, have patience; he will come to it in time, especially if he is allowed to become rather hungry. As he gets his teeth, a bit of rubber tubing should be placed over the tip of the dropper; otherwise he may crunch it

For young rats and mice a dropper will probably be too large, and for such small creatures I always use a fine artist's paint brush, the tip of which, having been dipped in milk, I offer to my pygmy charges. Until the little creatures get the idea of taking hold of themselves I work the tip of the brush between their lips by a screwing movement. Very young squirrels may also be fed with a brush at first, and the dropper may be substituted when they get large enough to take it. Young squirrels are very sensitive to cold and will quickly die if allowed to become chilled

Larger young animals, such as foxes and raccoons, may be fed either with a large dropper or with a baby's bottle, and after they have once learned how to take their milk there is little to be done beyond feeding them often enough. Generally speaking, they should be fed as often as they will take food, and they will usually advise you of the right time by crying out lustily at the top of their lungs. I reared four young raccoons a short time ago and I used a baby's bottle entirely until they were old enough to take solid food. Like most young creatures, they slept a large part of the time, and immediately they awoke they began to call loudly for their milk. If it was not given to them at once they fairly screamed with impatience, and gave me no peace until I brought out the bottle. Sometimes I would use two bottles, and while feeding one of the youngsters I would let his brethren wrestle for the other bottle. One would pick it up in his paws and drink until some hungry brother took it away from him, only to lose it to a newcomer a moment later, perhaps. Sometimes one of the young 'coons would carry the bottle away to a corner and have a quiet little drop by himself. Later, of course, they took solid food of every

THE YOUNG 'COON WOULD PICK IT UP IN HIS PAWS


THE YOUNG SKUNKS USED TO SLOP THEIR MILK AT FIRST

description, and it was necessary to give them a constant supply of fresh water, for raccoons usually wash all solid food before eating it

Last spring I reared a family of young foxes, and these were brought up on milk from a dropper. Of course, there came a time when milk failed to satisfy them, and then I gave them small quantities of raw beef, vegetables, bread, fruit, and, in fact, a little of almost everything that came into the kitchen. Unfortunately, at a very early age they showed a decided fondness for chickens, and quickly learned how to catch them. The neighbors who kept poultry were good-natured to a fault, but as I did not wish to see the limit of their patience I had to keep the young foxes in a large pen until they were well able to shift for themselves.

Then I took them far away into the wilderness, where hunters were unknown, and gave them back to their great mother, Nature, little the worse, I hope, for their visit to my home.

Bringing Back the Birds

Care and Study of Their Wants Meet Prompt Appreciation

By Allister Burford

A SERIES of very interesting experiments demonstrates that shy birds driven out of former haunts by the expansion of cities may be induced to return, even to quarters busy with shop and factory life.

Twenty-five years ago a boy played Indian and built wigwams of iron-weeds in what is now a busy and populous part of a Pennsylvania town. The yards, stations, shops and storage buildings of a steam railroad occupy what was a fertile meadow. Dingy ice-houses crowd the banks of a stream then bordered with giant elms, sycamores and maples. Through an adjacent valley, then finely timbered, run streets lined with dwellings and factories. A picturesque precipice adorned twenty-five years ago with clinging shrubs and vines is now a stone quarry.

From these modernized surroundings many birds fled as if from a plague. The boy and man, J. Warren Jacobs, deplored most of all the disappearance of purple martins. He determined to try to coax them back. He studied ornithology and became a recognized naturalist. His observations convinced him that in spite of factories, locomotives, quarry-blasting and noisy streets, the birds whose companionship he coveted would come back if an intelligent welcome were accorded them

In the spring of 1896 Mr. Jacobs built a bird house, designing it with a view to attracting his favorite martins. This miniature residence, set on a pole ten feet high, contained twenty rooms. For a week after its erection the architect and builder waited in vain. Many species of birds are mathematically precise in fixing the altitudes of their homes Reexamining available data Mr. Jacobs concluded that his summer resort for martins lacked slightly the desired elevation. So he added three feet to the pole. Great was his delight soon after to discover an old purple male, of fine plumage, and evidently the patriarch of a flock, condescending to inspect the premises

His judgment was vindicated

That the venerable martin was delighted with his discovery was indicated by his antics. Having looked the twenty room mansion completely over, he flew away, ostensibly to spread the good news. Early the next morning he returned accompanied by his mate. For the entire day the female spent her time going from room to room in the bird hotel, examining every detail. Meanwhile the martin patriarch stationed himself on the cupola, scanning the air for members of his species. As soon as a martin migrant came in sight, the sentinel would hasten toward it and with much chattering lead the way to the new edifice. Several days after the beginning of this pioneer work an unusual clatter one morning at daybreak aroused the ornithologist. Looking out he saw a colony of martins, eight in number, moving into the establishment. From this auspicious beginning the bird community grew year by year. In the following season thirty-five nestlings were successfully reared in the house. The old birds returned year after year, and the young, when their mating time came, would select a room, if it could be secured, in the family palace, and in turn rear their little brood

In 1898 Mr. Jacobs built a second bird house, containing thirty-four rooms. Thirteen of the males that preempted quarters in this new abode were nestlings of the previous year. In the two houses that year ninety-seven young were raised

In 1899 a third mansion was erected, and one hundred and seventy-five nestlings were brought to maturity. Sixty rooms were occupied the following season and two hundred little birds were added to the colony. Mr. Jacobs decided to put up no additional homes, and as a result many of the martins that came house-hunting could not find accommodations. The disappointed ones got together, held a council and with one accord departed in a body, an evident mutual understanding existing as to the destination chosen.

In May of 1902 the ornithologist undertook the seventh annual census of his martin community. Seventy-two rooms were found to be occupied, and the young and eggs numbered 245.

Had he continued to build he would have had, he estimates, 1200 purple martins in 1902, even after allowing for a probable loss of 25 per cent.

The experiment is a graphic illustration of how birds may be attracted even under inhospitable conditions. The ornithologist's example is being followed by other residents of his town, and the excess of bird population, failing to find apartments in the original homes, branch off to similar bird houses now erected in other parts of the city. Mr. Jacobs has written an interesting brochure giving for all interested in similar experiments the scientific account of his success in luring the martins.

In constructing his bird houses the naturalist used as a model some well known American structure. One of his martin homes is patterned after the Pennsylvania State building at the World's Fair at Chicago. This selection of some notable architectural pile as a model was, of course, merely for the picturesque effect. Other details were determined after careful study of the habits of the martins. Clean poplar wood he found an excellent and inexpensive structural material

The size of the rooms is important. They should be at least five inches square and six inches high. Entrance can be through the lower half of diminutive windows, two and one-half inches square. Round openings should be two and three-fourths inches in diameter. There should be but one entrance to a room, Mr. Jacobs says, for if there be more than one the martins, before building their nests, will carefully seal up one entrance with a wall of mud

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

VIII

WHEN the signboard on a station platform said "5.2 miles to St. X," Pauline sank back in her chair in the parlor-car with a blanched face. And almost immediately, so it seemed to her, Saint X came into view—home! She fancied she could see the very house as she looked down upon the mass of green in which the town was embowered. The train slid into the station, slowed down—there were people waiting on the platform—her father! He was glancing from window to window, trying to catch a glimpse of her; and his expression of almost agonized eagerness made her heartsick. She had been away from him for nearly seven months—long enough to break the habit which makes it impossible for members of a family to know how each other really look. How gray and thin his beard seemed! What was the meaning of that gaunt look about his shoulders? What was the strange, terrifying shadow over him? "Why, he's old!" The tears welled into her eyes—"He's gliding away from me!" And then she remembered what she had to tell him and her knees almost refused to support her.

He was at the step as she sprang down. She flew into his arms. He held her away from him and scanned her face with anxious eyes. "Is my little girl ill?" he asked. "The telegram made me uneasy."

"Oh, no!" she said with a reassuring hug "Where's mother?"

"She isn't very well to-day—nothing serious. We must hurry—she'll be impatient, though she's seen you since I have"

At the curbstone stood the familiar surrey, with Mordecai humped upon the front seat. "I don't see how the Colonel ever knowed you," said he, as she shook hands with him. "I never seen the like for growin'."

"But *you* look just the same, Mordecai—you and the surrey and the horses. And how's Amanda?"

"Porely," replied Mordecai—his invariable answer to inquiries about his wife. She patterned after the old school, which held that for a woman to confess to good health was for her to confess to lack of refinement, if not of delicacy.

"You think I've changed, father?" asked Pauline, when the horses were whirling them home. She was so absorbed in recognizing the familiar streets and houses and trees and faces that she hardly heard his reply.

"'I never seen the like for growin',' " he quoted, his eyes shining with pride in her. He was a reticent man by nature as well as by training; he could not have *said* how beautiful, how wonderful he thought her, or how intensely he loved her. The most he could do to express himself to her was, a little shyly, to pat her hand—and to *look* it into Mordecai's back

She was about to snuggle up to him as a wave of content at being home again swept over her; her secret rushed from the background of her mind and overwhelmed her. "How could I have done it? How can I tell them?" But the serene and beautiful kindness of her father's face reassured her

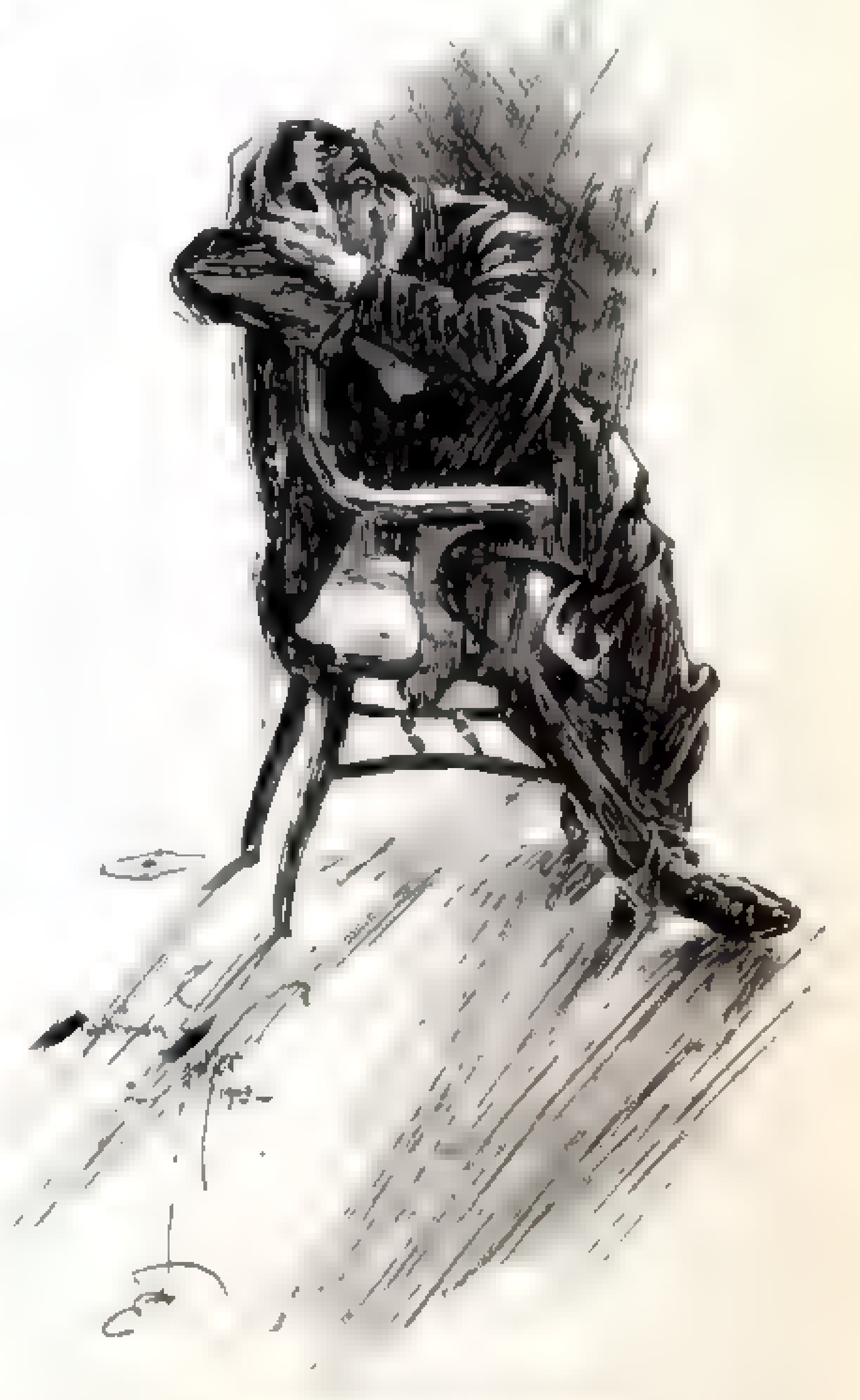
Her mother was waiting in the open front door as the surrey came up the drive—still the same, dear old-young mother, with the same sweet dignity and gentleness. "Oh, mother, mother!" exclaimed Pauline, leaping from the carriage into her arms. And as they closed about her she felt that sorrow and evil could not touch her; felt just as when she, a little girl, fleeing from some frightful phantom of her own imagining, had rushed there for safety. She choked, she sobbed, she led her mother to the big sofa opposite the stairway; and, sitting there, they held each the other tightly, Pauline kissing her, smoothing her hair, she caressing Pauline and crying softly.

"We've got a surprise for you, Polly," said she, when they were calmer.

"I don't want anything but you and father," replied Pauline.

Her father turned away—the shadow deeper on his face, though she did not notice it. Her mother shook her head, mischief in her eyes that were young as a girl's—younger far than her daughter's at that moment. "Go into the sitting-room and see," she said

Pauline rose and opened the sitting-room door. John Dumont caught her in his arms. "Polly!" he exclaimed. "It's all right. They've come round and we can be married and—here I am!"



"DON'T BE HARD ON ME"

Pauline pushed him away from her and sank to the floor in a faint.

. . . .

When she came to herself she was lying on the divan in the sitting-room. Her mother was kneeling beside her, bathing her temples with cold water; her father and her husband were standing, helplessly looking at her. "Send him away," she murmured, closing her eyes.

Only her mother heard. She motioned to the two men to leave the room. When the door closed Pauline sat up. "He said it was all right," she began feverishly. "What did he mean, mother?" She was hoping that she was to be spared the worst part of her ordeal.

But her mother's reply dashed her hopes, made her settle back among the cushions and hide her face. "It *is* all right, Polly. You're to have your own way, and it's your father's way. John has convinced him that he really has changed. We knew—that is, I suspected why you were coming, and we thought we'd give you a surprise—give you what your heart was set on before you had a chance to ask for it. I'm so sorry, dear, that the shock was——"

Pauline lay perfectly still, her face hidden. After a pause: "I don't feel well enough to see him now. I want this day with you and father. To-morrow—to-morrow, we'll—to-day I want to be as I was when I was—just you and father, and the house and the garden."

Her mother left her for a moment and, when she came back, said, "He's gone." Pauline gave a quick sigh of relief. Soon she rose. "I'm going for father, and we'll walk in the garden and forget there's anybody else in the world but just us three."

At half-past eight they had family prayers in the sitting-room; Pauline kneeling near her mother, her father kneeling beside his armchair and in a tremulous voice pouring out his gratitude to God for keeping them all "safe from the snares and temptations of the world," for leading them thus far on the journey. "And oh God, our Father, we pray Thee, have this daughter of ours, this handmaiden of Thine, ever in Thy keeping. And these things we ask in the name of Thy Son—Amen." The serene quiet, the beloved old room, the evening scene familiar to her from her earliest childhood, her father's reverent, earnest voice, halting and almost breaking after every word of the petition for her; her mother's soft echo of his "Amen"—Pauline's eyes were swimming as she rose from her knees

Her mother went with her to her bedroom, hovered about her as she undressed, helped her now and then with fingers that trembled with happiness, and, when she was in bed, put out the light and "tucked her in" and kissed her—as in the old days. "Good-night—God bless my little daughter—my happy little daughter."

Pauline waited until she knew that they were sleeping. Then she put on a dressing-gown and went to the open window—how many springtimes had she sat there in the moonlight to watch, as now, the tulips and the hyacinths standing like fairies and bombarding the stars with the most delicious perfumes.

She sat hour after hour, giving no outward sign of the battle within. In every lull came Scarborough's "Be *sure*, Pauline!" to start the tumult afresh. When the stars began to pale in the dawn she rose—she *was* sure. Not sure that she was doing the best for her sake, but sure, sure without a doubt that she was doing her duty to her parents.

"I must not punish *them* for *my* sin," she said.

Late the next morning she went to the farthest corner of the garden, to the small summer-house where she had played with her dolls and her dishes, where she had worked with slate and spelling-book, where she had read her favorite schoolgirl romances, where she had dreamed her own schoolgirl romance. She was waiting under the friendly old canopy of bark—the posts supporting it were bark-clad, too; up and around and between them clambered the morning-glories in whose gorgeous, velvet-soft trumpets the sun-jewels glittered.

And presently he came down the path, his keen face and insolent eyes triumphant. He was too absorbed in his own emotion especially to note hers. Besides, she had always been receptive rather than demonstrative with him.

"We'll be married again," he said. "Your father and mother and mine are so strait-laced—it'd give 'em a terrible jar to find out. You're a good deal like them, Polly—only in a modern sort of way."

Pauline flushed scarlet and compressed her lips. She said presently: "You're sure you wish it?"

"Wish what?"

"To marry me. Sometimes I've thought we're both too young, that we might wait——"

He put his arm round her with a look of proud possession. "What'd be the sense in that?" he demanded gayly. "Aren't you *mine?*"

And again she flushed and lowered her eyes and compressed her lips. Then she astonished him by flinging her arms round his neck and kissing him hysterically. "Yes, I *do* love you!" she exclaimed. "I do! I *do!*"

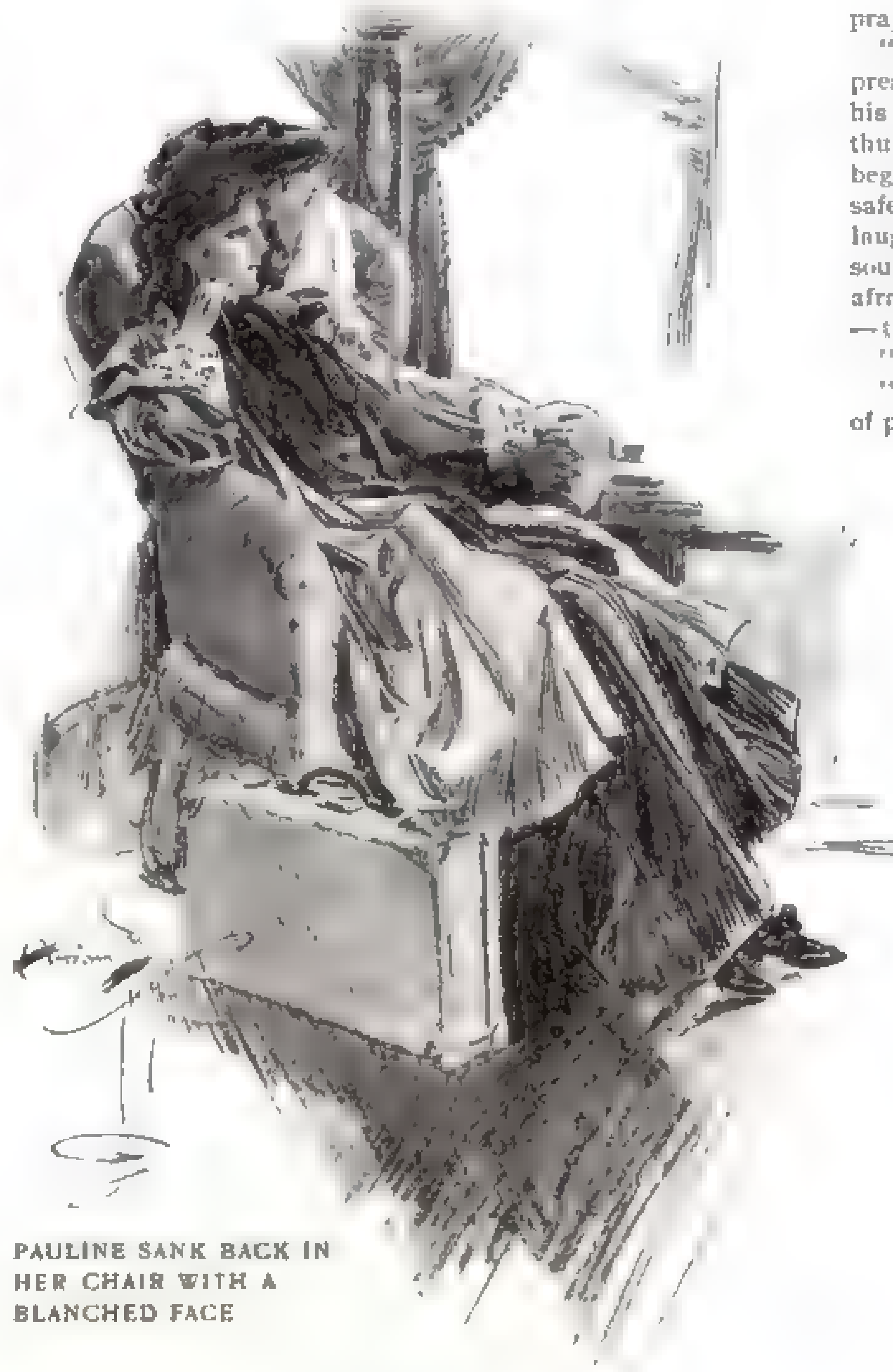
IX

IT WAS midday six weeks later, and Pauline and Dumont were landing at Liverpool, when Scarborough read in the college news column of the Battle Field Banner that she had "married the only son of Henry Dumont, of Saint Christopher, one of the richest men in our State, and has departed for an extended foreign tour." Olivia—and Pierson naturally—had known, but neither had had the courage to tell him

Scarborough was in Pierson's room. He lowered the paper from in front of his face after a few minutes. "I see Pauline has married and gone abroad," he said

"Yes, so I heard from Olivia," replied Pierson, avoiding Scarborough's eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me?" continued Scarborough, tranquil so far as Pierson could judge. "I'd have liked to send her a note."


PAULINE SANK BACK IN HER CHAIR WITH A BLANCHED FACE

Pierson was silent. "I thought it would cut him horribly," he was thinking. "And he's taking it as if he had hardly any interest." Scarborough's face was again behind the newspaper. When he had finished it he sauntered toward the door. He paused there to glance idly at the titles of the top row in the bookcase. Pierson was watching him. "No—it's all right," he concluded. His friend was too straight and calm just to have received such a blow as that news would have been had he cared for Pauline. Pierson liked his look better than ever—the tall, powerful figure; the fair hair growing above his wide and lofty brow with the one defiant lock; and in his aquiline nose and blue-gray eyes and almost perfect mouth and chin the stamp of one who would move forward irresistibly, moving others to his will.

"How old are you, Scarborough?" he asked.

"Twenty-three—nearly twenty-four. I really ought to be ashamed to be only a Freshman, oughtn't I? I'm tired of it all." And he strolled out.

He avoided Pierson and Olivia and all his friends for several days, went much into the woods alone, took long walks at night. Olivia would have it that he had been hard hit, and at last convinced Pierson. "He's the sort of person that suffers the most," she said. "I've a brother like him—won't have sympathy, keeps a wound covered up so that it can't heal"

"But what shall I do for him?" asked Pierson.

"Don't do anything—he'd hate you if you did."

After a week or ten days he called on Pierson and, seating himself at the table, began to shuffle a pack of cards. He looked tired. "I never saw cards until I was fifteen," he said. "At home they thought them one of the devil's worst devices—we had a real devil in our house."

"So did we," said Pierson.

"But not a rip-snorter like ours—they don't have them in cities, or even in towns, any more. I've seen ours lots of times after the lights were out—saw him long after I'd convinced myself in daylight that he didn't exist. But I never saw him so close as the night of the day I learned to play casino."

"Did you learn in the stable?" asked Pierson. "That's where I learned, and mother slipped up behind me—I didn't know what was coming till I saw the look in the other boy's face. Then——" Pierson left the rest to imagination.

"I learned in the hayloft—my sister and my cousin Ed and I. One of the farm hands taught us. The cards were so stained we could hardly see the faces. That made them look the more devilish. And a thunderstorm came up and the lightning struck a tree a few rods from the barn."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Pierson. "I'll bet you fell to praying."

"Not I. I'd just finished Tom Paine's Age of Reason—a preacher's son down the pike stole it from a locked closet in his father's library and loaned it to me. But I'll admit the thunderbolt staggered me. I said to them: 'Come on, let's begin again.' But the farm hand said: 'I guess I'll be on the safe side,' and began to pray—how he roared! And I laughed—how wicked and reckless and brave that laugh did sound to me. 'Bella and Ed didn't know which to be more afraid of—my ridicule or the lightning. They compromised—they didn't pray and they didn't play."

"And so you've never touched a card since."

"We played again the next afternoon—let's have a game of poker. I'm bored to death to-day."

This was Scarborough's first move toward the fast set of which Pierson was leader. It was a small fast set—there were not many spoiled sons at Battle Field. But its pace was rapid; for every member of it had a constitution, a reservoir of animal spirits and Western energy. They "cribbed" their way through recitations and examinations—as the faculty did not put the students on honor but watched them, they reasoned that it was not dishonorable so long as one cribbed barely enough to pull through. They drank a great deal—usually whisky, which they disliked but poured down raw, because it was the "manly" drink and to take it undiluted was the "manly" way. They made brief excursions to Indianapolis and Chicago for the sort of carousals that appeal to the strong appetites and undiscriminating tastes of robust and curious youth.

Scarborough at once began to reap the reward of his advantages—a naturally bold spirit, an unnaturally reckless mood. In two weeks he won three hundred dollars, half of it from Pierson He went to Chicago and in three nights' play increased this to twenty-nine hundred. The noise of the achievement echoed through the college. A new star of the first magnitude had blazed out in its galaxy of bad examples

He had intended spending the summer as a book agent. Instead, he put by a thousand dollars of his winnings to insure next year's expenses and visited Pierson at his family's summer home at Mackinac. He won at poker there and went on East, taking Pierson. He lost all he had with him, all Pierson could lend him, telegraphed to Battle Field for half his thousand dollars, won back all he had lost and two thousand besides.

When he reappeared at Battle Field in September he was dazzling to behold. His clothes were many and had been imported for him by the Chicago agent of a London tailor. His shirts and ties were in patterns and styles that startled Battle Field. He had taken on manners and personal habits befitting a "man of the world"—but he had not lost that simplicity and directness which were as unchangeably part of him as the outline of his face or the force which forbade him to be idle for a moment. He and Pierson—Pierson was pupil, now—took a suite of rooms over a shop in the town and furnished it luxuriously. They had brought from New York to look after them and their belongings the first English man-servant Battle Field had seen

Scarborough kept up his college work; he continued regularly to attend the literary society and to be its most promising orator and debater; he committed no overt act—others might break the college rules, might be publicly intoxicated and noisy, but he was always master of himself and of the situation. Some of the most fanatical among the religious students believed and said that he had sold himself to the devil. He would have been expelled summarily but for Pierson—Pierson's father was one of the two large contributors to the support of the college, and it was expected that he would will it a generous endowment. To entrap Scarborough was to entrap Pierson. To entrap Pierson—the faculty strove to hear and see as little as possible of their doings.

In the college Y. M. C. A. prayers were offered for Scarborough—his name was not mentioned, but every one understood. A delegation of the religious among his faithful "barbs" called upon him to pray and to exhort. They came away more charmed than ever with their champion and convinced that he was the victim of slander and envy—not that he had deliberately deceived them, for he hadn't; he was simply courteous and attentive and considerate because they were sincere. "The fraternities are in this somewhere," they decided. "They're trying to destroy him by lying about him." And they liked it that their leader was the most brilliant, the most conspicuous, the most sought-after person in the college. When he stood up to speak in the assembly hall or the literary society they always greeted him with several rounds of applause.

To the chagrin of the faculty and the irritation of the fraternities a jury of alumni selected him to represent the college at the oratorical contest among the colleges of the State. And he not only won there but also at the inter-State contest — a victory over the orators of the colleges of seven Western States in which public speaking was, and is, an important part in a college education. His oratory lacked "style," they thought at Battle Field. It was the same then, essentially, that it was a few years later when the whole Western country was discussing it. He seemed to depend entirely upon the inherent carrying power of his curiously constructed yet simple phrases and sentences. In those days, as afterward, he stood upon the platform almost motionless; his voice was clear and sweet, never noisy, but subtly penetrating and, when the words demanded it, full of that mysterious quality which makes the blood run more swiftly and the nerves tingle. "Merely a talker, not an orator," declared the professor of elocution, and few of those who saw him every day appreciated his genius then. It was on the subject-matter of his oration, not on his "delivery," that the judges decided for him — so they said and thought.

In February of this resplendent Sophomore year there came in his mail a letter postmarked Battle Field and addressed in printed handwriting. The envelope contained only a newspaper cutting — from the St. Christopher Republic:

> At four o'clock yesterday afternoon a boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Dumont. It is their first child, the first grandchild of the Dumont and Gardiner families. Mother and son are reported as doing well

When Pierson came in Scarborough said: "I've just found out that I had an important anniversary not long ago." He paused to laugh — so queerly that Pierson looked at him uneasily. "We must go to Chicago to celebrate it."

"Very good," said Pierson. "We'll get Chalmers to go with us to-morrow."

"No — to-day — the four o'clock train — we've got an hour and a half. And we'll have four clear days."

"But there's the ball to-night and I'm down for several dances."

"We'll dance them in Chicago. I've never been really free to dance before." He poured out a huge drink. "I'm impatient for the ball to begin." He lifted his glass. "To our ancestors," he said, "who repressed themselves, denied themselves, who hoarded health and strength and capacity for joy, and transmitted it all to us in great oceans for us to drown our sorrows in!"

He won six hundred dollars at faro in a club not far from the Auditorium. Pierson won two hundred at roulette, Chalmers lost seventy — they had about eleven hundred dollars for their four days' "dance." When they took the train for Battle Field they had spent all they had with them — had flung it away for dinners, for drives, for theatres, for suppers, for champagne. All the return journey Scarborough stared moodily out of the car window. And at every movement that disturbed his clothing there rose to nauseate him, to fill him with self-loathing, the odors of strong, sickening-sweet perfumes.

The next day but one, as he was in the woods near Indian Rock, he saw Olivia coming toward him. They had hardly spoken for several months. He turned to avoid her but she came on after him. "I wish to talk with you a few minutes, Mr. Scarborough," she said coldly, storm in her brave eyes.

"At your service," he answered with a manner that was strained courtesy. And he walked beside her.

"I happen to know," she began, "that they're going to expel you and Fred Pierson the next time you leave here without permission."

"Indeed! You are very kind to warn me of my awful danger." He looked down at her with a quizzical smile.

"And I wish to say I think it's a disgrace that they didn't do it long ago," she went on, her anger rising to the bait of his expression.

"Your opinions are always interesting," he replied. "If you have nothing further I'll ask your permission to relieve you of ——"

"No," she interrupted. "I've not said what I wished to say. You're making it hard for me. I can't get accustomed to the change in you since last year. There used to be a good side to you, a side one could appeal to. And I want to talk about — Fred. You're *ruining* him."

"You flatter me." He bowed mockingly. "But I doubt if *he'd* feel flattered."

"I've told him the same thing, but you're too strong for me." Her voice trembled; she steadied it with a frown. "I can't influence him any more."

"Really, Miss Shrewsbury ——"

"Please!" she said. "Fred and I were engaged. I broke it last night. I broke it because — you know why."

Scarborough flushed crimson. "Oh," he said. "I didn't know he was engaged."

"I know you, Hampden Scarborough," Olivia continued. "I've understood why you've been degrading yourself. And I haven't blamed you — though I've wondered at your lack of manhood!"

"You are imposing on my courtesy," he said haughtily.

"I can't help it. You and I must talk this thing to the end. You're robbing me of the man I love. Worse than that, you're destroying him, dragging him down to a level at which *he* may stay, while *you* are sure to rise again. You've got your living to make — I don't agree with those who think you'll become a professional gambler. But he — his father's rich and indulgent, and — God only knows how low he'll sink if you keep on pushing him."

"You are excited, hysterical. You misjudge him, believe me," said Scarborough gently.

"No — I know he's not depraved — yet. Do you think *I* could care for him if he were?"

"I hope so. That's when he'd need it most."

Olivia grew red. "Well, perhaps I should. I'm a fool, like all women. But I ask you to let him alone, to give his better self a chance."

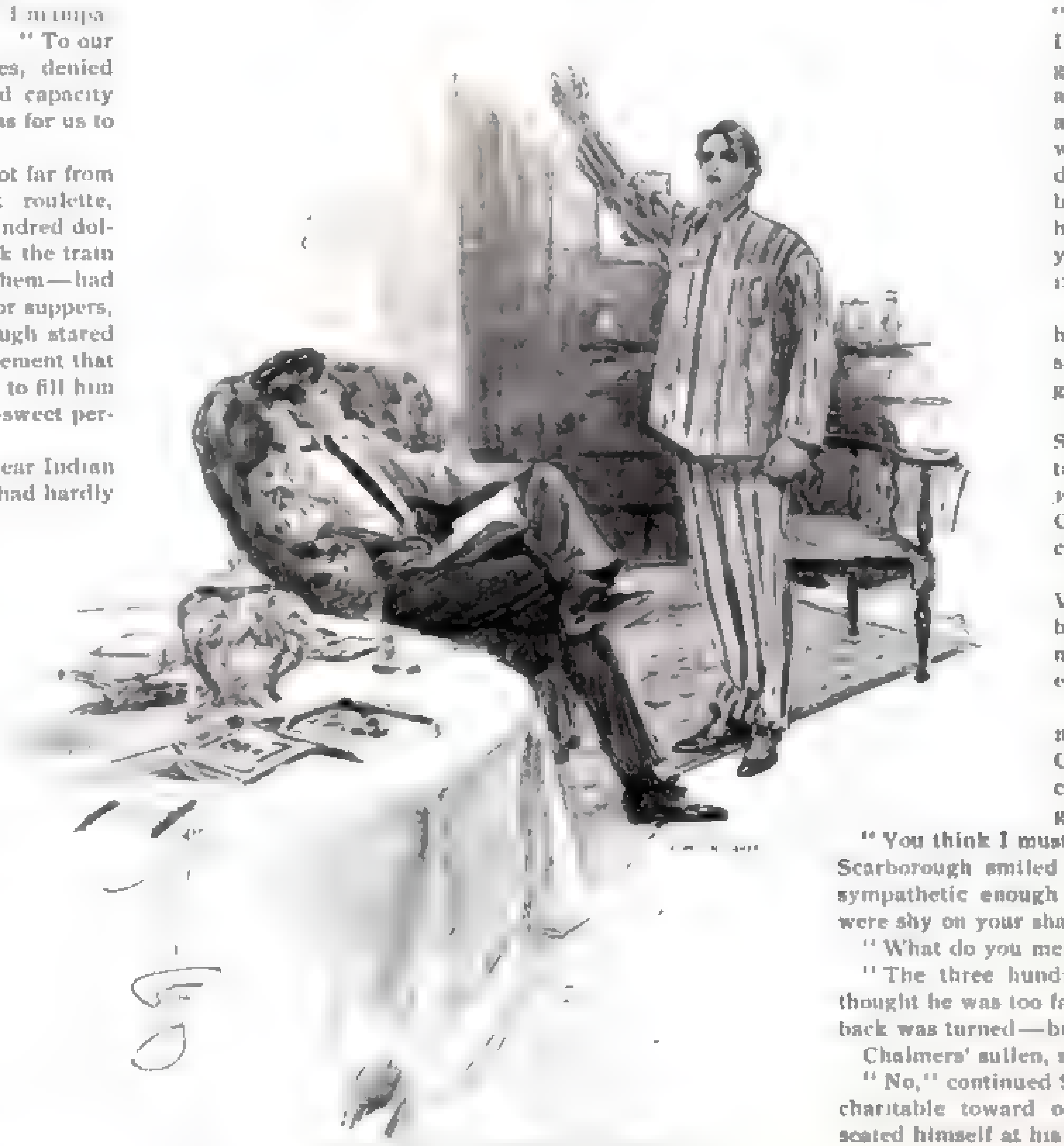
"Why not ask him to let *me* alone — to give *my* better nature a chance?"

"You — laughing at me in these circumstances! You who pretended to be a man, pretended to love Pauline Gardiner ——"

He started and his eyes blazed, as if she had cut him across the face with a whip. Then he drew himself up with an expression of insolent fury. His lips, his sharp white teeth, were savagely cruel.

She bore his look without flinching. "Yes," she went on, "you think you love her. Yet you act as if her love were a degrading influence in your life, as if she were a bad woman instead of one who ought to inspire a man to do and to be his best. How ashamed she'd be of you, of your love, if she could see you as you are now — the tempter of all the bad impulses in this college."

He could not trust himself to reply. He was suffocating with rage and shame. He lifted his hat, bowed, walked rapidly away from her and went home. Pierson had never seen him in an ugly mood before. And he, too, was in an ugly mood — disgusted with his own conduct, angry at Scarborough, whom he held responsible for the unprecedented excesses of this last trip to Chicago and for their consequences.



"HEAR ME, YE IMMORTAL GODS!"

"What's happened?" he asked sourly. "What's the matter with *you?*"

"Your Olivia," replied Scarborough with a vicious sneer, "has been insulting me for your sins. She *is* a shrew! I don't wonder you dropped her."

Pierson rose slowly and faced him. "You astonish me," he said. "I shouldn't have believed you capable of a speech which no gentleman could possibly utter."

"*You*, sitting as a court of honor to decide what's becoming a gentleman!" Scarborough looked amused contempt. "My dear Pierson, you're worse than offensive — you are ridiculous."

"No man shall say such things to me — especially a man who notoriously lives by his wits."

Scarborough caught him up as if he had been a child and pinned him against the wall. "Take that back," he said, "or I'll kill you." His tone was as colorless as his face.

"Kill and be d——d," replied Pierson, cool and disdainful. "You're a coward."

Scarborough's fingers closed on Pierson's throat. Then flashed into his mind that warning which demands and gets a hearing in the wildest tempest of passion before an irrevocable act can be done. It came to him in the form of a reminder of his laughing remark to Pauline when he told her of the traditions of murder in his family. He released Pierson and fled from the apartment.

Half an hour later Pierson was reading a note from him: "I've invited some friends this evening. I trust it will be convenient for you to absent yourself. They'll be out by eleven, and then, if you return, we can decide which is to stay in the apartment and which to leave."

Pierson went away to his fraternity house and at half-past eight Scarborough, Chalmers, Jack Wilton and Brigham sat down to a game of poker. They had played about an hour, the cards steadily against Chalmers and Brigham — the cards were usually against Brigham. He was a mere boy, with passionate aspirations to be considered "a sport." He had been going a rapid gait for a year. He had lost to Scarborough alone as much as he had expected to spend on the year's education.

Toward ten o'clock there was a jack-pot with forty-three dollars in it and Brigham was betting wildly, his hands and his voice trembling, his lips shriveled. With a sudden gesture Chalmers caught the ends of the table and jerked it back. There — in Brigham's lap — were two cards.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Chalmers. "You dirty little cheat! I've been watching you."

The boy looked piteously at Chalmers' sneering face, at the faces of the others. The tears rolled down his cheeks. "For God's sake, boys," he moaned, "don't be hard on me. I was desperate. I've lost everything, and my father can't give me any more. He's a poor man, and he and mother have been economizing and sacrificing to send me here. And when I saw I was ruined — God knows, I didn't think what I was doing." He buried his face in his hands. "Don't be hard on me," he sobbed. "Any one of you might have done the same if he was in my fix."

"You sniveling cur," said Chalmers, high and virtuous, "how dare you say such a thing! You forget you're among gentlemen ——"

"None of that, Chalmers," interrupted Scarborough. "The boy's telling the truth. And nobody knows it better than *you*." This with a significant look into Chalmers' eyes. They shifted and he colored.

"I agree with Scarborough," said Wilton. "We oughtn't to have let the boy into our games. We must never mention what has happened here this evening."

"But we can't allow a card sharp to masquerade as a gentleman," objected Chalmers. "I confess, Scarborough, I can't understand how you can be so easy-going in a matter of honor."

"You think I must have a fellow-feeling for dishonor, eh?" Scarborough smiled satirically. "I suppose because I was sympathetic enough with you to overlook the fact that you were shy on your share of our Chicago trip."

"What do you mean?"

"The three hundred you borrowed of Pierson when you thought he was too far gone to know what he was doing. My back was turned — but there was the mirror."

Chalmers' sullen, red face confirmed Scarborough's charge.

"No," continued Scarborough, "we *gentlemen* ought to be charitable toward one another's *discovered* lapses." He seated himself at his desk and wrote rapidly:

> We, the undersigned, exonerate Edwin Brigham of cheating in the poker game in Hampden Scarborough's rooms on Saturday evening, February 20, 18—. And we pledge ourselves never to speak of the matter either to each other or to any one else.

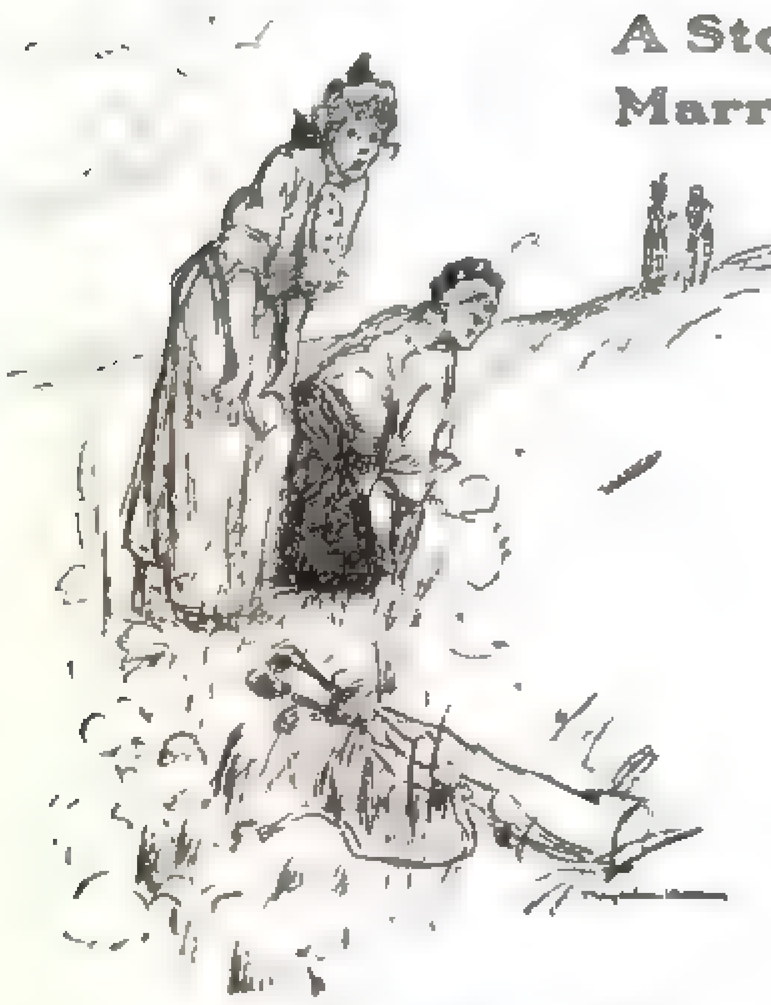
"I've signed first," said Scarborough. "Now, you fellows, sign. Chalmers!"

(*Continued on Page 53*)

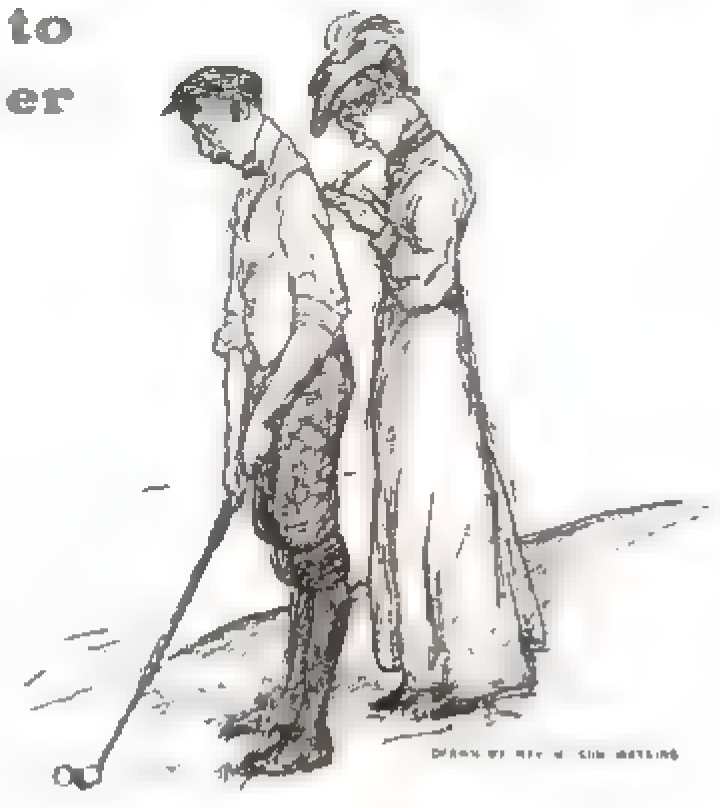
THE MAKING OF A SPORT

A Story of a Man Who Loved a Woman Enough to Marry Her but Not Enough to Play Golf with Her

BY EMERY POTTLE



"MY DEAR, I DO MARK IT"



KEEPING ACCOUNT . . . IN A LITTLE SILVER-MOUNTED BOOK

THERE is not the least logical value in this account. It was never intended for that. To be of any real value in the mass of sporting and matrimonial data the experiment should have been repeated oftener. That it was not is due to a number of reasons, none of which I shall mention.

It all happened the summer after we were married, when we lived at Daisydale; the name of the place was innocuous enough, Heaven knows. We went to Daisydale, I may as well explain, to be near Appleby and his wife and the country. I like the country exceedingly and am tolerant of the Applebys; Anne is very fond of the Applebys and tolerates nature.

Appleby was most obliging, I must say, and put me up for membership at the "Daisydale Field and Country Association." The club assets by way of amusement consisted only of a neat nine-hole golf course, suitable for refined, unobtrusive golfers like myself. The greens were well looked after, the hazards were simple and easily avoided, and there were occasional apple trees where in the proper season one might put aside the strenuous club and peacefully stay one's self with fruit in the shade.

I mentioned to Anne the fact of my election to membership somewhat hesitatingly. I'm never quite sure of my enthusiasms and of their effect on Anne.

"How nice," she observed politely. Anne is the cream of courtesy when she is not quite pleased. I detected her reserve but I deemed it best to ignore it densely. In many ways it is a source of regret to me that I so understand Anne.

"How very nice," she continued. "You'll get a great deal of good out of it—Saturdays and Sundays. You need the exercise."

"Exactly, Anne. I do need the exercise awfully. I was sure you would feel that way." I instantly regretted the admission.

"You seem perfectly well, dear."

Her tone slightly irritated me. "I am well, of course, Anne. I'm always well, but one ought to lay up a store of energy for winter."

"Of course, dear. And have you golf clubs and things?" she pursued amiably.

"No, but—but I can get them, can't I? They're not very expensive." I felt myself growing apologetic, an attitude of mind I detest.

"You need a new hat, and some cravats, and ——"

"My dear, what do those things matter in the country?"

"Oh! I thought you said—but do you play well?"

Now, there's no man who likes to be asked point-blank if he plays good golf. It's like asking him if he is a good husband, or if he drinks.

I took refuge in dignified hedging.

"I *have* played—very well—when I was in college."

"Well, dear, I hope you will get a great deal of good out of it—though it seems to me rather a silly game. I think I'll go to bed."

I'm tremendously fond of Anne, and the worm i' the bud of her conversation disturbed me. After marriage one is likely to find himself possessed of a kind of connubial conscience, a function quite apart from the illusive moral force usually known by that name. I recognized its pin-pricks.

"The trouble with dear old Anne," I reasoned defensively, "is just this: she considers that since she has consented to marry me and to come to Daisydale, all my spare time ought, sentimentally, to belong to her; and so it ought, romantically estimated. She'll never admit it, but it's so. Now this impracticality can't go on always. Anne should understand that there are things—like sports—that are distinctly a man's prerogative."

I played the game resolutely for a week—with varied emotions. Anne was noncommittally cordial, and displayed that suavity of impersonal interest which is calculated to kill the enthusiasm of even a temperance reformer.

"Anne," said I, by way of establishing peace with honor, one rainy evening, "why don't you play golf? You could play it, I'm sure, mighty well. We could play together then."

It was always my idea that Anne had in her the making of a good sport. Long ago I gave up my attempt to evolve a horse-woman out of her. After a few drives about the countryside when Anne sat nervously silent and rigid, grasping the sides of the runabout with cold, tense hands, and shutting out the sight of our anciently placid livery-nag whenever a trolley car or an automobile threatened in the distance, I realized her physical incapacity for equine diversions. As for swimming, Anne's aquatic performances are conducted with one foot on the ground. She finds it safer thus. Yet I still cherished the belief that though she couldn't drink the slightest drop of any stimulant, though any game of cards bored her to death, she had sporting possibilities. Anne is so alive and interested.

Anne smiled in gentle appreciation.

"No, I think not. I couldn't do it. You know I'm a duffer at games. It would be nice, though, to play together. No, dear, you go on and do it by yourself."

"Oh! very well, if you are going to be noble, Anne!"

But I could see the leaven was beginning to work.

Several things conspired to bring Anne to the point of declaring her intention to play golf. For one reason, Lily Appleby played. To be sure, her attitude toward it was trivial and bland, she would appear on the links in an immaculate white duck skirt, utterly impractical boots and elaborate silk stockings; neatly tee her ball, and laugh with giggling good-humor at her absolute inability to hit it; presently she would sit on a comfortable bench and rattle the others by friendly conversation as they drove off. There was, too, a letter from Anne's college chum, Sallie Bird.

Anne read me bits of it.

"I am playing golf every morning now. There is such a nice man here who is teaching me. . . . He has lovely eyes. . . . Says I have the best swing of any woman in Colorado—and wants me to play in a tournament with him ——"

"Sounds as if it had possibilities," I commented.

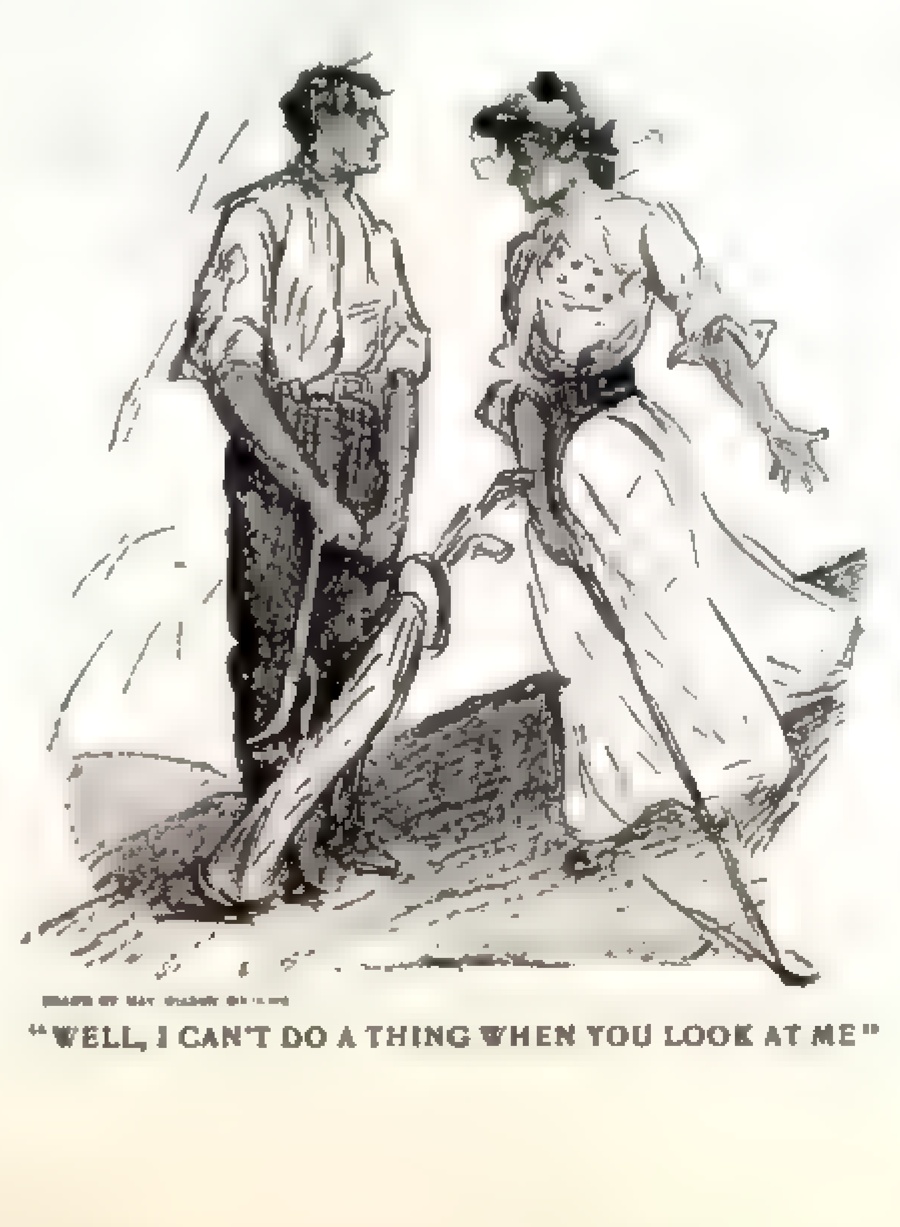
"Trust Sallie," replied Anne pithily.

"As a matter of fact, that girl is no better fitted for golf than I," continued she. "At college I could always beat her in the gymnasium, swinging Indian clubs and things. Is golf really such a nice game? *Could* I learn it?"

As I look back over it, right here I see that I made an error of judgment.

"Learn it! My dear girl, in three weeks' time you will beat any woman on the course. You can learn the game as easy as anything; and it will do you a lot of good, getting out in the open."

"I shouldn't wonder if —— I used to play tennis really very well when I was eighteen or so. Would that help any?" Anne was growing excited.



"WELL, I CAN'T DO A THING WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME"

"Ye-e-s, dear, it might help you in the swing a bit. Oh, yes, I dare say it would," I replied with discreet doubt, willing to please.

"Dear me," said she, "I wonder what I shall wear?" And then I knew that Anne had decided to play the game for all it was worth.

I bought Anne a handsome set of clubs as a birthday gift. She was submissive and sweetly grateful as we went out together for our trial heat of a Saturday afternoon.

"Now you must not let me bother you in the least. You play along just as if I were not here," said Anne easily. "You know I shall knock the balls about a bit wildly at first, but I know I can learn. Don't you think I can learn, dear?"

Appleby came up with his clubs ready for his afternoon game. He was alone; and he struck me as being rather more aggressive than usual. Appleby is the kind of man who does everything out of doors well, I may say.

"Play around with me, old man," said he, very friendly.

I like to play around with him better than any man on the links; he swears and putts extremely skillfully.

Anne eyed me resignedly. I detected the "wronged wife" in her eyes.

"No, Appleby," said I chivalrously, "I'm playing with Anne to-day. She's just learning, you know."

"Oh!" returned he sympathetically. "Oh! I see."

Confound him, he did see, too; that was the rift in the lute.

"Guess I'll drive off first, if you don't mind," remarked Appleby, after encouraging Anne to a shameless extent.

He teed, eyed the ball, settled himself on his sturdy, round-muscled legs, and sent off a drive that was the prettiest you ever saw—with perfect nonchalance.

Anne gasped after his departing back.

"Heavens! it is a bird!" This from Anne was imagery, not slang. "I'm going home."

"Try it," said I, "try it, Anne."

"No, you go on and do one, too—I'll watch and see how you do it."

I can never drive off the first hole. I do not immediately feel in the spirit of it. Besides, Appleby had rather discouraged me. I swung too hard and sliced into the long grass.

"Oh, my dear, isn't that a shame! You didn't mean to make it go that way, did you?" cried Anne in wifely pity.

"I always make a poor drive at first," I growled. "Now, Anne."

After some time Anne hit the ball. We were off gayly.

I didn't at all mind that first day. There was the exhilaration of teaching Anne. For once we were in our traditionally proper places of husband and wife.

"I've never realized until to-day," remarked Anne a little crossly, "the true meaning of 'female'; I see that, after all, I am one."

Unexpectedly Anne developed a splendid swing. I've rarely seen a better on any woman. I do not say she hit the ball, but she swung nobly. I grew confident and encouraged her, ill-advisedly. I told her she was born to be the winged golfess, Victrix Links (an abominable coinage of appellation). In the cold light of analysis I am afraid that my enthusiasm was due mainly to the fact that I was teaching. Masculine superiority warped my judgment. I cheerfully sacrificed my game to Anne's; I rejoiced in the frailty of womankind and their need of protection. I beheld a lady champion in my house and silver trophies over the fireplace. We went home in a glow of good feeling and talked of nothing but golf the rest of the evening.

"I've had a beautiful day, dear," said Anne gratefully; "it *is* nice to do things together, isn't it?"

It kept up for a week. Each night — I am ashamed to say it — took away from me more of the spontaneity of the game. I do not know whether Anne saw or not my listless eye and my sober face; I hope not. To see the other chaps on the course striding along in ones and twos, in the freedom of good sport and the joy of the game, filled my fretted soul with wormwood.

The last touch of mediocrity was the presence of Jenkins and his wife. Whichever hole we played, there they were behind us. Jenkins, an excellent husband (though near-sighted), and possessed of lovely domesticated tendencies, calmly played the most consistently hopeless game of golf I have ever seen. And his wife, good soul, hung at his footsteps with unfaltering devotion and admiration, keeping account of his wretched score in a little silver-mounted book, and shouting "Fore" excitedly at his slightest disturbance of the ball.

"Oh, there are the Jenkinses," Anne would say affably, at each meeting. "Let them play through, dear. They want to get ahead." And she would turn and beckon graciously to those two atrocious players. I had to submit doggedly. Jenkins play through me, indeed!

What I had hoped, in golden anticipation, of Anne's swing never materialized. She still swung mightily; but a ball, after a round in her company, looked fairly *chewed*. With an eye on the landscape and another on the Jenkinses she made circling sweeps that almost frightened me. The ball exposed itself nervously to each attack.

I (patiently): Easy, Anne.

Anne (determinedly): I *am* easy

I (more patiently): Easier then.

Anne (strenuously): I can't *do* it easier. *There.*

I (dispiritedly): Oh, Anne!

Anne (exasperatedly): Well, I can't do a *thing* when you look at me.

I (wearily): How can I teach you to play if I don't?

Anne (wearily): Oh, just let me *alone*, then. There are the Jenkinses. Play through, Mr. Jenkins.

. . . . .

Anne (hopelessly): I *do* try.

I (dogmatically): You *can't* — if you did the ball 'ud *go!*

Thud!

Anne (disgustedly): *Ugh!*

Thud!

I (airily): Kindly replace the turf, Anne, dear.

Anne (reproachfully): Oh, if you are going to *laugh* — I ——

Thud!

I (patiently): Keep your eye on the ball, Anne.

Anne (nervously): I *do* keep my eye on it — *glued* to it

I (kindly): No, you don't

Anne (tearfully): I *do!*

Thud!

I (sternly): You *mustn't top* the ball, Anne

Anne (fretfully): I can't *help* it.

Thud!

I (patiently): Yes, you can, if you *try*.

Anne (irritably): I *do* try.

I (masterfully): Stand like this. Hold the club tightly. So.

Thud!

I (cheerfully): That was pretty good, Anne.

Anne (truthfully): Well, I didn't do it *your* way then; I did it *my own* way.

I (distantly): Well, *play* it your own way

Anne (wearily): You needn't be so *cross* about it. Mr. Jenkins is very nice to his wife about showing her how

I (warmly): Da—, that is — if you'd just *look* at the ——

Anne (impatiently): I *do* look.

Thud!

. . . . .

Anne (plaintively): There, I've *lost* it.

I (reprovingly): Why, how *could* you, it only went ——

Anne (apologetically): I'm sorry, dear. I *thought* I knew just where it *went*, but ——

I (impressively): Anne, why don't you *mark* the *place* where your ball falls by some bush or tree?

Anne (wearily): My dear, I *do* mark it.

. . . .

Anne (despondently): Oh, *here* it is. How can I hit it *now?*

I (dully): Oh, try like this!

Thud!

Anne (tearfully): It's lost *again*, dear!

. . . .

Anne (hopelessly): I *can't* play it. There's no *use* trying. I'm going home. Play through, Mr. Jenkins.

The following Saturday — it was a black Saturday — the crisis came. The yearning to be off over the links alone was strong upon me. I tugged at my tether

"Anne," said I, and I thought I had hit on a happy solution of the difficulty, after an hour of the perfect afternoon had been beaten and pounded and sliced to pieces — "Anne, you ought to have a girl to play with. You'd find it ever so much pleasanter."

To my distress Anne looked at me in cold indignation, and with an eye that rent the fragile curtain of my dissimulation.

"Oh," she said haughtily. "Oh."

I dug the turf, shame-faced.

"My dear, you don't have to stay by me, you know. Please play on. Really, I shall be hurt if you don't. I *insist*."

To my shame be it, I took my release.

I am not setting down this account for the eyes of Jenkins, or of any of his haloed kind. I hope that it will fall into the hands of other selfish brutes like myself. If it does, perhaps there will be a grain of understanding, no bigger than a mustard seed, sown for me in the ground of human kindness.

It must be confessed for the rest of the day I put up the worst game I ever played in my life. I laid it, then, to my brassie. Appleby looked at me pityingly as he passed. "By George, old man, you *are* rotten. What's the matter? Oh, I say, I saw your wife over by the seventh hole. Seems to be having quite a time of it. She's lost four balls, she said."

Whenever Anne and I met she nodded casually.

"Getting on well, Anne?" I would ask tenderly.

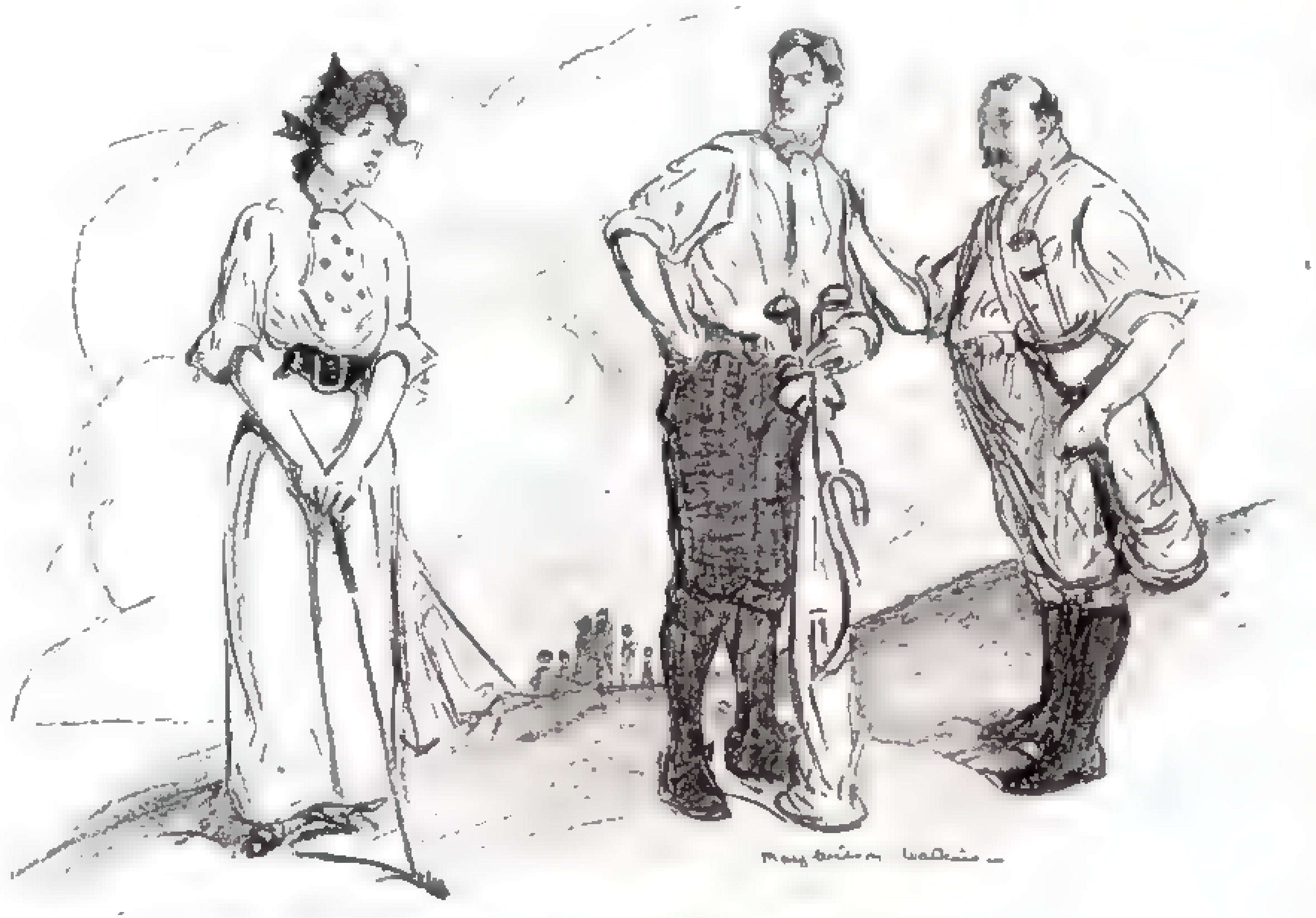
"Awfully well, thanks" — in a chilling tone.

I could see her smite the ball tumultuously. Her face was flushed, and she was trying so hard; step by step, tortuously, she advanced, grim and determined. I've seen Anne in situations that drew deeply on my sympathy, but, upon my word, I have never had my heart wrung as then.

I wanted to say, "Give it up, Anne, give it up," but she would not have stood the insult. I went on lonesomely slicing the ball to the end, and bolstering up my position with fair arguments.

For three days there was a distinct hiatus in intimate relations between Anne and me — which I have never reverted to. Then I was called to town for a week. I went in relief and shame.

On the evening of my return Anne and I sat comfortably on the tiny veranda of our lodging-house in placid silence. The whippoorwills called in piercing pleasantness; the frogs growled in staccato ease; there were fewer mosquitoes than usual. The mild darkness enveloped us in peace and quietude. I forgot the Daisydale Field and Country Association, and thought only of — but that is entirely my own affair — and Anne's.



I DETECTED THE "WRONGED WIFE" IN HER EYES

"It had to be," Anne said unexpectedly; I could see her, so I thought, smiling in the shadow.

"What had to be?" I asked mildly.

"It — all of it."

"Oh," said I stupidly.

"The golf," she explained.

"I'm a brute, Anne," I blurted contritely. "An ass."

"Ye-e-e-s. You did hurt me."

"Come out to-morrow and I'll ——"

"No. We'll not play together again except at rare intervals. We can't stand the strain. I'd rather be married than be the wingèd golfess. Don't you see now, it *had* to be?" reflected Anne slowly. "I didn't understand the eternally masculine. I've had an illumination."

"You talk as if you were a political parade, dear, but I — I'm afraid I do understand. I was a beast about it."

"You *were* nasty. But I don't mind so much — now."

"Anne," said I thoughtfully, "you're not a sport, as the world knows the term, but — you're dead game for all of that."

"Thank you, dear. And I've found that I do get along better with a girl. Lily Appleby and I play every morning now — that is, we take our clubs out and carry them around the links, and have heavenly visits about clothes and people — and other things. She went through the same thing with Mr. Appleby, she says, and that's all golf is good for — just to visit, I think."

"You're a noble creature, Anne," I replied with louder enthusiasm than was quite decent, for she had let me out an exceedingly small crevice and saved my self-respect.

Anne meditated for a time.

"If I were a woman who wrote things," she remarked convincingly, with a little catch of seriousness in her voice, "I'd do a story of a man who loved a girl enough to marry her but not enough to play golf with her."

Wallack No Actor

By A. M. Palmer

WHAT William Warren was to Boston, Lester Wallack in his way was to New York. Both attained national reputations, though concentrating their work in one city, and both excited influences far beyond the scenes of their labors

It may seem like a paradox to say that a man who was for forty years one of the most prominent actors and managers on the American stage, and whose name was on everybody's tongue, was not really known to the public. He had to be known intimately to be known at all — that is, if one would know the real heart of the man.

In illustration of his good nature I recall the dinner given to Wallack at which John Brougham told his now famous "Dhrame." When he was called on to speak, Brougham, who was an intimate friend of Wallack, arose, and, with that rich, soft brogue which lingers in one's memory like a sweet melody, and which one would give the world to be able to reproduce, told of a "pecul-l-yare dhrame" that he had had.

"I thought that I died, and that I went to Heaven. And when I got to the gates St. Peter was there. 'Who're you?' says he, sharp-like. 'John Brougham, the acthor,' says I, meek-like. 'Go away,' says he; 'we don't want no acthor,' and he slammed the door in me face.

"I sat down outside of the gate, a-t'inking, when along came Edward Eddy (Eddy was a popular Bowery actor). 'Now,' says I, 'we'll see.' And sure enough the door was slammed in his face, too, and he sat him down by me side. Then who should come up but me old friend, Lesther Wallack

"'Lesther, you can't get in,' I says.

"'Why not?' says Lesther.

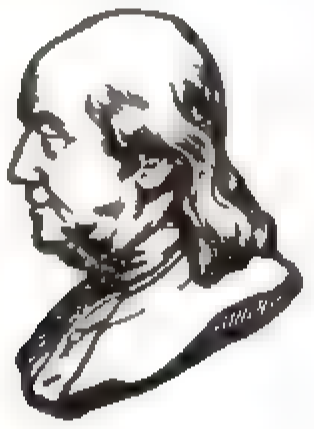
"And he goes up and knocks at the gate. Out comes St. Peter. 'Who're you?' says he. 'Lesther Wallack,' says he. 'Ah, Lesther, me boy!' says St. Peter, taking him by the hand, 'come right in.' And he closed the gates after him.

"Eddy looks at me, and I looks at him. Then we walked right up to the gates and knocked together, very loud. 'Didn't I tell you acthors to get away from here,' says St. Peter, when he opened the gate. 'Yes,' says Eddy and meself, speaking together, 'but you let in Lesther Wallack.'

"'Get away with ye,' says St. Peter; 'Lesther Wallack's no actor.'"

The great laugh that followed was tinctured with a little doubt among some people as to how the dignified Mr. Wallack would take this, and there was a feeling of relief when, convulsed with laughter as he was, his innate courtesy did not desert him, and he leaned over and shook hands with Brougham — which brought a shout from the diners.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Employer and Employed

AMID all the darkening of counsel in regard to the so-called labor problem, the words of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright in a recent address are worth considering. "The Decalogue is as good a labor platform as any," Mr. Wright is reported as saying. "The economic man is growing into the coördinative man. We are to have a new law of wages, grown out of religious thought. The old struggle was for existence; the new struggle is for a wider spiritual margin."

Admirably said, and the truth thus set forth was never more essential to the establishment of righteous and enduring relations between employer and employed than it is now. Arbitration, compulsory or voluntary, the trade agreement, progressive legislation, and the different stages of socialism, are only empirical remedies at the best. We may go even farther than Mr. Wright and assert that the new law of service, as well as the new law of wages, is to be the law of doing unto others as you would have others do unto you.

The cynics will say that before the Golden Rule can really prevail as a universal guide to conduct we must eliminate human selfishness. Is this a reasonable view of the matter? If men are bound to be selfish, let them interpret the Golden Rule as meaning that it is best for them, even out of regard for self, to deal justly with their fellows. As Tolstoi says, in his memorable apologue of the farm: "The beasts graze in the fields without interfering with each other's needs, and men, after having learned the conditions of the true life, follow their evil ways, saying that it is impossible to live otherwise."

Perhaps the time is coming when men will enjoy the abundance of the earth with the tranquillity of the beasts of the field, and with the same regard for each other's rights, if not for each other's welfare.

The Library and the School

A WAY of bringing the public library and the public school into harmonious relations is to be tried this winter in Oregon. Fifteen hundred volumes have been selected from the Portland Public Library and these are to be boxed and sent the rounds of all the public schools in Multnomah County. This means that in every isolated farmhouse throughout the region, if the dwellers there so will, some of the world's best literature is to find a lodging. These books will not lie unopened on shelves and tables. They will be read, and read thoroughly. The winter tasks and privations of the dwellers in the wild will be lightened and made profitable by companionship with great minds.

The Oregon plan of circulating good books in the farming districts is only one of several ideas for giving people in the country the benefit of city advantages. In Illinois, the advisability of having county schools is under discussion, with the prospect that the experiment will be tried before long on an extensive scale. Instead of the little district schools scattered over the prairies, there is to be one large graded school for each county, built in accordance with the latest improvements in school architecture, and provided with a corps of well-trained and competent teachers, who will be paid salaries that under the district system would be out of the question. Pupils are to be transported to and fro at the expense of the county, and it is contended that the entire cost, when equitably divided among the districts, will not be much, if any greater, for each district than the maintenance of separate schools.

With trolley cars, the telephone, rural free delivery, big public libraries to draw upon, and county schools for the children, life in the country is going to be a very different thing in the twentieth century from what it has been in the past. In fact it begins to look as if the country people would have the benefits of city life without its distractions and dissipations. If their intellectual advancement shall be proportionate to their opportunities, they will develop a standard of civilization that dwellers in the cities may regard with envy.

The Bulwark of Corruption

BECAUSE a city is ruled by a corrupt ring, because a reform movement fails at the polls, is it therefore established that the people of that city are unfit for self-government, are either lacking in political capacity or lacking in civic decency, or both?

Before that question can be answered by a yes, a good many counter questions must first be answered. Was the reform movement intelligently and wisely conducted, or was it an academic affair got up by sundry well-meaning, rather supercilious persons with a disposition to show the "worthy masses" how they ought to behave? Was the corruption of the corrupt ring clearly proved, or was it mere newspaper shouting with no convictions or even indictments to back up intemperate assertions? Was the corrupt ring successful in getting itself confused in the public mind with some great national political party? Was the corrupt ring supported both financially and morally by the leading citizens, the directors of the great business and financial institutions?

Finally, and most important, what percentage of the citizens of the particular city had been citizens of it long enough to understand its affairs, to develop that slow going virtue, civic pride, and to realize precisely what the ring was and was doing?

The rock upon which most reform movements split, the rock that is the bulwark of municipal corruption in America, is the preponderant number of new, or almost new, citizens, whether from abroad or from rural districts or remote parts of the country.

Consuls by Merit

THE reported determination of President Roosevelt to fill vacancies in the consular service by promoting consuls of lower rank, and to put in the lower grades men especially qualified to fulfill the duties of their positions, will be welcome news to those who have been proclaiming for many years that the country cannot afford to have its interests in foreign lands placed in continual peril through the shortcomings of ignorant and incapable officials.

Our consuls, even those who are stationed at small places and draw correspondingly small salaries, should be men who can be trusted to acquit themselves well in any emergency, and they should be able and ready at all times to uphold the dignity of the country they serve. Manifestly, men of this sort cannot be had by appointing political hacks, with the tacit understanding that, when their positions are needed to satisfy the demands of other political hacks, they shall be turned out.

The duties of a consul are many and complex, and they are not to be learned in a few months. When men are found ready and competent to perform them they should be continued in office during good behavior, and retired on pensions when they are disqualified by age for further usefulness; and they should be promoted as vacancies occur in accordance with their qualifications.

This is not in harmony with the old-fashioned idea that consulships are the legitimate prey of partisan politics, but it is common-sense and good Americanism. It is also one phase of the growing conviction that, in government as well as in other departments of human activity, it pays to get experts to do your work and to keep them in your employ as long as they do your work well.

Smoking Out Superstition

NEVER before has the diffusion of exact or scientific knowledge been so wide as to-day. Never before has there been so much running after and hankering after preposterous creeds and faiths.

These two statements of fact seem to contain a puzzling paradox. In fact the one is the necessary accompaniment of the other. The "marvels of science" have on the one hand destroyed for many millions of people false notions of the past and of their environment. These "marvels" have on the other hand stirred the imperfectly educated to a belief that almost anything in the way of a marvel will be shown to be true to-day or to-morrow. Wireless telegraphy is just the means to push a certain kind of hazily educated mind into the possession of astrologers and miraculous curers and practitioners of absent treatment for present cash.

Science is smoking out superstition. As long as superstition could lurk in the darkness of the caves and crevices it flourished. Now that it has been driven up to the daylight it can be effectively dealt with.

Where the Extremes Meet

LIKE extreme poverty, extreme prosperity certainly corrupts the character of any man, or any family, or any community, or any nation. The poorest specimens of the human race are at the equator and at the poles — where life is too easy and where life is too hard. In the hopeless idleness of the slums and the reckless idleness of the millionaires' quarter you find the same indifference to the fundamentals of orderly and progressive society. Whether you make a man rich without responsibility or deprive him of the hope of a steady and comfortable living you produce the same result — you destroy his usefulness to society, his possibility of leading a sane and contented life.

Where all the grown people have to work every day at some occupation that is consistent with self-respect, that forbids idleness, that makes the appetite good and the sleep sound, and that gives an increasing and reasonably certain return for labor — there you have a social organization which is strong and sound and progressive. There and nowhere else.

These restatements of obvious and long-established truth seem to have a certain bearing upon the present situation in a certain country situated to the west of the Atlantic and to the east of the Pacific.

A Choice of Evils

IF OUR benevolent multi-millionaires keep on endowing chairs and fellowships and departments and colleges and universities and post-graduate schools and libraries and every other part of the scheme for education, they will presently be destroying the greatest joy of which the mind of man is capable. That is the joy of achievement in adverse circumstances.

There is a theory, based on a ludicrously superficial study of history, that the arts and sciences have flourished under patronage. The fact is that the arts and sciences have always tried to flourish and have been prevented now and then, often for long periods, by one of two forces — either they have been drowned in desolating waves of barbarism or they have been suffocated by the too great sweetness of patronage. And, if there is any choice between the two deaths, the worse, because the more hopeless, is patronage.

Given a country where everybody who does anything is eagerly sought out by some prince or plutocrat — of Venice, or Rome, or Florence, of New York, or Pittsburg, or Chicago — and is made slothful and comfortable and self-complacent, and you have decadence at once.

This country was made great, as was the Italy of the Middle Ages, by men who were full of joy of achievement and reaped its rich rewards. But it won't stay great very long if it falls under the philanthropic protection of a plutocracy casting about for some laudable way of retrieving its plethora of help.

Marriage and Success

IT IS impossible to read much biography or to have wide experience of successful men without being struck by the very large numbers of successful men who have been unhappily married and by the very small number of successful men who have been happily married. And this rather startling fact holds good for every field of human endeavor where incessant mental ability is essential to success.

What does this prove? That to be successful a man ought either not to marry at all or ought to be married unhappily? The successful happily-married men disprove this. Then, that a successful man makes a bad husband? Again the happily-married successful say no emphatically.

What, then, does it prove? Probably, that happiness in married life lays a trap into which we lazy, easy-going humans too often easily fall. The wife, unmindful of her duty toward the weak male she has promised to bring up and guard and make a man of, encourages him to fall into a slough of content, to become a mental slattern, taking his ease and comfort.

And the two, satisfied each with the other, "jes' slop along anyhow."

If life were a picnic this would be well enough. But life isn't; and its few and rare picnics have to be indulged in mighty gingerly or the overconsumption of deviled ham, pie, pickles and veal loaf with angel cake and jam to top off will leave extremely disagreeable consequences.

Reunion at Mother Goose's

By Carolyn Wells

WITH DECORATIONS BY J. J. GOULD

The time, I believe, was late one Christmas Eve,
When a lot of people gathered whom I now will introduce;
But among them there's no danger that you'll run across a stranger
For you met them in your childhood when you read your "Mother Goose."

'Twas a big reunion party, and acceptances were hearty,
For the set hadn't met in many years or more;
Of course their curiosity found vent in great verbosity,
And every one's experience was gossiped o'er and o'er.

The first one I will mention as deserving of attention
Is lovely Cinderella, who beside her chauffeur sat
In an automobile stunning, which, with her accustomed cunning,
She had deftly manufactured from a pumpkin and a rat.

Then Tommy Tucker came, but he said he'd changed his name
To Thomasino Tuckerino, Tenor, if you please;
He could sing the Holy City or a swinging rag time ditty,
And my! but he was popular at musicales and teas.

Bo-Peep came after that in a fetching picture hat,
Most coquettish and soubrettish in her manners and her dress;
She told her friends and neighbors that her present field of labors
Was in modern comic opera as a Dresden Shepherdess.

Red Riding-hood, don't blame her, had become a bold wolf-tamer,
And her dress was rather less than convention deems correct;
But though some said 'twas shocking to expose such length of stocking,
Yet of course, in any circus, 'twas but what one might expect.

Jack and Jill came in great style, and with supercilious smile
Talked with manner braggadocial of social themes and jests;
But conservative old-timers said that they were merely climbers,
So they made but slight impression on the more exclusive guests.

But time would fail to tell of the fortunes that befell
The other charter members of this old and famous clan;
So now that I have shown up how some of them have grown up,
You must be content with knowing that the others also ran.

A Carol of Gifts

By Richard Burton

The gift of the Christmastide!
A time of right good cheer,
When the door swings open wide
And the fire leaps blithe and clear.
Where once walked folly and fear,
Ring the shouts of the young at play;
And indoor mirth makes joy on earth
And a spirit of holiday.

The gift of the loving heart,
When the kindred ties of home
Draw close the far apart,
Make mates of those who roam:
Be they tossed on the ocean foam
Or dwelling in strange, sad lands,
In soul they meet and fondly greet
Through the gift of the clasped hands.

The gift of the Spotless One
Born into a world of woe:
The manger that held the Son,
And the sweet maid mother's throe:
A gift of gifts, I trow!
Earth anguished for Him long:
To Christ, His day, we carol aye
And lift our gift of song.

Archibald the Unpleasant

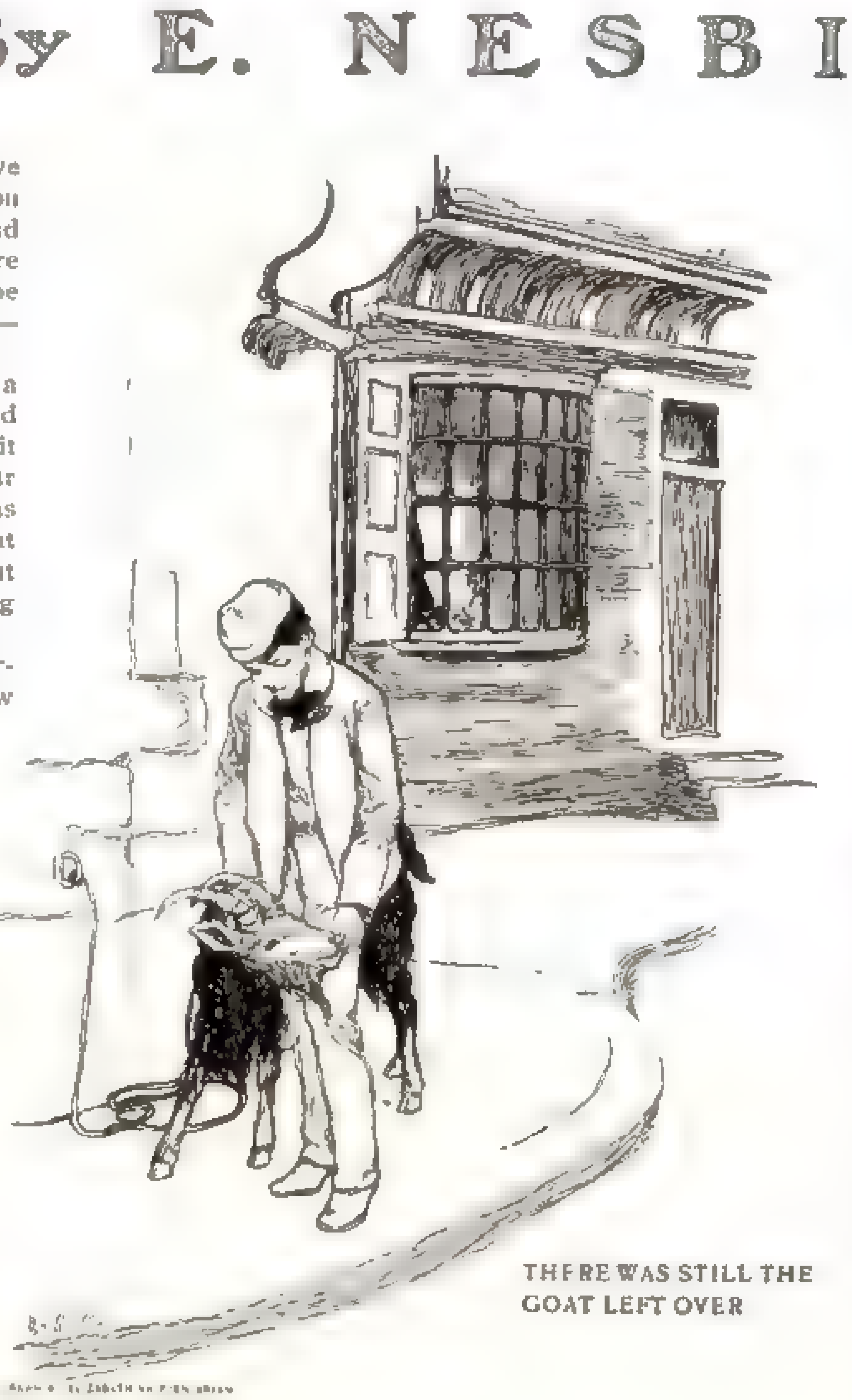
A Story of the "Wouldbegoods"

By E. NESBIT

THE house of Bastable was once in poor but honest circs., that was when it lived in a semi-detached house in the Lewisham Road, and looked for treasure. There were six scions of the house who looked for it—in fact, there were seven if you count Father. I am sure he looked right enough, but he did not do it the right way. And we did. And so we found a treasure of a great-uncle, and we and Father went to live with him in a very affluent mansion on Blackheath—with gardens and vineries and pineries and everything jolly you can think of. And then when we were no longer so beastly short of pocket-money we tried to be good, and sometimes it came out right, sometimes it didn't—something like sums

And then it was the Christmas holidays—and we had a bazar and raffled the most beautiful goat you ever saw, and we gave the money to a poor and needy. And then we felt it was time to do something new, because we were as rich as our worthy relative the Uncle—and our Father now also was wealthy, at least compared to what he used to be—thought right for us; and we were as good as we could be without being good for nothing and muffs, which I hope no one calling itself a Bastable will ever stoop to.

So then Oswald, so often the leader in hazardous enterprises, thought long and deeply in his interior self, and he saw that something must be done. Because, though there was still the goat left over, unclaimed by its fortunate winner at the bazar, somehow no really fine idea seemed to come out of it—nothing else was happening. Dora was getting a bit domineering, and Alice was too much taken up with trying to learn to knit. Dicky was bored and so was Oswald, and Noël was writing far more poetry than could be healthy for any poet, however young. And H. O., who is my youngest brother, was simply a nuisance. His boots are always much louder when he is not amused, and that gets the rest of us into rows, because there are hardly any grown-up persons who can tell the difference between his boots and mine. Oswald decided to call a council; because even if nothing comes of a council it always means getting Alice to drop knitting and making Noel chuck the poetical influences that are no use and only make him silly. And we went into the room that is our room. It is called the Common-room, like in colleges, and it is very different from the room that was ours when we were poor but honest. It is a jolly room with a big table and a big couch that is most useful for games—and a thick carpet, because of H. O.'s boots.



THERE WAS STILL THE GOAT LEFT OVER

Alice was knitting by the fire; it was for Father, but I am sure his feet are not at all that shape. He has a high and beautifully formed instep, like Oswald's. Noël was writing poetry, of course.

My dear sister sits
And knits
I hope to goodness the stocking fits

was as far as he had got.

"It ought to be 'my dearest sister' to sound right," he said, "but that wouldn't be kind to Dora."

"Thank you," said Dora, "you needn't trouble to be kind to me if you don't want to."

"Shut up, Dora," said Dicky. "Noel doesn't mean anything."

"He never does," said H. O. "Nor yet his poetry doesn't neither."

"*And* his poetry doesn't *either*," Dora corrected, "and besides, you oughtn't to say that at all: it's unkind."

"You're too jolly down on the kid," said Dicky.

And Alice said, "Eighty-seven, eighty-eight, oh—do be quiet half a sec.—eighty-nine, ninety. Now I shall have to count the stitches all over again."

Oswald alone was silent and not cross. I tell you this to show that the sort of worryingness was among us that is catching, like measles—Kipling calls it "the Cameelious hump," and, as usual, that great and good writer is quite correct.

So Oswald said: "Look here: let's have a council. It says in Kipling's book when you've got the hump go and dig till you gently perspire. Well, we can't do that, because it's simply pouring—but——"

The others all interrupted him and said they hadn't got the hump, and they didn't know what he meant. So he shrugged his shoulders patiently—it is not his fault that the others hate him to shrug his shoulders—and he said no more.

Then Dora said, "Oh, don't be so disagreeable, Oswald, for goodness' sake"

I assure you she did—though he had done simply nothing.

Matters were in this cryptical state when the door opened and Father came in.

"Hullo, Kiddies," he remarked kindly. "Beastly wet day, isn't it? And dark, too. I can't think why the rain can't always come in term time. It seems a poor arrangement to have it in Vac., doesn't it?"

I think every one instantly felt better. I know one of us did, and it was me!

Father lit the gas, and sat down in the armchair, and took Alice on his knee.

"First," he said, "here is a box of chocs." It was an extra big and beautiful one from Fuller's. "Next, you're all asked to a party at Mrs. Leslie's. She's going to have all sorts of games and things, with prizes for every one, and a conjurer, and a magic-lantern."

The shadow of doom seemed to be lifted from each young brow, and we felt how much fonder we were of each other than any one would have thought. At least Oswald felt this, and Dicky told me afterward he felt Dora wasn't such a bad sort, after all.

"It's on Tuesday week," said Father. "I see the prospect's not unpleasing. Number three is that your cousin Archibald has come here to stay a week or two. His little sister has taken it into her head to have whooping cough. And he's downstairs now, talking to your Uncle."

We asked what the young stranger was like, but Father did not know, because he and Cousin Archibald's father had not seen much of each other for some years. Father said this, but we knew it was because Archibald's father hadn't bothered to see ours when he was poor and honest; but now he was the wealthy sharer of the red brick beautiful Blackheath house, it was different. This made us not like Uncle Archibald very much, but we were too just to blame it on to young Archibald. All the same, we should have liked him better if his father's previous career had not been of such a worldly and stuck-up sort. Besides, I do think Archibald is quite the most rotten sort of name. We should have called him Archie, of course, if he had been at all decent.

"You'll be as jolly to him as you can, I know," Father said. "He's a bit older than Oswald, and not bad looking."

Then Father went down, and Oswald had to go with him, and there was Archibald sitting upright in a chair and talking to our Indian Uncle as if he was some beastly grown-up. He was dark and rather tall, and though he was only fourteen he was always stroking his lip to see if his mustache had begun to come.

Father introduced us to each other, and we said, "How do you do?" and looked at each other—and neither of us could think of anything else to say. At least Oswald couldn't. So then we went upstairs. Archibald shook hands with the others, and every one was silent except Dora, and she only whispered to H. O. to keep his feet still.

You cannot keep forever in melancholy silence, however few things you have to say, and presently some one said it was a wet day, and this well-chosen remark made us able to begin to talk

I do not wish to be injurious to anybody, especially one who was a Bastable, by birth at least, if not according to the nobler attributes—but I must say that Oswald never did dislike a boy so much as he did that young Archibald. He was as cocky as though he'd done something to speak of—been captain of his eleven, or passed a beastly exam. or something—but we never could find that he had done anything. He was always bragging about the things he had at home, and the things he was allowed to do, and all the things he knew all about—but he was a most untruthful chap.

He laughed at Noel's being a poet—a thing we never do, because it makes him cry, and crying makes him ill—and of course Oswald and Dicky could not punch his head in their own house because of the laws of hospitableness, and Alice stopped it at last by saying she didn't care if it *was* being a sneak, she would tell Father the very next time. I don't think she would have, because we made a rule when we were poor and honest not to bother Father if we could possibly help it. And we keep it up still. But Archibald didn't know that. Then this cousin, who is, I fear, the black sheep of the Bastables, and hardly worthy to be called one, used to pull the girls' hair, and pinch them at prayers, when they could not call out or do anything to him back.

And he was awfully rude to the servants, ordering them about, and playing tricks on them—not annoying tricks like other Bastables might have done—such as booby-traps and mice under dish covers, which seldom leave any lasting ill-feeling—but things no decent boy would do, like hiding their letters and not giving them to them for days, and then it was too late to meet the young man the letter was from, and squirting ink on their aprons when they were just going to open the door, and once he put a fish-hook in the cook's pocket when she wasn't looking. He did not do anything to Oswald at that time. I suppose he was afraid. I just tell you this to show you that Oswald didn't cotton to him for no selfish reason, but because Oswald has been taught to feel for others.

He called us all kids—and he was that kind of boy we knew at once it was no good trying to start anything new and jolly; so Oswald, ever discreet and wary, shut up entirely about the council. We played games with him sometimes—not really good ones, but snap and beggar-my-neighbor, and even then he used to cheat. I hate to say it of one of our blood, but I can hardly believe he was. I think he must have been changed at nurse like the heirs to Monarchies and Dukeries.

Well, the days passed slowly. There was Mrs. Leslie's party shining starrishly in the mysteries of the future; also we had another thing to look forward to, and that was when Archibald would have to go back to school. But we could not enjoy that foreshadowing so much, because of us having to go back the day before him.

Oswald always tries to be just, no matter how far from easy, and so I will say that I am not quite sure that it was Archibald that set the pipes leaking, but we were all up in the loft the day before, snatching a golden opportunity to play a brief game of robbers in a cave, while Archibald had gone down to the village to get his silly hair cut. Another thing about him that was not natural was his being always looking in the glass and wanting to talk about whether people were handsome or not; and he made as much fuss about his ties as though he had been a girl. So when he was gone, Alice said:

"Hist. The golden moment. Let's be robbers in the loft. When he comes back he won't know where we are."

"He'll hear us," said Noel, biting his pencil.

"No, he won't. We'll be the Whispering Band of Weird Band'its. Come on, Noël—you can finish the poetry up there"

"It's about *him*," said Noel gloomily. "When he's gone back to——" (Oswald will not give the name of Archibald's school for the sake of the other boys there, as they might not like everybody who reads this to know about there being a chap like him in their midst)—"I shall do it up in an envelope, and put stamps on it and post it to him and——"

"Haste," cried Alice. "Band of the Bandits, haste while yet there's time."

So we tore upstairs, and put on our slippers, and socks over them, and we got the high-backed chair out of the girls' room, and the others held it steady while Oswald agilitively mounted upon its high back and opened the trapdoor and got up into the place between the roof and the ceiling. (The

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boys in Stalky & Co. found this out by accident, and they were surprised and pleased, but we have known all about it ever since we can remember.)

Then Oswald let down the rope-ladder that we made out of bamboo and clothesline after Uncle told us the story of the missionary lady who was shut up in a Rajah's palace, and some one shot an arrow to her with a string tied to it, and it might have killed her, I should have thought, but it didn't, and she hauled in the string and there was a rope and a bamboo ladder, and so she escaped, and we made one like it on purpose for the loft. No one had ever told us not to make ladders.

The others came up by the rope-ladder (it was partly bamboo, but rope-ladder does for short), and we shut the trapdoor down. It is jolly up there. There are two big cisterns, and one little window in a gable that gives you just enough light. The floor is plaster with wooden things going across — beams and joists they are called. There are planks laid on top of these here and there Of course, if you walk on the plaster you will go through with your foot into the room below.

We had a very jolly game, in whispers, and Noel sat by the little window and was quite happy being the bandit band. The cisterns are rocks you hide behind. But the jolliest part was when we heard Archibald shouting out, "Hullo, kids! where are you?" And we all stayed as still as mice. I heard Jane say she thought we must have gone out. Jane was the one that hadn't got her letter, as well as having her apron inked all over

Then we heard Archibald going all over the house looking for us. Father was at business, and Uncle was at his club. And we were *there*. And so Archibald was all alone. And we might have gone on for hours enjoying the spectacle of his confusion and perplexedness, but Noël happened to sneeze — the least thing gives him cold, and he sneezes louder for his age than any one I know — just when Archibald was on the landing underneath, and then he stood there and said:

"I know where you are. Let me come up."

We cautiously did not reply. Then he said

"All right; I'll go and get the step-ladder."

We did not wish this. We had not been told not to make rope-ladders nor yet about not playing in the loft, and if he fetched the step-ladder Jane would know, but there are some secrets you like to keep to yourself.

So Oswald opened the trapdoor and squinted down and there was that Archibald with his beastly hair cut. Oswald said:

"We'll let you up if you promise not to tell you've been up here."

So he promised. And we let down the rope-ladder, and it will show you the kind he was that the instant he had got up by it he began to find fault with the way it was made

Then he wanted to play with the ball-cock and Oswald knows it is better not to do this.

"I daresay you're forbidden," Archibald said; "little kids like you. But I know all about plumbing."

And Oswald could not prevent his fiddling with the pipes and the ball-cock a little. Then we went down. All chances of further banditry were at an end. Next day was Sunday.

The leak was noticed then; it was slow but steady, and the plumber was sent for on Monday morning

Oswald does not know whether it was Archibald who made the leak — but he does know about what came after.

I think our displeasing cousin found that piece of poetry that Noel was beginning about him, and read it, because he is a sneak Instead of having it out with Noël he sucked up to him and gave him a sixpenny fountain-pen — which Noël liked, although it is really no fun for him to try to write poetry with anything but a pencil, because he always sucks whatever he writes with, and ink is poisonous, I believe.

Then in the afternoon he and Noël got quite thick and went off together. And afterward Noel seemed very peacocky about something but he would not say what, and Archibald was grinning in a way Oswald would have liked to punch his head for

Then quite suddenly the peaceable quietness of that happy Blackheath home was brought to a close by screams

Servants ran about with brooms and pails and the water was coming through the ceiling of Uncle's room like mad.

Noël turned white and looked at our unattractive cousin and said

"Send him away."

Alice put her arm round Noel and said: "Do go, Archibald." But he wouldn't.

So then Noel said he wished he had never been born. And whatever would Father say?

"Why — what is it, Noel?" Alice asked that — "just tell us — we'll all stand by you. What's he been doing?"

"You won't let him do anything to me if I tell?"

"Tell tale tit," said Archibald.

"He got me to go up into the loft, and he said it was a secret, and would I promise not to tell and I won't tell — only I've done it and now the water's coming in."

"You've done it! You young ass! I was only kidding you," said our detestable cousin. And he laughed.

"I don't understand," said Oswald; "what did you tell Noel?"

"He can't tell you because he promised — and I won't — unless you vow by the honor of the house you talk so much about that you'll never tell I had anything to do with it."

That will show you what he was. We had never mentioned the honor of the house except once, quite at the beginning, before we knew how discapable he was of understanding anything and how far we were from wanting to call him Archie.

We had to promise, for Noël was getting greener and more gurgly every minute, and at any moment Father or Uncle might burst in foaming for an explanation, and none of us would have one except Noel, and him in this state of all anyhow. So Dicky said:

"We promise, you beast, you," and we all said the same

Then Archibald said, drawling his words and feeling for the mustache that wasn't there (and I hope he'll be quite old before he gets one):

"It's just what comes of trying to amuse silly little kids. I told the foolish little animal about people having arteries cut, and your having to cut the whole thing to stop the bleeding. And he said was that what the plumber would do to the leaky pipe. And how pleased your governor would be to find it mended. And then he went and did it."

"You told me to," said Noel, turning greener and greener.

"Go along with Alice," said Oswald. "We'll stand by you. And, Noel, old chap, you must keep your word and not sneak about that sneaking hound."

Alice took him away, and we were left with the abhorrèd Archibald.

"Now," said Oswald, "I won't break my word, no more will the rest of us. But we won't speak another word to you as long as we live."

"Oh, Oswald," said Dora, "what about the sun going down?"

"Let it jolly well go," said Dicky in furiousness; "Oswald didn't say we'd go on being angry forever, but I'm with Oswald all the way. I won't talk to cads — no, not even before grown-ups. They can jolly well think what they like."

After this no one spoke to Archibald.

Oswald rushed for a plumber, and such was his fiery eloquence he really caught one and brought him home. Then he and Dicky waited for Father when he came in, and they got him into the study and Oswald said what they had all agreed on. It was this:

"Father, we are all most awfully sorry, but one of us has cut the pipe in the loft, and if you make us tell you any more it will not be honorable, and we are very sorry —— Please, please don't ask who it was did it."

Father bit his mustache and looked worried, and Dicky went on:

"Oswald has got a plumber and he is doing it now."

Then Father said: "How on earth did you get into the loft?"

And then, of course, the treasured secret of the rope-ladder had to be revealed. We had never been told not to make rope-ladders and go into the loft, but we did not try to soften the anger of our Father by saying this. It would not have been any good either. We just had to stick it out. And the punishment of our crime was most awful. It was that we weren't to go to Mrs. Leslie's party. And Archibald was to go, because when Father asked him if he was in it with the rest of us he said "No." I cannot think of any really gentlemanly and proper words to say what I think about my unnatural cousin in.

We kept our word about not speaking to him, and I think Father thought we were jealous because he was going to that conjuring magic-lantern party and we were not.

Noël was the most unhappy, because he knew we were all being punished for what he had done. He was very affectionate and tried to write pieces of poetry to us all, but he was so unhappy he couldn't even write, and he went into the kitchen and sat on Jane's knee and said his head ached.

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Next day it was the day of the party and we were plunged in gloom. Archibald got out his Etons and put his clean shirt ready and a pair of flashy silk socks with red spots, and then he went into the bathroom

Noel and Jane were whispering on the stairs. Jane came up and Noel went down Jane knocked at the bathroom door and said:

"Here's the soap, Master Archerbald; I didn't put none in to-day

He opened the door and put out his hand

"Half a moment," said Jane; "I've got something else in my hand

As she spoke the gas all over the house went down blue and then went out. We held our breaths heavily

"Here it is" she said. "I'll put it in your hand. I'll go down and turn off the burners and see about the gas. You'll be late, sir. If I was you I should get on a bit with the washing of myself in the dark. I daresay the gas'll be five or ten minutes, and it's five o'clock now."

It wasn't, and of course she ought not to have said it, but it was useful all the same

Noel came stumping up the stairs in the dark; he fumbled about, and then whispered: "I've turned the little white china knob that locks the bathroom door on the outside"

The water was bubbling and hissing in the pipes inside, and the darkness went on Father and Uncle had not come in yet, which was a fortunate blessing

"Do be quiet," said Noel; "just you wait"

We all sat on the stairs and waited. Noel said

"Don't ask me yet: you'll see You wait"

And we waited and the gas did not come

At last Archibald tried to come out, he thought he had washed himself clean, I suppose. And of course the door was fastened He kicked and he hammered and he shouted, and we were glad

At last Noel banged on the door and screamed through the keyhole

"If we let you out will you let us off our promise not to tell about you and the pipes? We won't tell till you're gone to school

He wouldn't for a long time but at last he had to

"I sha'n't ever come to your beastly house again," he bellowed through the door, "so I don't mind

"Turn off the gas-burner, then," said Oswald, ever thoughtful, though he was still in ignorance of the beautiful truth

Then Noel sang out over the stairs, "Light up," and Jane went round with a taper, and when the landing gas was lighted Noel turned the bathroom knob, and Archibald exited from it in his Indian red and yellow dressing-gown that he thought so much of. Of course we expected his face to be red with rage or white with passion or purple with mixed emotions but you cannot think what our feelings were — indeed we hardly knew what they were ourselves — when we saw that he was not red or white or purple, but *black*. He looked like an uneven sort of bluish nigger His face and hands were all black and blue and streaks, and so were the bits of his feet that showed between his Indian dressing-gown and his Turkish slippers

The word "Krikey!" fell from more than one lip

"What are you staring at?" he asked

We did not answer, even then — though I think it was less from keep-your-wordishness than amazement. But Jane did

"Nyang, nyang!" she uttered tauntingly "You thought it was soap I was giving you, and all the time it was Maple's dark bright navy blue indelible dye — won't wash out." She flashed a looking-glass in his face, and he looked and saw the depth of his dark bright navy-blue-ness.

Now you may think that we shouted with laughing to see him done brown and dyed blue like this, but we did not. There was a spellbound silence. Oswald, I know, felt a quite uncomfortable feeling inside him.

When Archibald had had one good look at himself he did not want any more. He ran to his room and bolted himself in

"*He* won't go to no parties," said Jane, and she flounced downstairs

We never knew how much Noel had told her. He is very young and not so strong as we are, and we thought it better not to ask.

Oswald and Dicky and H. O. — particularly H. O — told each other it served him right, but after a bit Dora asked Noel if he would mind her trying to get some of it off our unloved cousin And he said, "No."

But nothing would get it off him.

And when Father came home there was an awful row. And he said we had disgraced ourselves, and forgotten the duties of hospitality. We got it pretty straight, I can tell

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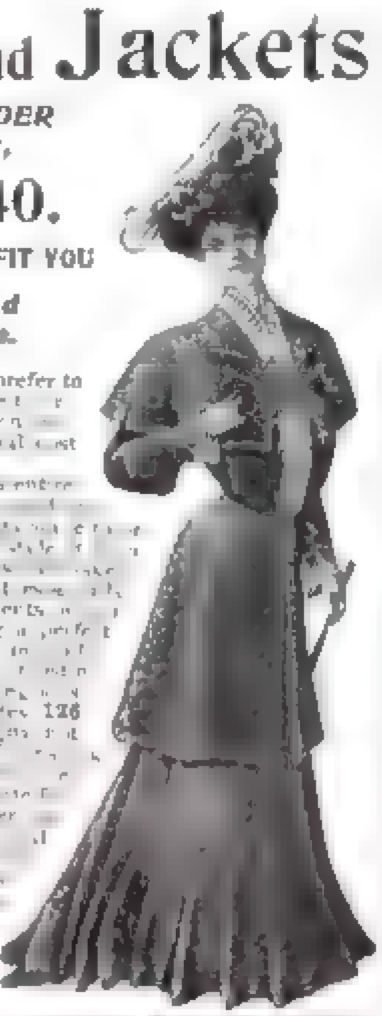

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you And we bore it all I do not say we were martyrs to the honor of our house and to our plighted word, but I do say that we got it very straight indeed, and we did not tell the provocativeness we had had from our guest that drove the poet Noel to this wild and desperate revenge.

But some one told, and I have always thought it was Jane and that is why we did not ask too many questions about what Noel had told her. Because late that night Father came and said he now understood that we had meant to do right, except perhaps the one who cut the pipe with a chisel, and that must have been more silliness than naughtiness, and perhaps the being dyed blue served our cousin rather right

And he gave Archibald a few remarks in private, and when the dye began to come off (it was not a fast dye, though it said so on the paper it was wrapped in) Archibald, now a light streaky blue, really did seem to be making an effort to be something like decent. And when, now merely a pale gray, he had returned to school he sent us a letter.

It said:

> *My dear Cousins*
>
> I think that I was beastlier than I meant to be, but I am not accustomed to young kids. And I think Uncle was right, and the way you stand up for the honor of our house is not all nonsense, like I said it was If we ever meet in the future life I hope you will not keep a down on me about things. I don't think you can expect me to say more.
>
> From your affectionate cousin,
>
> ARCHIBALD BASTABLE.

So I suppose rays of remorse penetrated that cold heart and now perhaps he will be a reformed Bastable. I am sure I hope so, but I believe it is difficult, if not impossible, for a leopard to change his skin

Still, I remember how indelibly black he looked when he came out of the fatal bath room, and it nearly all wore off. And perhaps spots on the honorable inside parts of your soul come off with time. I hope so. The dye never came off the inside of the bath, though. I think that was what annoyed our good Great-Uncle the most

◆

Wanderers

BLISS CARMAN, the poet, at the beginning of his literary career, had the usual difficulty with homing manuscripts. He chalked up *nil desperandum* on his desk and kept at work. One belief which never failed him was that everything he wrote must of necessity meet a welcome somewhere, a conviction which always caused a rejected manuscript to take another journey. Some came back so many times that he became deeply interested in them, and gave them names quite apart from their titles, such as The Flying Dutchman, The Wandering Jew, Ulysses, and so forth. He was rummaging through some pigeonholes, not long ago, when he exclaimed to a friend who happened to be present

"Why, hello, here's old Captain Cook! Really, I had forgotten the dear old Captain," and he held up a faded sheet of copy

"Why do you call it 'Captain Cook'?" asked the friend, noticing that the title was widely different

"Oh, because it circumnavigated the globe," answered the poet. "I sent it to an Australian periodical. It went by the way of San Francisco, and came back via the Suez Canal and London. I believe I'll send it to the So-and-So," he added, mentioning the name of a prominent monthly; "they asked me for something the other day. Of course they rejected it before it went to the antipodes, but perhaps they'll think it has improved with age"

"Captain Cook" was printed a month or two ago and was much admired

◆

A Personable Poet

JOE LINCOLN, the poet of Cape Cod, though lacking considerably of being eligible to the Fat Man's Club, could not, on the other hand pass himself off as brother to the living skeleton A lady who met him for the first time the other day said

"Mr Lincoln I have always greatly admired your poetry, but you are not, I confess, just my idea of a poet I thought all poets were thin and wore their hair long."

"Madam," returned Mr. Lincoln in a burst of confidence, "if I depended wholly on poetry I should fit your ideal precisely. But I write a story occasionally and so manage to get enough to eat and to have my hair cut when it needs it."

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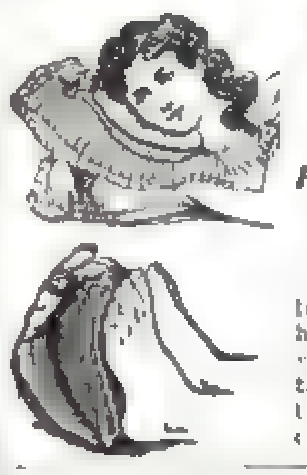

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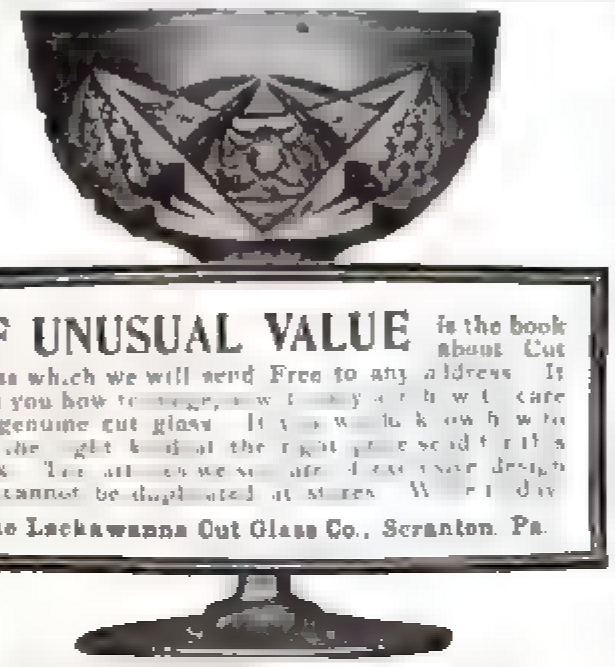

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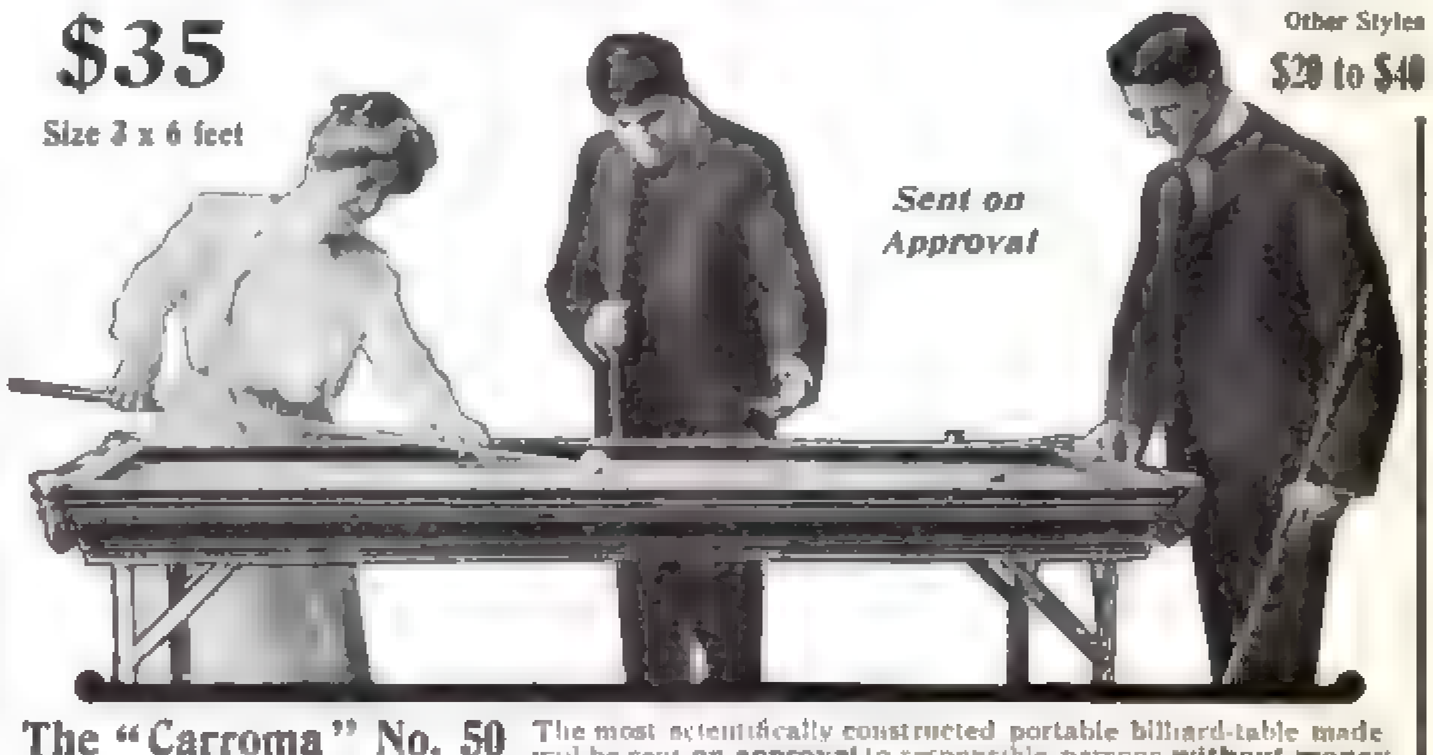

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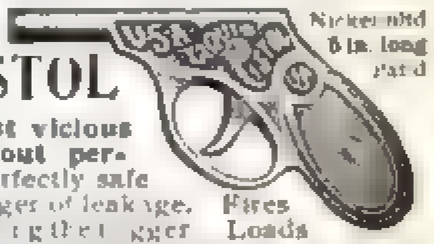

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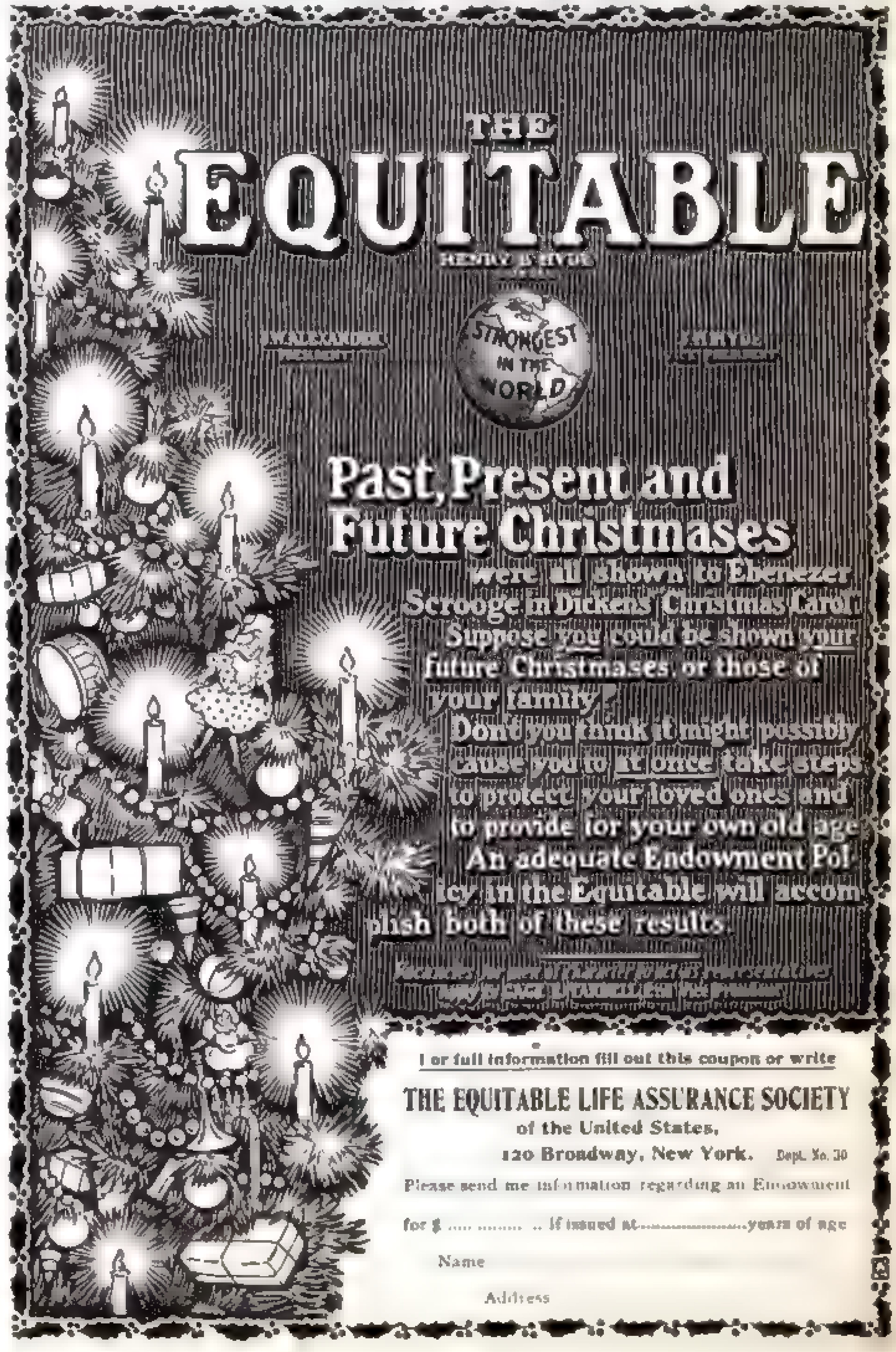

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Christmas at Court

How the Rulers of the World Celebrate the Day of Days

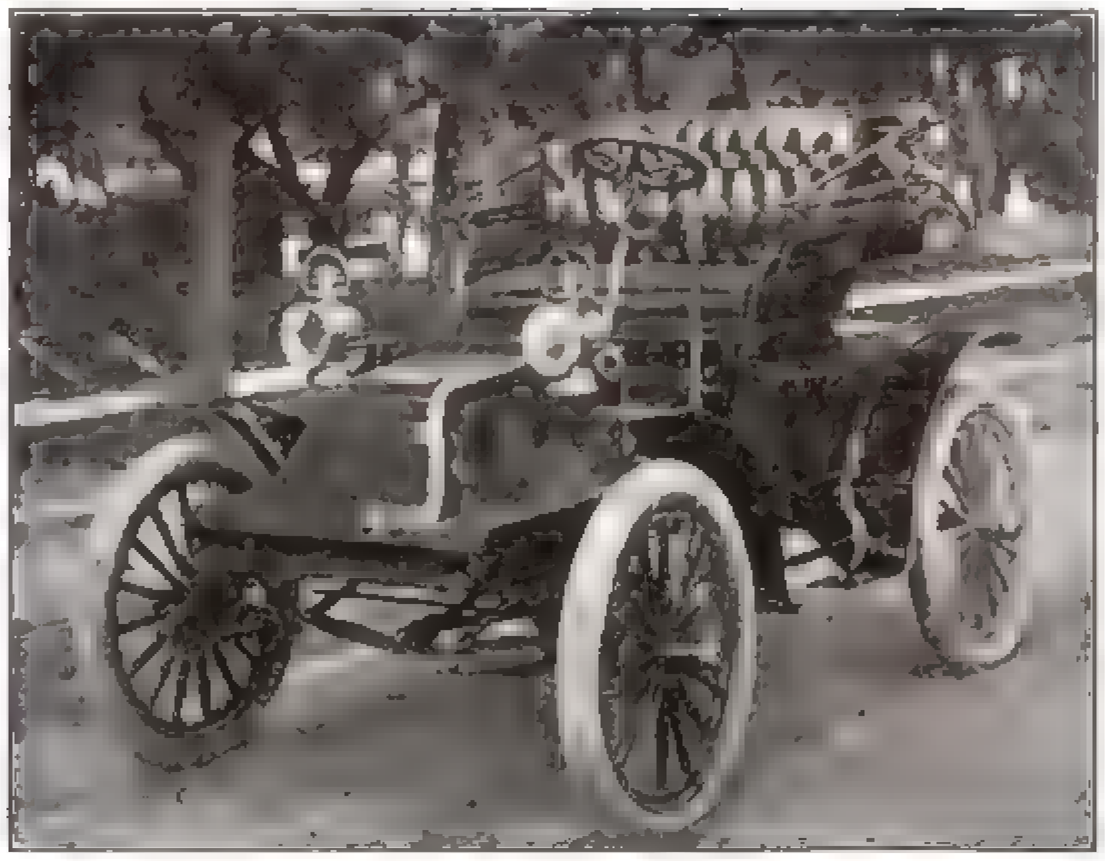
By Harold MacFarlane

ALTHOUGH the Christmases of the Italian, German, Austrian, Russian and Spanish Courts are celebrated at or in the vicinity of the capital of each country mentioned, that of the British Court has not been held in London for a great number of years—Osborne in the past and Sandringham to-day enjoying a monopoly so far as the Christmases of the British sovereigns are concerned. Paradoxical though it sounds, perhaps the most conspicuous feature of King Edward's Christmas lies in the fact that it is practically featureless, for whereas most of the Continental courts boast a certain amount of state ceremonial on Christmas Day, that of King Edward is the Christmas Day observed by the average country gentleman and his house party. In the morning the Royal party will proceed to Sandringham Church, which is usually decorated under the superintendence of Princess Victoria assisted by Princess Charles of Denmark and Miss Charlotte Knollys, while the afternoon, weather permitting, is spent in the open, in the precincts of the house, until tea-time, when the huge Christmas tree is illuminated and the presents it bears distributed. A game of American bowls, at which the King is an adept, is followed by dinner, which in turn gives place to the usual evening recreations of a country house party.

At the German Court the Christmas tree takes a very prominent part in the day's festivities; indeed, the famous shell salon of the so-called Neue Palais of Potsdam boasts a small plantation of these wonderfully productive plants, each of the Kaiser's children having a tree of his or her own, while His Majesty and the Empress are also specially provided for. Having sung the famous carol, *Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,* the Kaiser personally conducts his children to their respective trees, which are placed on separate tables—two years ago in the absence of his third son, Prince Adalbert, there were but eight all told—and for the next few hours the branches are being stripped of their burdens. As every one connected with the court, from the highest to the lowest, can place gifts on the branches, and as each gift has to be personally acknowledged—the Crown Prince on one occasion had to return thanks three hundred times before his tree was stripped of its adornments—it follows that the ceremony known in Germany as the *Bescheerung* occupies some considerable time. Prior to the distribution of the Royal gifts, which, by the way, takes place on Christmas Eve—the *Heilige Abend* of the Germans—a captain of the bodyguard annually makes his way to the Neue Palais and presents the Kaiser and the Princess with the traditional honey-cake bearing upon it the regimental star made out of sugar.

The custom, however, that excites the greatest interest in Potsdam is one inaugurated by the Kaiser, who, with a single aide-de-camp, walks among his people distributing his portrait—on brand-new thalers—to the poor and to the sentries. A couple of years ago, when he gave a five-mark piece to every one he met in the park of Sans Souci and threw silver pieces into the baskets that a bevy of old women carried on their backs, he ordered his aide-de-camp to slip a two-mark piece into the hand of a boy wheeling his sister in a perambulator, whereupon the youth shouted at the donor: "Thank you very much, dear Mister Emperor," much to the amusement of the Teutonic Harun-al Raschid.

Unlike the Christmas festivities at the White House, Washington—where two years ago President Roosevelt presented a turkey to every employee and, in the guise of Santa Claus, gave presents to all the children he had gathered together for a young people's party, in the course of which he excited the greatest hilarity by his execution of fancy steps when leading the cake-walkers—the court festivities at Rome are somewhat formal; though doubtless the fact that Princess Yolanda is rapidly arriving at an age when she can appreciate the joys the season has in store for children will tend to deprive it of some of its formality. In the days of King Humbert it was the duty of the Marchioness Villamarina, the chief lady in



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waiting to Queen Margherita, to keep a list of the presents made each year and their recipients, in order to avoid the giving of duplicates. That the giving of Christmas presents in the Italian Court entails a vast amount of labor on the Royal donors, in addition to the expense, can be gathered from the fact that it is the custom to give jewels to the wives of all those dignitaries boasting the Collar of the Annunciation, the wives of Cabinet Ministers and the ladies in waiting and that the choice and presentation are personally made by the King and Queen themselves. However desirous the recipients may be to wear their new possessions, court etiquette ordains that they must possess their souls in patience until the reception given to the *corps diplomatique* on the evening of the last day of the year.

The Old-Time Fiddling Match

By Frank L. Stanton

'Twuz de happy time er harvest —
De cotton fiel's so white
Dey looked lak snow'd been sifted
Thoo' de gray clouds, in de night;
Twel de Crow, a-flyin' over
De furrow's fleecy track,
Got skeered ter see his shadder
Lookin' so amazin' black!

De co'n blades wuz a rustlin'
What de gold had took de green,
En de Win' a-playin' on 'em
Lak a tinklin' tambourine;
De Rabbit lef' de brier patch
En flopped his ears aroun' —
De Squerrel frisked ter hear it,
En de leaves come dancin' down!

But de liveliest music *ever*
Wuz de music what *we* made
At de Ole-Time Fiddlers' Meetin' —
What a hundred fiddles played!
De fiddles what been playin'
Past de memory er all —
W'en de ole gals wuz de young gals,
Des sashayin' roun' de hall!

Dem fiddlers took de settlement
Fum shiny Eas' ter Wes'
De prize wuz fer de feller
Made a fiddle sing de bes';
En dey give us Ole Dan Tucker;
En Darlin' Nelly Gray
Come steppin' ter us thoo' a dream,
Fum far en fur away!

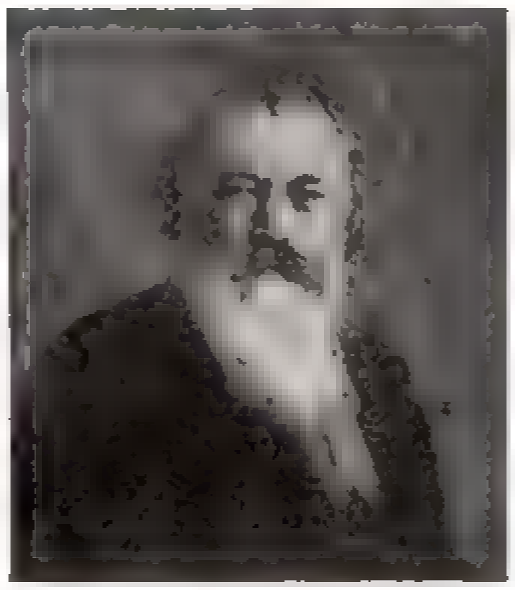
En Swanee River — sof' en slow,
En los' in flowers en vines —
We heard it flow lak long ago,
Pas' all de palms en pines;
En Home, Sweet Home — Lawd
Bless you! — de tears come tricklin'
down:
De big, bright sun wuz shinin',
But de Rain had come ter town!

Den dey give a tune so lively
Dat befo' you ever knowed
You wuz shufflin' roun' dem fiddlers
En dancin' in de road!
De ole folks couldn't stan' it long,
En jined de dancin', too,
En Yankee Doodle — safe in town —
Said, "Dixie, how is you?"

Ter see dem ole folks follerin'
Dem fiddles — toe-en-heel,
Dey th'owed dey sticks en crutches by
En hopped inter de reel!
En a ole Gran'mammy hollered —
"Des fling dat music free!
I younger dan de young gals,
Wid my ole man swingin' me!"

De ole time step come ter 'em —
De light shined in dey eyes:
De fiddlers fell ter laughin'
Twel dey clean fergot de prize!
Ter see 'em so *ambitious*
Ter see de music thoo',
'Bout fifty fiddlers jined de crowd,
En danced en fiddled, too!

De Jedges — dey wuz in it! —
Of dat fiddlin' brigade;
Dey couldn't tell which
Fiddlin' man de sweetes' music made!
It "filled de bill," dey
Tol' 'em — en "kivered all de groun',"
En dey'll be no better music
Whilst de ole worl' roll croun'!



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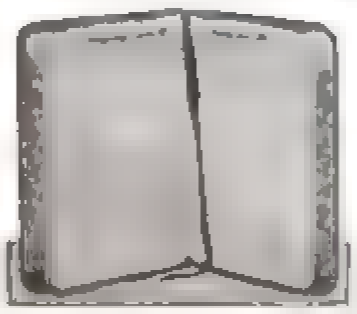

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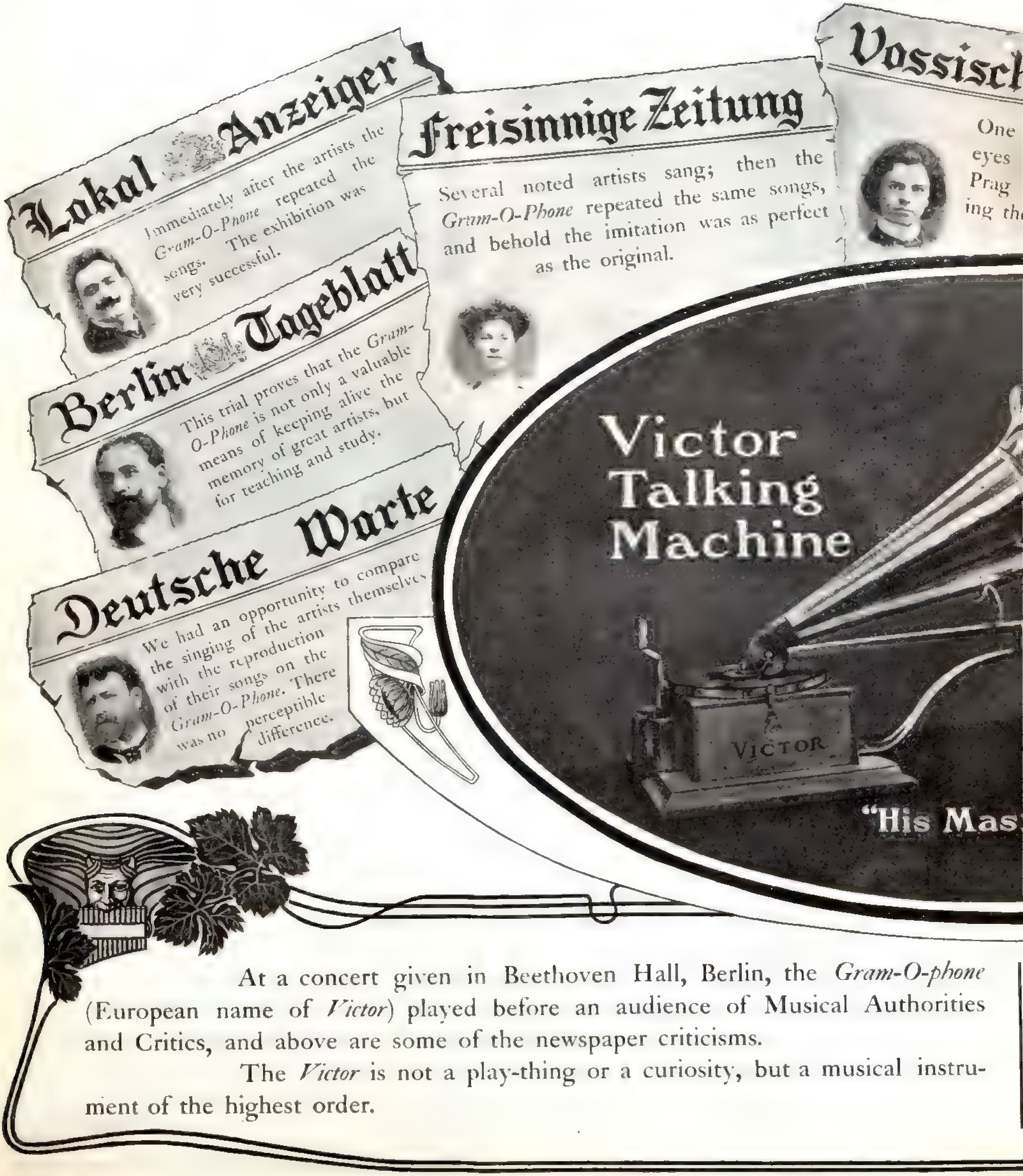

Lokal Anzeiger

Immediately after the artists the *Gram-O-Phone* repeated the songs. The exhibition was very successful.

Berlin Tageblatt

This trial proves that the *Gram-O-Phone* is not only a valuable means of keeping alive the memory of great artists, but for teaching and study.

Deutsche Warte

We had an opportunity to compare the singing of the artists themselves with the reproduction of their songs on the *Gram-O-Phone*. There was no perceptible difference.

Freisinnige Zeitung

Several noted artists sang; then the *Gram-O-Phone* repeated the same songs, and behold the imitation was as perfect as the original.

Vossisch

One
eyes
Prag
ing th

At a concert given in Beethoven Hall, Berlin, the *Gram-O-phone* (European name of *Victor*) played before an audience of Musical Authorities and Critics, and above are some of the newspaper criticisms.

The *Victor* is not a play-thing or a curiosity, but a musical instrument of the highest order.

ne Zeitung

had but to close the to imagine hearing the Virtuoso Kubelik play- violin in person.

Das Kleine Journal

The *Gram-O-Phone* reproduced, with marvelous distinctness and richness of tone, the songs of well-known Berlin and foreign artists. The reproduction easily stood comparison with the living voices of the artists.

Börsen Courier

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Die Post

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ARMOUR & COMPANY
CHICAGO

THE MENDICANT MARINER'S CHRISTMAS

By Philip Loring Allen

"IT MUST have been about the second week that we lost count," he said.

"Who lost count of what?" I asked

The Mendicant Mariner had looked hurt when I proffered a quarter and told him to go to the Salvation Army for his Christmas dinner next day. Only one Christmas in his life had been merry, he said, and he wanted eighty-five cents to duplicate it Lacking that sum, his palate could be tempted by nothing on the tables at Madison Square Garden or at the eating-houses which usually catered to his wants. I told him to itemize his estimate, and he began in the middle of what seemed to be a sea story.

"It must have been about the second week that we lost count."

"Who lost count of what?" I asked again

"Us three, of the time," he answered, and this was the tale he told

You see we all knew the wreck was on Sunday, the first of July, but it was a whole week before we thought about the time again, and when we did we all got it different. We was just a day apart. I cut notches on a stick, Martin he tied a piece of string around a twig in a queer way, but Mr. Tibbets kept a regular calendar on the side of a board, Tuesdays and Wednesdays and Sundays and all But what good did it do? When it was Sunday for him it was Monday for Martin and only Saturday for me

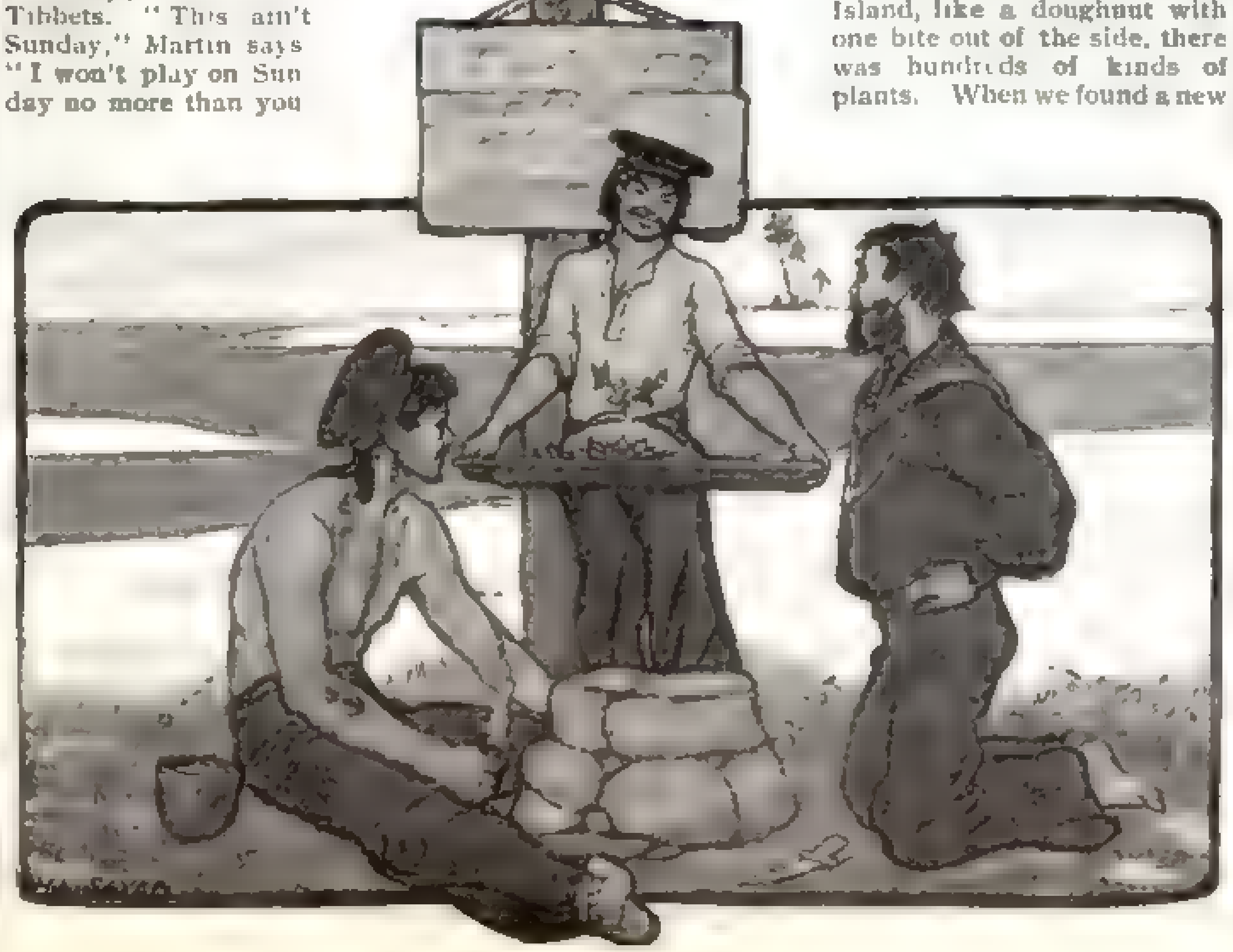
Now that made trouble the very first time we wanted to play cards. Martin found a deck of cards at the bottom of the big box which was the only thing we saved from the wreck. So he says, "Let's play" "Not on Sunday," says Mr. Tibbets. "This ain't Sunday," Martin says "I won't play on Sunday no more than you but it was yesterday" "Nonsense," says I then, "Sunday is to-morrow." As we argued that same question near every day for six months, there's no use repeating it to you, but anyhow you can see that there was only four days a week we could have cards or theatres, three days being counted for Sundays

Maybe you're surprised because I spoke of theatres. You see, we had just one book. Somebody must have put it in the box by mistake. It was Shakespeare — not the whole set, only just King Henry Six, part two. It was the *most un*interesting book I ever saw. I never learned to read any to speak of, and Mr. Tibbets he had lost his glasses in the wreck, so Martin used to read it aloud, and he couldn't read only a little. When he got to a word he didn't know he spelled it and Mr. Tibbets would tell us what it was and what it meant

We read that book over so many times we all could have said it off backward, and then Mr Tibbets was for acting it. That was hard, there being only three of us, and forty-four people and citizens besides in the play. But we found a place that had only two in it, and we acted that probably sixty or seventy times, taking turns at being audience. There was another scene we could have done, too, by cutting out the Army and the Duke of Buckingham, but Mr. Tibbets said that would be mutilation of the text, so we didn't.

All this time, between whiles, we used to play cards, not for money, because there wasn't any on the Island — only a dime and two German pfennigs — but for buttons. Whoever packed up that box of ours forgot about everything we needed, but he put in pretty near a quart of buttons. After a while the King of Spades and the Seven of Diamonds blew away and then we had to quit, anyhow. We thought we ought to give a prize to the one that had won the most games, so we presented Martin with a broken music-box that somebody had put into the box by mistake.

After that, the only excitement we had was eating new kinds of plants to see if they were poison. It's funny, but on that little Island, like a doughnut with one bite out of the side, there was hundreds of kinds of plants. When we found a new



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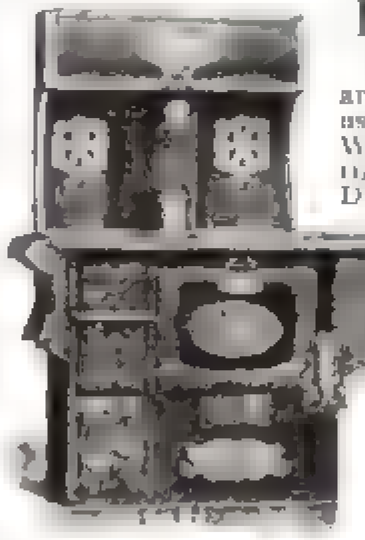

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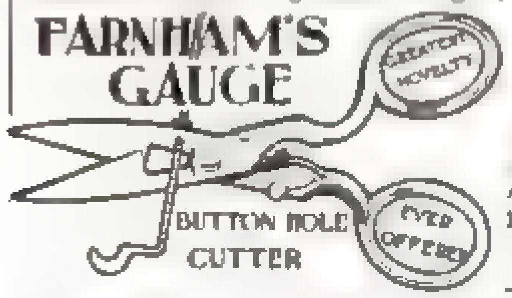

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one we'd draw lots to see which should eat it, and then, if it didn't make him sick, we'd make a picture of it on a shell, and we kept those shells in a pile, sort of like a library.

Then for quite a while there was nothing to do. We lay under the trees all day and looked up at the cocoanuts, Martin and me at the ends of the Island, and Mr. Tibbets in the middle. That lasted quite a while.

Then one day Mr. Tibbets comes running over to where I was, and says, "Look here, this Island has no government. For all the law and order we've got we might as well be anarchists. Now day after to-morrow," he says, "is election day, the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, and we must elect a Governor and a Legislature."

"You're wrong, of course, about election," I says, "which isn't for three days yet, and I must say I haven't seen any very wild disorder on this Island. But I guess you're right. We do need a Government."

Martin, naturally, held that election would come the very next day and we couldn't agree any more than we did at first. Those two was made so obstinate they wouldn't listen to the simplest argument. So after a while we just said we'd have the election in five days, no matter what date that might be.

Each of us got one vote for Governor and two for Member of the Legislature, and the election was a tie. Finally Mr. Tibbets and me had to agree to make Martin Governor because he was the only one that could read the laws, I not having much education, and Mr. Tibbets, as I told you, having lost his glasses. So Mr. Tibbets and I were the Legislature, and the first thing we did was to pass a law for the protection of a certain kind of oyster that the Governor was particular fond of, and he vetoed it and there was a deadlock and it lasted until we all said it must be December, sure.

Then we begun to think about Christmas, and of course we all wanted to have it on different days, and we argued that for a week, with the stick and the string and the calendar. Finally we all got sulky and wouldn't speak, but Martin came round to the rest of us one day and says: "What's the matter with having three Christmas dinners? Then each of us can have his own ideas about running things, and there's a small ash-receiver in the box that we can give for a prize." Of course the ash-tray wasn't much good to us, not having any cigars or tobacco, because whoever packed the box was too excited to put them in, but we finally agreed that we'd each get up a dinner on the day he thought Christmas ought to come.

After that I began to wonder and wonder what I could get for a Christmas dinner in that country. There wasn't any turkeys or geese. In fact there wasn't only one bird on the Island. A queer kind of a Paradise bird he was, with blue and yellow wings and a tail so long he could only just barely fly. We had often caught him and wondered if he was good to eat, but we always let him go again because we thought it would be a shame to kill him if he wasn't. Well, about two days after we'd settled about our Christmas that bird disappeared, and I began to think I knew what one of our Christmas dinners was going to be.

Then, one day, Mr. Tibbets came round to us and said he was convinced that people in tropical climates ought not to eat meat. Only oysters, he says, it was necessary to eat, there being really nothing else in the way of food. Maybe the heat had turned his head and maybe it hadn't, but anyhow, I knew that bird was the only bit of meat, outside of oysters, in a thousand miles, and so I was sure it was Martin that had it.

Well, the time went on until by my reckoning it was the twentieth of December, and by Mr. Tibbets' the twenty-first, and by Martin's the twenty-second, and still I couldn't imagine how I was going to get up any kind of a dinner at all. Martin and Mr. Tibbets were scooping some kind of ovens in the sand at the other end of the Island, and I was sitting on the top of our box looking off at the ocean, when I saw a tiny black dot on the water quite a ways out. The ocean was just like a sky turned upside down and that was the only speck on it, so I got to watching it and wondering what it was. And pretty soon it was getting nearer and nearer, and finally I could make out it was a whacking big turtle, with flippers like the wings of a bird. I looked around, but both the others was digging away for dear life and took no notice. And then it came over me all of a sudden. Turtle was more like turkey than any other beast. At least the first three letters was exactly the same. So I slips off my clothes and swims out and grabs the old turtle by the shell. He dived

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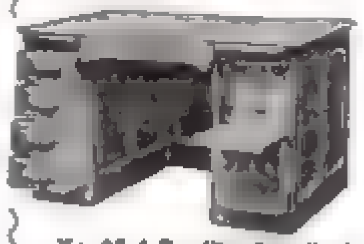

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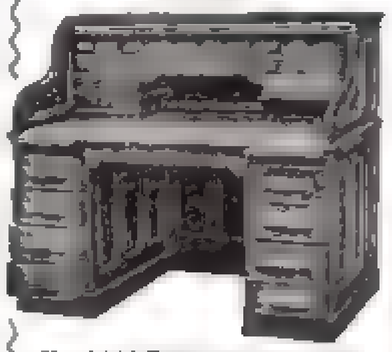

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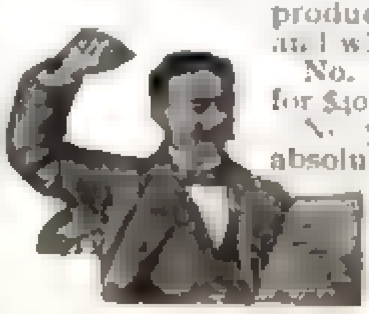

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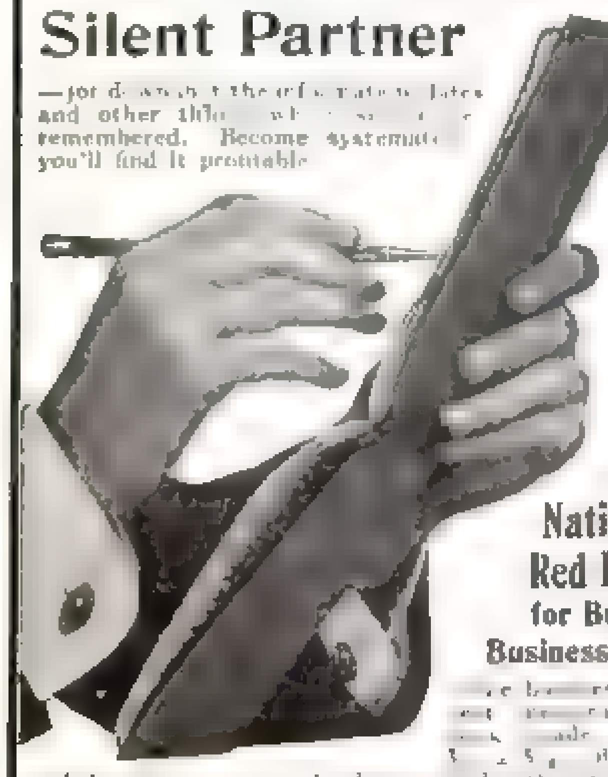

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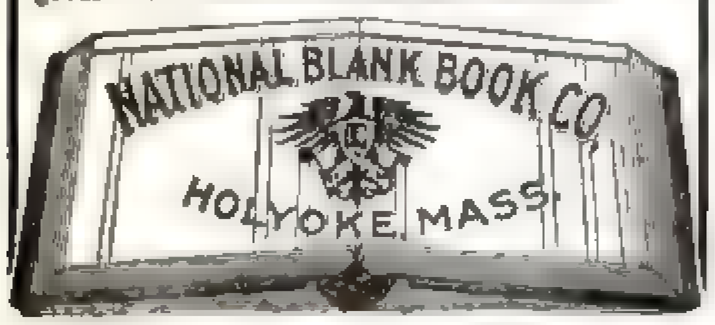

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MEILINK'S ADJUSTABLE MIRROR

that you'll wonder how you ever did without it. For shaving, the men will appreciate it too. **Send Your Name To-day** for special introductory offer and complete description, prices and photo of four styles and sizes. Bracket is made of steel, oxidized—French plate mirror, metal frame, handsome design. Instantly adjustable to any position or angle. Front, side and back views at one glance. Easily attached to any wall. [illegible] completely out of the way.

THE MEILINK MFG CO 1033 Jackson Avenue, Toledo, Ohio
Makers of Meilink's Home Deposit Vaults

and swimmed and was a pretty rough customer, but finally I got him to shore, and the funny part was that not one of the others noticed the rumpus at all. I started digging in the sand, too, right away, and before night there was three ovens on that Island

Now, as I figured, it was the twenty-third of December when we sat down, only really we squatted, to the dinner Martin cooked First we had oysters, the big kind we tried to make the close season on. Then we waited a while and Martin went off to his oven and finally came back with a clam-shell about. Finally we all got ready and took our first bite I bet that bird had been living in a quinine bush and feeding on the berries He tasted as if he'd been cooked with headache powders for sauce. And as there wasn't anything else but roots like baby turnips, and some funny pink berries we got up from that first Christmas dinner pretty hungry, I tell you

All the same, it wouldn't do to spoil our appetites, so Martin and me lay on the sand and looked up at the cocoanuts hanging in the trees and wished it was the next day, while Mr. Tibbets was puttering around and making a smoke like a factory at the other end of the Island.

He had turned vegetarian in the last week, as I told you, and instead of a roast he had got a big root like a sweet potato He called it a yam, and stuffed it with the meat of a cocoanut and then baked it. The inside part hadn't begun to cook till the outside looked like a coal sack, but we could scrape that off and didn't mind it much. It was a good dinner all right, but you can't feel Christmassy on nothing but vegetables, can you?

So next day it was my turn. I thought of another idea by that time, so I went down and caught about a hundred little tiny crabs no bigger than June bugs. Then I took the piece of board that had Mr. Tibbets' calendar on it and wrote (I told you I don't write extra well) "TUR" in big letters, and then a lot of curlicues, and then "WITH CRA" in big letters, and then some more curlicues, and then "SAUCE." Anybody, making allowances for my education, would think I'd tried to write "Turkey with Cranberry Sauce," when it really was meant for "Turtle with Crab Sauce"

And didn't they yell when they saw that sign! It was printed so big that Mr. Tibbets thought he could read it without his glasses Martin just said, "Where did you get 'em?"

Well, sir, you've eaten turtle, I don't doubt, but you never tasted one like this friend of mine It was like chicken only it was juicier, and like beefsteak only it was tenderer, and like lamb only it was richer, and like the finest pork chops only it wasn't so greasy. We sat on the sand and eat and eat, munching little crabs on the side, till we clean forgot there was any place else on earth but just our Island

And then suddenly a noise come over the water, the first noise from outside we'd heard in six months. Me and Martin and Mr Tibbets all jumped up and said "What's that?" like anybody would. And it was a ship, a tramp she was, in ballast, and she was just firing a gun for us. Well, we yelled, and in a few minutes there was a boat ashore and a mate and four sailors was shaking hands with us. Before they had a chance to ask how we was wrecked, all of us bursts out the same question: "When was Christmas?"

"Lord," says the mate, "Christmas ain't till to-morrow."

We was all disappointed, but I says, being the nearest right, anyhow, that we'll have our fourth Christmas dinner on the ship likely, and I laughed, to make things easy

"Dinner!" says the mate, looking kind of queer. "We runned out of stores two weeks ago. Biscuits and weevils and water is all the dinner you'll get off of us. But if you're through, would you mind us eating what's left of your dinner? I reckon this is a double-ended rescue, this is."

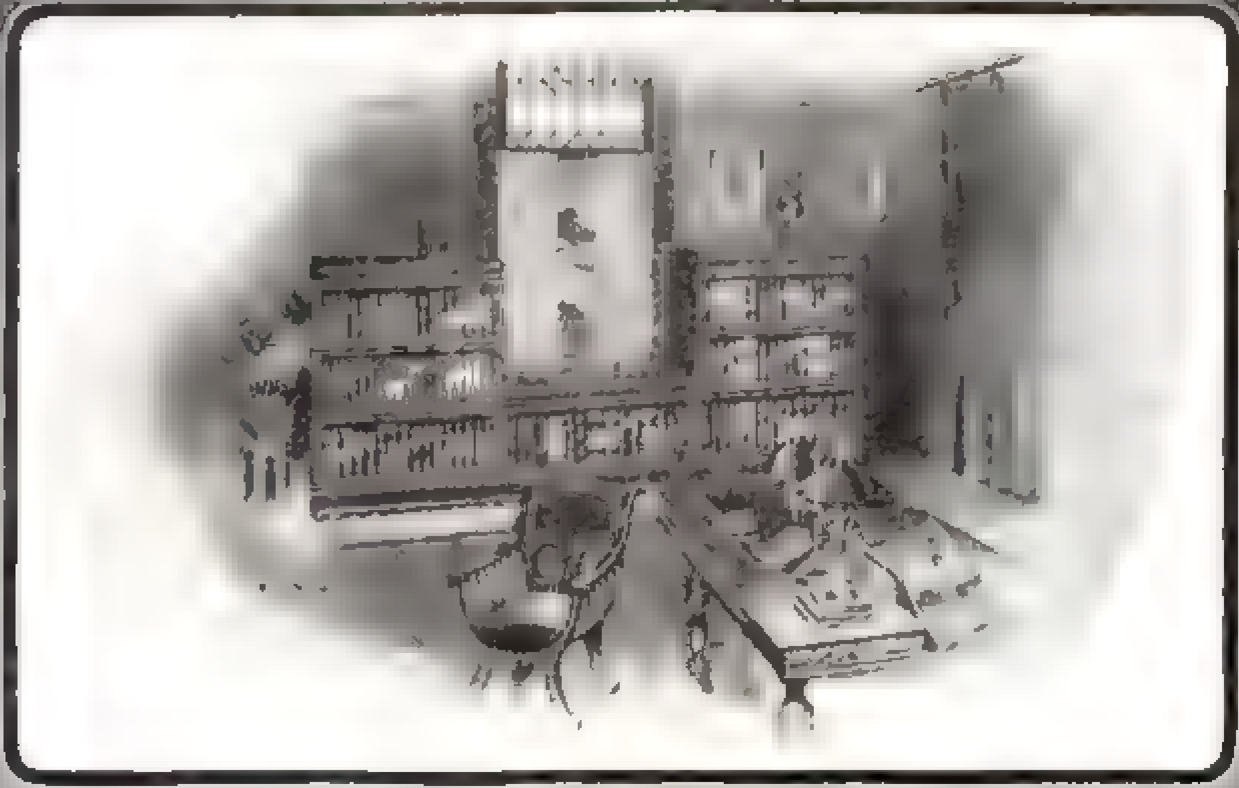
At this point a large policeman who had been watching us closely came up and uttered these words of singular potency:

"Chase yourself. If to-morrow wasn't Christmas I'd run you in."

"That's Peoria Pete," he added to me. "From Illinois. Has he been tellin' you about his Island? The only island he knows about is Blackwell's, out in the middle of the East River."

But I followed Peoria Pete and gave him his eighty-five cents.

Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases
A System of units



The above is but one of several interior views showing the variety of arrangement to which the "Elastic" Bookcases are adapted. Other views, sent with catalog, show them in various artistic arrangements in library, parlor, den, hall, etc. The "Elastic" Bookcase is the original and only perfect sectional case made. The doors are non-binding, dust-proof, operate on roller bearings, and positively cannot get out of order. The base units are furnished either with or without drawers. Made in a variety of woods and finishes and carried in stock by dealers in principal cities—or direct from factory, freight paid.

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Our illustrated booklets, mailed free, will help you to plan a California tour. Address General Passenger Office, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

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Holder is made of finest quality hard rubber, in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade, large size 14k. gold pen, any flex[illegible] desired — ink feeding de[illegible]

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LADIES: [illegible] man or a single [illegible] ever handy, and ever suggestive of the giver.

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The Baker is the original and only perfect table of its kind. Has a handsome polished oak top 18 x 24 inches, adjustable to any desired height or angle and extends to reach the middle of a wide bed. Bright steel frame durably enameled and beautifully ornamented. [illegible] in black $4.50, in white $5.50. Freight prepaid east of Kansas, or if preferred sent by express prepaid for 50c extra. Money back if not satisfied. **Interesting book for the asking.**

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

MONEY IN SQUABS — The Government gives a practical demonstration of what they can be made to pay.

IT HAS long been known by practical breeders of poultry that there is money in raising squabs. Now the United States Government has given to this fact official confirmation, based on scientific tests.

The record of profit reveals the great opportunity awaiting those who engage in this industry. In the practical experiments conducted the diet of the birds consisted of wheat at eighty cents a bushel, sifted cracked corn at $1 a hundredweight, Kafir corn at ninety cents a bushel, millet at ninety cents, hemp at $1.30 and peas at $1.10 the bushel. At these rates the cost of feeding was one-seventh of a cent a day for each bird, or about fifty-two cents a year.

On that basis the net annual return was $1.50 a pair. There were 425 pair of pigeons in the flock and they reared 4400 marketable squabs in twelve months.

This is a practical, conservative record, bearing the Government's *bona fides*, and may be duplicated by any one who will carefully attend to the requirements of the birds.

The farmer who contemplates embarking in the squab industry should first post himself fully on the subject. The Government calls attention to a breeder who, five years ago, started with a single pair of birds. From time to time he bought a few until he had a small, well-selected flock. The yield of squabs has paid for expenses of every description, including the erection of two new large pigeon houses at a cost of $250 a piece, and the wages of a man two days in each week to prepare the squabs for market, and now the specialist has 600 birds, yielding him a regular weekly income.

The Government's experts state that any spot that would prove unhealthful for human residence would be an unsuitable location for a pigeon home. Ample provision must be made for the bathing habits of the birds. Arrangements should be provided to give the pigeons a certain amount of exercise. Openings three inches wide and four inches high permit the pigeons to pass from their dormitory to their gymnasium. The size and capacity of the pigeon home, the kind of corridors and partitions, the choice of lumber, the height at which the nests should be built, the details of light, ventilation, drainage — these and other items are of great importance.

The selection of a flock and the proper crossing of homers, dragoons and other varieties call for exact knowledge. The Government's experts say that where experimenters have failed to reap a rich harvest of squabs it is often due to the fact that they began with the wrong kinds of birds.

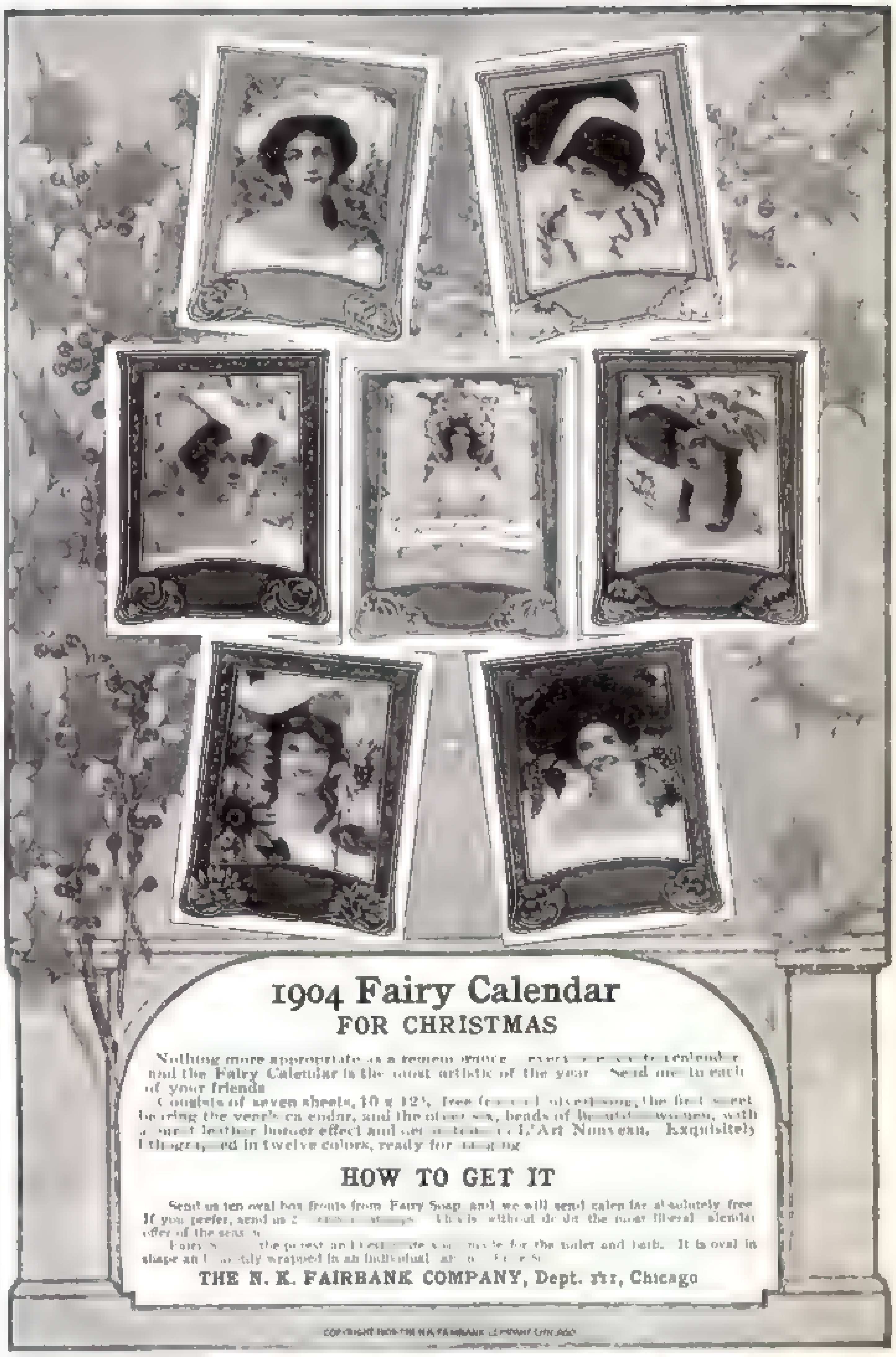
In the experiments which the Government reports some of the pigeons yielded as high as twelve pair of squabs in a year. It is claimed that certain times for feeding produce the best result. The pigeon menu must be a mixed and varied one. The experts say that it would be as injudicious and disastrous to feed the birds exclusively on peas, a high-priced food, as on wheat alone or some other cheap article of diet.

THE DISCOVERY OF BERSEEM — It reclaims barren land, maintains fertility of soil and conquers weeds

ARRANGEMENTS are now under way to extend over large areas in the United States the cultivation of berseem, a remarkable plant which has been demonstrated to be the secret and foundation of the inexhaustible fertility of Egyptian soil.

Undiminished crops have been gathered for so many centuries from the plains of Egypt that it has been believed until recently, even by scientific men, that the secret lay in the rich agricultural value of Nile silt. Technical investigation conducted by the United States Government shows this old belief to be an utter fallacy. "We have been accustomed," said David G. Fairchild, agricultural explorer for the United States, "to regard the Egyptian farmer tilling a perpetually renewed alluvium, whereas the fact is that this Nile soil is so lacking in nitrogen that in most places two good crops of Indian corn cannot be raised in successive years off the same field."

Searching, therefore, for the real secret of Egypt's agricultural resources, the remarkable discovery was made that the plant known



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FOR CHRISTMAS

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Consists of seven sheets, 10 x 12½, free from all advertising, the first sheet bearing the year's calendar, and the other six, heads of beautiful women, with a burnt leather border effect and [illegible] L'Art Nouveau. Exquisitely lithographed in twelve colors, ready for hanging.

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Send us ten oval box fronts from Fairy Soap and we will send calendar absolutely free. If you prefer, send us 2[illegible] stamps. This is without doubt the most liberal calendar offer of the season.

Fairy Soap is the purest and best white soap made for the toilet and bath. It is oval in shape and [illegible] wrapped in an individual carton. Fairy Soap.

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Good Manners

GOOD FORM AND ENTERTAINING

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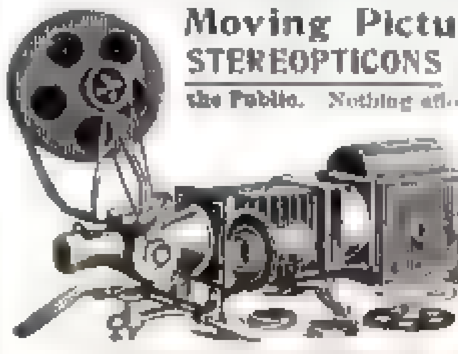

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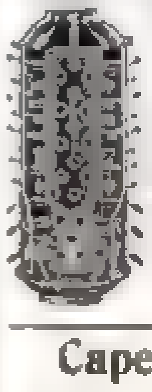

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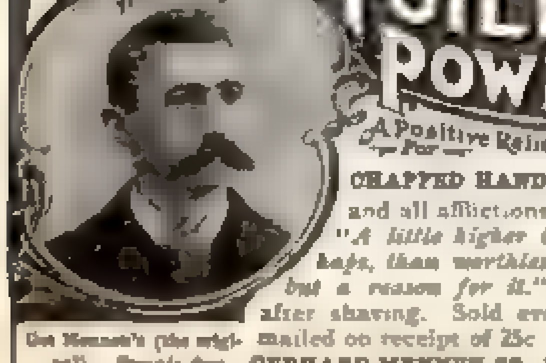

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Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.* GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

as berseem has the power to reclaim barren, alkaline lands and maintain them in a productive state. This discovery is of world-wide importance

Mr. Fairchild in the Nile delta visited basins of alkaline lands that had been thoroughly reclaimed by growing berseem there. He saw cattle and horses grazing on luxurious fields of berseem — fields that two years before were, he says, "as barren of vegetation as a bathing beach." Furthermore, the roots of berseem stored such a vast amount of nitrogen in the soil reclaimed that on the third year the land was able to produce a crop of cotton.

Berseem is a species of *Trifolium* which has the power, as indicated, not only to consume saline and alkaline properties in the land, but also to enrich it with nitrates. Something of a composite of alfalfa and clover, it is in every way more delicate in flavor and succulent than either. In Egypt it is the food of horses, camels, cattle and donkeys. Even the peasants or fellaheen find it a palatable dish.

Berseem is remarkably fattening. The Department of Agriculture pronounces it to be one of the most nutritious green foods known

A further remarkable fact in regard to the plant, and one which will recommend it widely, is that it has the power to kill most kinds of weeds. For miles in Egypt the American experts rode along fields of berseem in which scarcely a weed was to be seen

It is the purpose to test this plant in Texas, Arizona, Oregon, Washington and other sections of the Northwest. In the Southwest it will be tried in rotation with cotton; in Arizona and California, where irrigation is practiced, berseem will be used as a winter soiling and fodder crop; and in the Northwest, where it will be planted after danger of frost has passed and harvested before the heated term, it will be tried in rotation with wheat.

TOOTHPICKS — They are turned out from the Maine forests by the ton at a good profit.

AN OFFICIAL of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor furnishes the writer with the following data concerning the manufacture of an article most extensively used in this country — the wooden toothpick

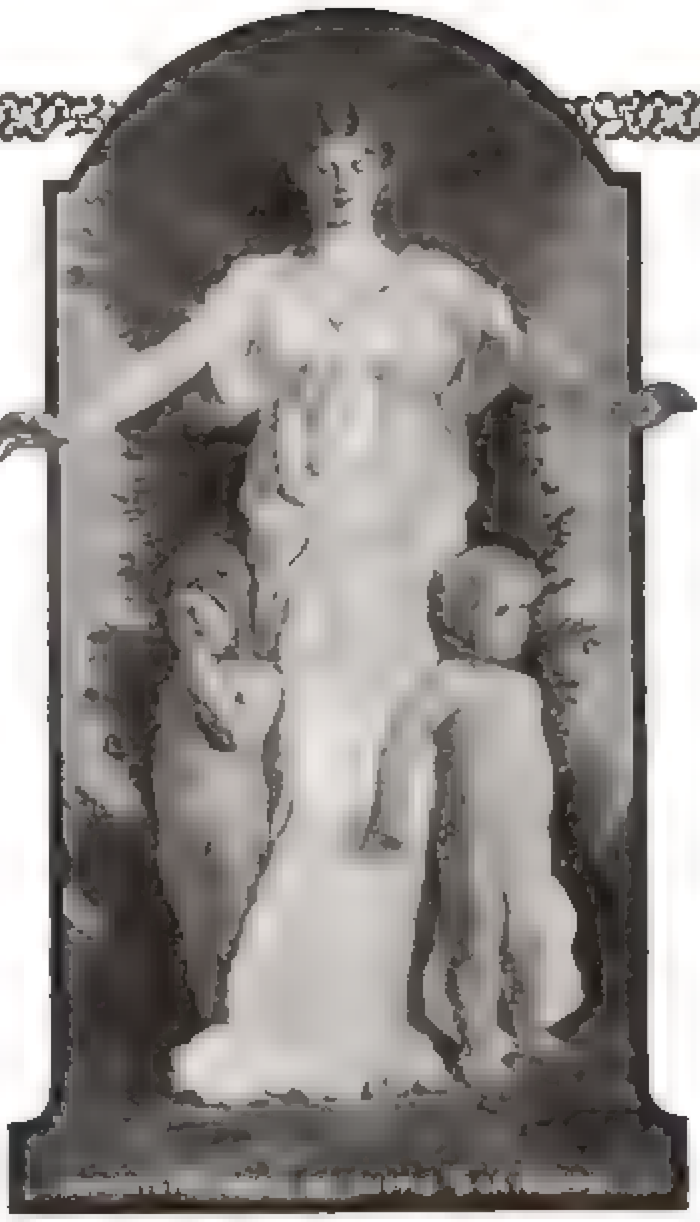
Few persons have any notion of the enormous quantity of such toothpicks annually turned out by factories in the United States According to the official mentioned, the number of these is beyond calculation — thousands of millions every year. Besides those made in this country, toothpicks in incredible numbers are imported, mainly from Japan, Portugal and Italy; but the greater number used here are made by home factories.

The State of Maine furnishes most of them. It is in that State that white birch, of which the greater proportion of domestic toothpicks is made, is found in abundance. The wood in question is preferred for this purpose by reason of its softness and pliability, which afford just the amount of resistance needed for a toothpick. In Maine there are numerous mills, equipped with costly and intricate machinery, whose entire industry it is to supply the United States with toothpicks. And the industry is a most profitable one

Although the State of Maine possesses a practical monopoly in toothpick making, there are other mills, notably in Vermont, New York and Massachusetts.

It appears that white birch is not the only wood used — maple and poplar as well being employed; but as birch has the desirable quality of retaining its forest odor and sweetness, it has the preference over all other woods

The felling of trees to be split into toothpicks forms, of course, merely an incidental part of the regular work of the Maine foresters. Though no especial gangs are told off to select suitable trees, the foreman will mark a tree that seems adapted for the manufacture of toothpicks, order it cut down and put aside The branches are trimmed off and only the trunk sent to the mills Then the bark is skinned and the naked trunk is run through a machine that severs it into veneers — "veneers" being the technical term for thin strips of wood no thicker than a piece of blotting paper and no wider than the length of a toothpick. When the trunk has been cut into these sheets of wood, only one other process remains — to turn out the toothpicks fit for packing and shipping to market. The veneers are fed into a second machine supplied with sharp, rotary knives that whirl at very high speed, snipping the veneers into toothpicks at the rate of hundreds of thousands an hour.



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A bank president wheeled in his chair the other day and said, "Make me out one of those RELIANCE policies for $100,000." He was a wise banker. We like to deal with bankers. They know so much about capital and surplus and wise management and enter into an insurance transaction with what might be termed "the judicial spirit." We also like to deal with sensible people who are **not** bankers. Would you not like to get in touch with us by mail? If we cannot be of service to you, we promise to change our plans or strike our flag.

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to business and day and evening functions Go to the store that sells

STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES

(you'll see our fashion plates in the windows) and "try-on" one of the new models — Suit or Overcoat — $15 upward — your own tailor can make no better — likely not as good — PROVE IT — to-day.

Write for our book on Autumn Smart Clothes — "Number 10" — which, besides the fine illustrations, contains information valuable to the man, who wants to dress properly from Hat to Shoes. IT'S FREE.

The Stein-Bloch Co. WHOLESALE TAILORS ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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What Young Man but desires them and dreams that great success will attend his efforts and crown his later years with good fortune?

Yet frequently, in the haste to become rich, he overlooks methods of acquiring a competence which are sure — though to his impatience they may seem slow.

Often he reaches thirty or thirty-five with practically nothing laid by. Then he finds it hard to economize; his expenditures have been gradually increasing and he has not acquired the habit of saving!

The Advantages of Endowment Life Insurance

are, that taken out early in Life it furnishes an unequalled method of saving, and enables you, in fact almost compels you, to save money regularly.

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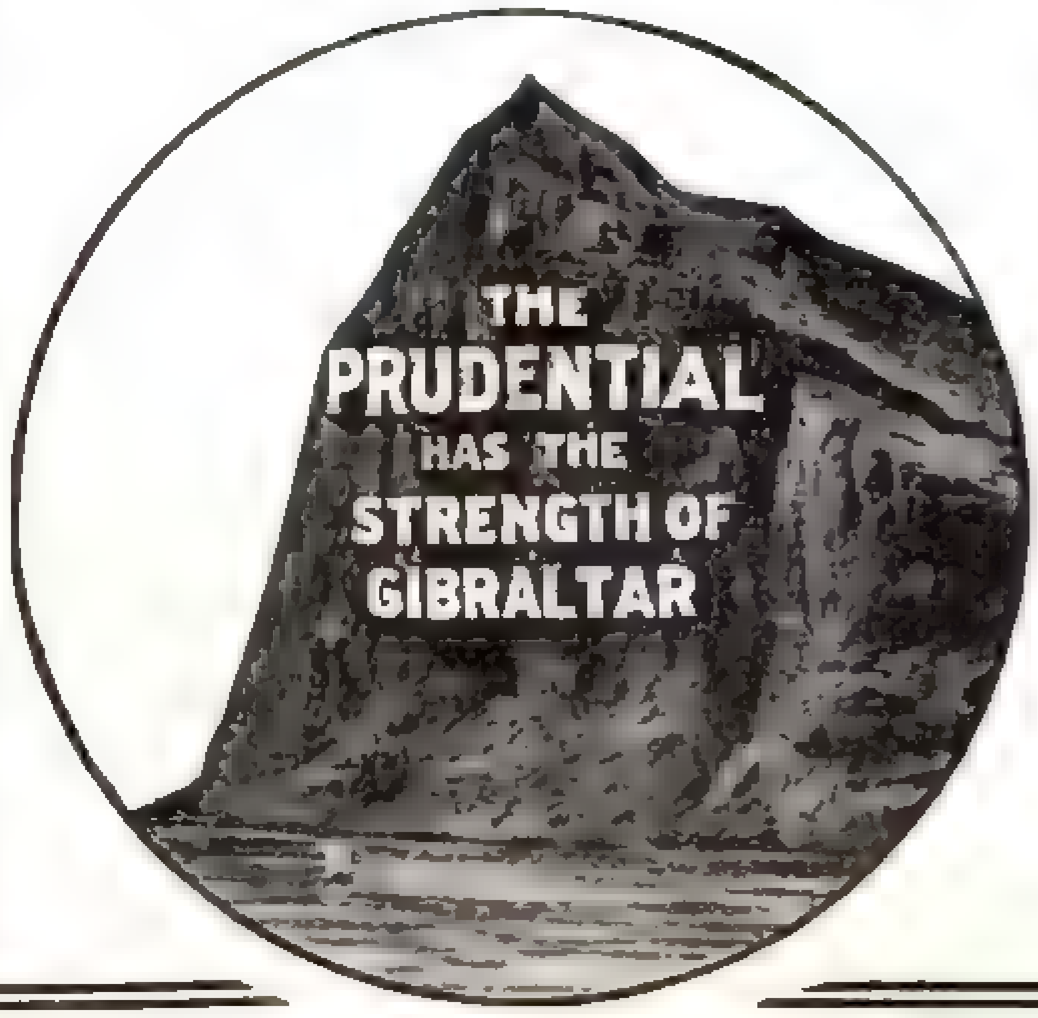
THE PRUDENTIAL

has some things to say about Endowment Life Insurance. Fill in the attached Coupon and send it in. It costs nothing and it may be the means of starting you on the road which leads to fortune.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[illegible] to make a trial of our [illegible] method, for 75c we will [illegible] postpaid a trial box of [illegible] assorted [illegible] 30c [illegible]

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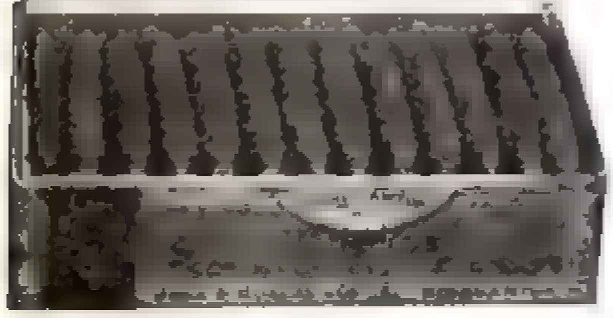

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It keeps the driver warm and dry as in a closed car. It saves the horse against the wind and stops the strain on buggy top. Fits on any buggy [illegible] neat and trim. Curtains and windows disappear by a touch. No incumbrance — put on or off in two minutes. Sent on approval. Picture catalog free. "Are you with us?"

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Christmas at the White House One Hundred Years Ago

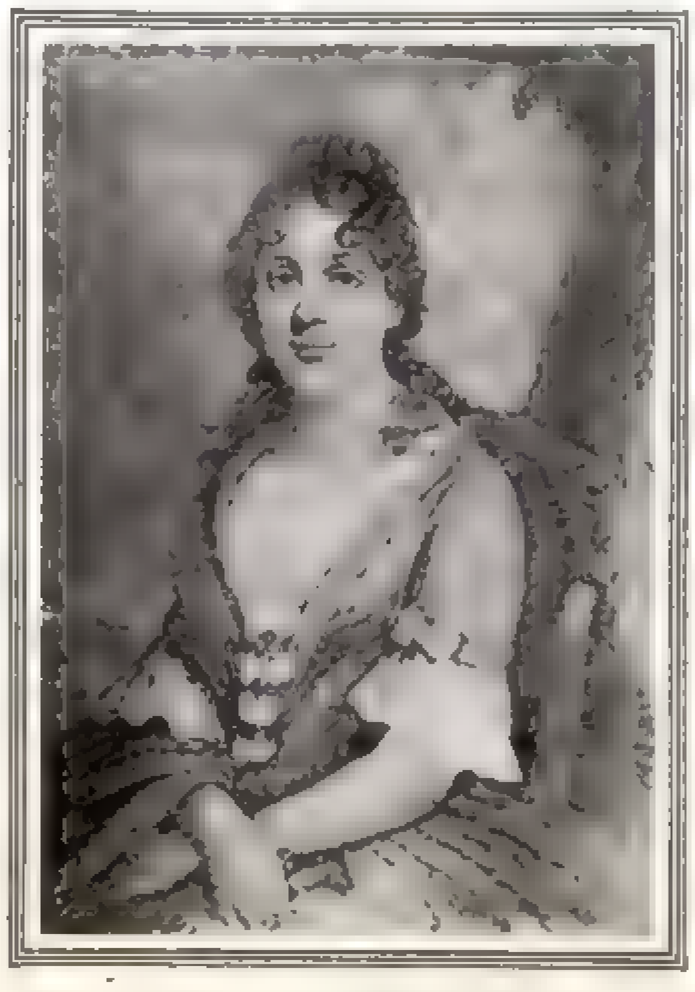
A LITTLE KNOWN MEDALLION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

CHRISTMAS at the White House one hundred years ago was a remarkably gay and festive occasion. Thomas Jefferson was then President, and hospitality was dispensed at the mansion with a freedom which found no subsequent parallel until the arrival of Mr. Roosevelt, whose ideas on that subject seem to be remarkably like those of the author of the Declaration. Then, as now, every agreeable stranger who "dropped in" at the White House was invited, and expected, to make himself at home, and it is a matter of historical record that as many as fifty persons at a time were sometimes sheltered under the Executive roof-tree — though how it was managed nobody can say!

Contemporary, and still-extant descriptions of the White House in those days, its family and its domestic doings, make it easy to give a fairly accurate account of the way in which Mr. Jefferson and his household spent Christmas Day one hundred years ago. For one thing, it is known that his two daughters, Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Eppes, came up to the capital to spend the holiday, bringing with them their husbands, both of whom were Virginia Congressmen; and Mrs Randolph also brought her six children, who were their grandfather's very particular pets.

Jefferson introduced the first children into the White House. He was a widower, having lost his wife twenty years earlier; but his daughter, Martha Jefferson Randolph, spent the bulk of six years with him in Washington and her sister, Mrs. Eppes, came now and then, bringing her children, so that there was no lack of family atmosphere. Mrs Randolph, indeed, was the mother of the first child born in the White House, the happy event occurring in the winter of 1805-6.

Mrs. Randolph cared little for social pleasures in the fashionable sense of the term, and could not be persuaded to assume the



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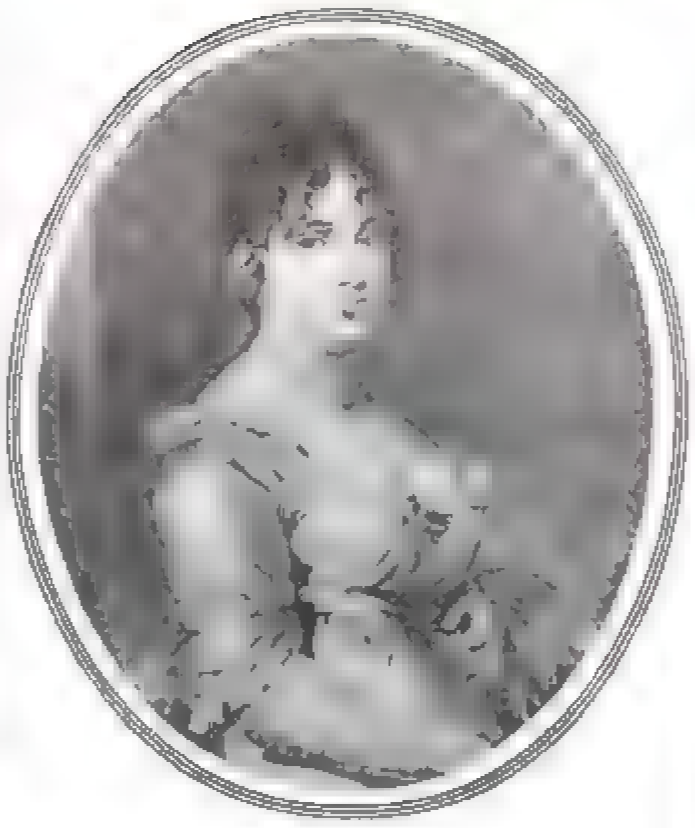


DOLLY MADISON

responsibilities of mistress of the White House. She was a very motherly sort of woman, and devoted to the children, for whom a schoolroom was fitted up at the west end of the second floor, she herself acting as teacher. Upon Mrs. Dolly Madison devolved the serious duties of entertaining, and it was she who presided at the Christmas dinner, as well as on all other formal occasions.

To make the picture of the Christmas vivid, one must recall, in imagination, the striking figure of Jefferson — tall and distinguished looking, with red hair and spindle-shanks, his face much freckled, his hands and feet large, and his teeth noticeably fine and perfect. Extremely simple in his habits, and unaffected in manners, he often offended people by the frankness with which he expressed his opinions, which were certainly not modeled after anybody else's.

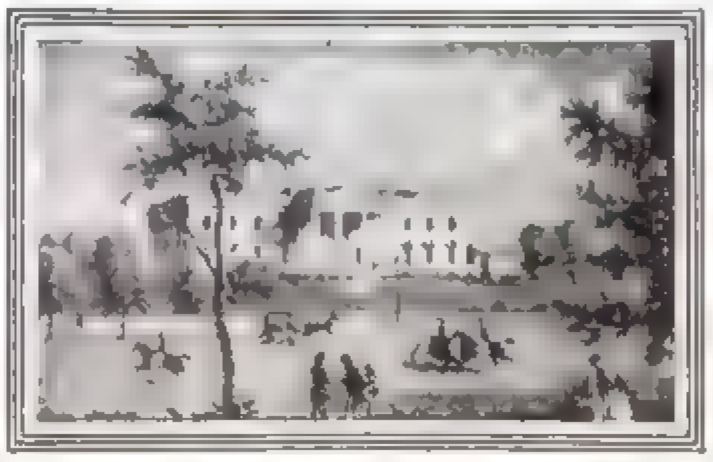
The White House, a hundred years ago, stood in the midst of a rough-looking and uncultivated area, which as yet had not been brought under subjection by the skilled gardener. Its principal entrance was at the south front (now closed to the public), and its interior had a rather bare and unfurnished appearance. The East Room was used only as a laundry, and the furniture of the other apartments was scanty.

The President at Market

MR. JEFFERSON himself went to the old Marsh market on the morning of that Christmas Day, a century ago, and picked out the geese for the dinner. He was fond of good cheer, and liked to exercise his judgment in the choice of a bird or a joint. Nowadays the White House steward attends to all that sort of business, but those were days of greater simplicity in ways of living, and it was not considered (as now would be the case) that the President was derogating from his dignity in purchasing his own provisions.

It is chronicled that on the afternoon of that day Mrs. Madison took four of Mrs. Randolph's little girls to ride, and on the way back, over the old Georgetown Road, she bought boughs of mistletoe from an old negro, decking the carriage with them. Doubtless gifts were exchanged — for the Jeffersons, being Virginians, believed, as the New England Adamses did not, in celebrating Yuletide in this and other ways — but, of course, the principal event was the dinner, which was held in the state dining-room, the private dining-room being too small to accommodate all the guests.

There was, indeed, quite a large party. Besides the President and his two daughters and their husbands, there were Mr. and Mrs



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is, however, a couple of years ahead. We are through with our experimenting and our customers have proved our car over and over again on all kinds of roads, under all conditions, and at all times of the year.

Air-cooling is right. Everybody knows that it saves weight, complexity, and doesn't freeze. Franklin-owners know also that it does the work even in the very hottest days.

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Madison, half a dozen other persons of distinction, and a number of relatives and neighbors from Virginia—not to mention at least six children, for each of whom a special cranberry tart was provided. Mr. Jefferson never forgot the little ones, and the tart, placed at each small plate, was considered indispensable to the happiness of the occasion. The requisite illumination was furnished by eight large silver candelabra which stood on the table, holding dozens of wax candles, and the viands were dispensed with the aid of a dozen negro servitors

John Adams established state dinners at the White House, their stiff formality delighting his highly conventional soul, but Thomas Jefferson abolished them. He preferred to entertain in a different style, and, being a very hospitable man, he made everybody welcome to his board. As above stated, he took great pleasure and pride in selecting viands for his own table, and those who dined with him were always sure of enjoying good cookery and first rate wines.

There were no clergymen present at that Christmas dinner one hundred years ago. Jefferson, as is well known, had no affinity for the cloth. But, on the other hand, painters, Bohemians, adventurers, and deadbeats generally, foreign and domestic, were at home in the White House during his rule. He was easily imposed upon, and people whom he scarcely knew would quarter themselves upon him for indefinite periods. One family of casual visitors, from Europe, stayed ten months

Presided over by Mr. Jefferson the Christmas feast could not be otherwise than a jolly affair. Of everything eatable there were huge quantities—all of the viands placed on the table at once, after the fashion of those days. The guests were pressed to stuff themselves, and choice wines, in decanters and bottles, were freely offered. Thomas Jefferson, though a temperate man and exceptionally abstemious for those bibulous days, when it was considered almost a duty for a gentleman to get intoxicated after dinner, enjoyed a social glass, and was by no means lacking in the convivial impulse.

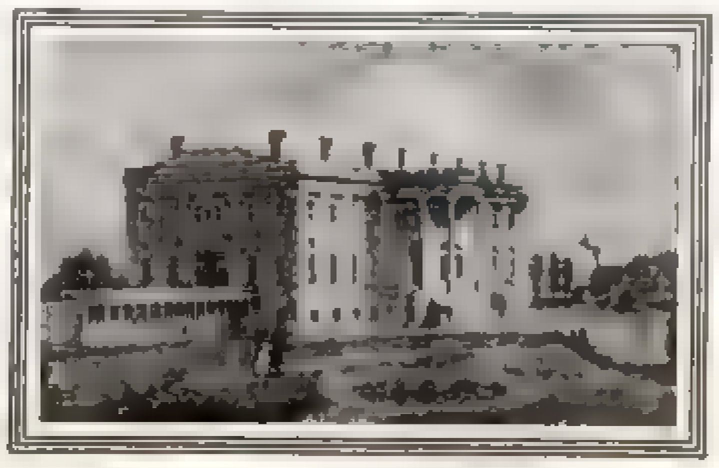
After the Ladies Rose

THE heavy drinking, however, was not begun until after the ladies, at a signal from Mrs. Madison, had left the table. Then a huge punch-bowl was brought on, and toasts were proposed, each one requiring to be duly honored with a brimming glass. Truly, what wonderful constitutions and capacities the gentlemen of those times must have had, to be able to live up to the convivial requirements of the day!

It may be taken for granted, then, that on this occasion, at all events, the men preserved a reasonable measure of sobriety; for presently they were obliged to join the ladies in the Oval Room, which is known to-day as the Blue Room, where much gayety followed. There were round games, forfeits and various other frivolous pastimes for the grown-ups, the children having been sent to bed. By ten o'clock in the evening it was all over, and the guests were taking their departure—those of them, that is to say, who were not staying in the house.

Life was much simpler in those days than now, and late hours for entertaining were unknown. Such hospitality as the President dispensed was generous, but without attempt at any sort of display. Mr. Jefferson's salary was only $25,000 a year, and out of it he paid his own Secretary, as every President did up to Jackson.

It is worth mentioning that Dolly Madison presided at no fewer than fourteen Christmas dinners at the White House during the Jefferson and Madison Administrations. One such celebration was missed because Mr. Jefferson spent Yuletide that year at Monticello, and another (in 1814) because the British had driven Mr. and Mrs. Madison out of their official residence.



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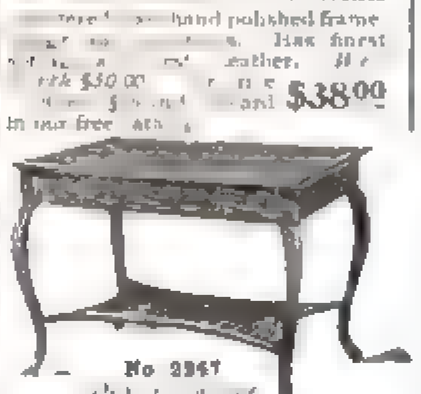
No. 2203 Turkish Leather Rocker [illegible] hand polished frame [illegible] Has finest [illegible] leather. [illegible] $50.00 [illegible] $38.00 in our free catalog.



No. 2247 Library Table [illegible] drawer [illegible] Price direct on approval $8.25 [illegible] Mahogany [illegible]

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No. 1859

No. 1859 Writing Table

Height 46 in. Length 42 in. Glass Knobs. Price, Quartered Oak, $22.50 Mahogany, $27.00 [illegible]

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A Christmas Suggestion

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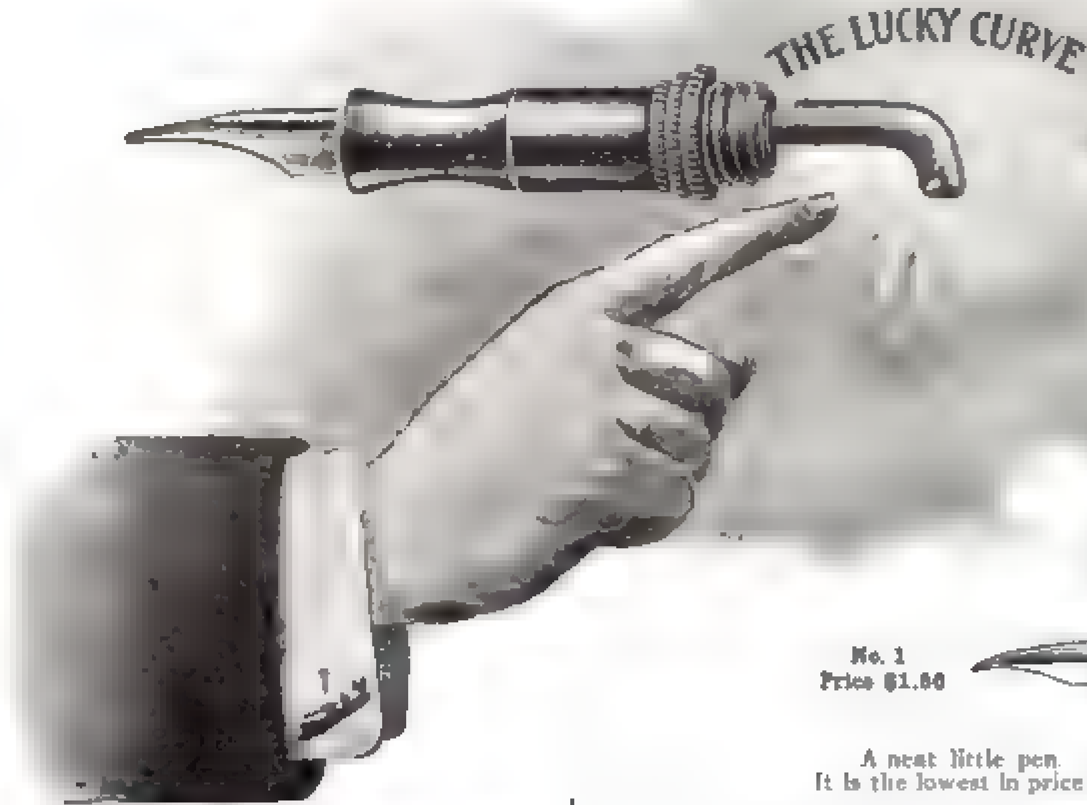
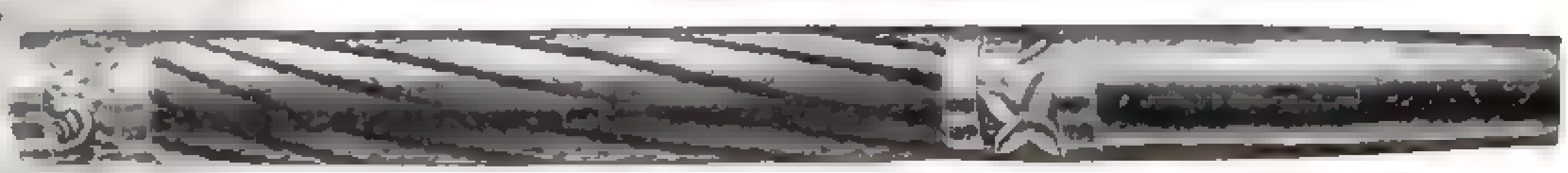
The GEO. S. PARKER Fountain Pen





A Christmas Suggestion

Are you perplexed and bothered to know what to select for a Christmas present for some dear friend, for some boy or girl, for a young lady or young gentleman, for mother, father, sister, or brother? There is no present, of moderate price, which you can buy that will give such pleasure and satisfaction as will a Parker Pen. It is a useful article, which will last a lifetime and be a constant pleasure to the owner. For your convenience, I will illustrate a few of the most popular numbers. My catalogue, however, shows many additional styles.

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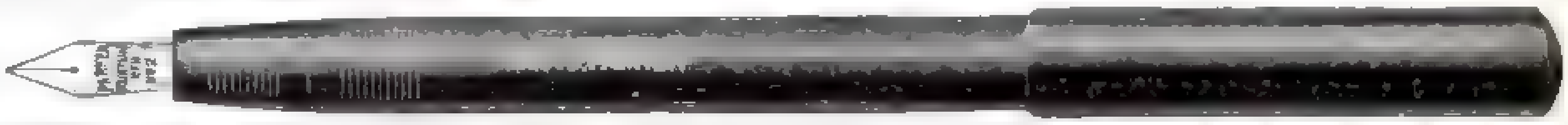
Price $1.50

No. 1. Plain Barrel Parker Lucky Curve. Price $1.50.

A neat little pen. Has the "Lucky Curve" [illegible] Does not have the Anti-Break Cap. Either over or under Feed. A very good pen and warranted. It is the lowest in price of any Parker "Lucky Curve" made.

No. 20
Screw Joint
or Jointless
$2.50



This is a splendid pen for the money, and it is just the thing for the school boy or school girl. It is so simple and strong that it can hardly be gotten out of order. If you want to send a thrill of pleasure through "that boy" or "that girl," you can do it with a Parker No. 20. Not quite so large as the next size, but it is good and fully warranted.

No. 23. This number can be supplied when so desired, with practically same size barrel as No. 20, but the pen is a full size larger than the preceding number. The larger pen affording, as it does, the different "feel," will richly repay anyone to purchase this pen if they are connoisseurs. Price $3.00

No. 24
Screw Joint
or Jointless
$4.00

No. 24. Price $4.00. This pen is much larger than the general run of pens [illegible] who know just what they want, and can afford to pay the higher price [illegible] finer pen. If you feel like spending $4.00 for a [illegible] year hence $10.00 would not [illegible] It has a "feel," too, all its own. We can recommend it as one of the finest pens ever made. (This pen fitted for manifolding, Shorthand or [illegible]

No. 25
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or Jointless
$5.00

No. 25. Price $5.00. If you enjoy writing with a large fountain and pen, you should own a No. 25. It will tell the story of what [illegible] is possible to be afforded in a fountain pen. The entire fountain is large, but you forget all about that, as the large, smooth shining pen glides swiftly over the paper.

No. 8.
Price $3.00

This is a very handsome pen. Has beautifully chased barrel in a great variety of patterns, fitted with gold bands. It is made in two sizes [illegible] in engraving, the other [illegible]

No. 9
Price $4.00

This is a gentlemen's pen exclusively. It is by all odds the most handsome of the large sized fountains. An ample ink reservoir. Beautifully mounted. A superb pen in every way. For a birthday or holiday gift it is [illegible]

No. 12
Price $6.00

No. 12. Inlaid pearl with gold bands. Price $6.00. If you want to own something out of the ordinary, or make a present that would be treasured for a lifetime, you need go no further. The price quoted on all pens are with [illegible]

No. 14
Price
$5.00
No. 16
Price
$6.00

The Silver is inlaid over the vulcanite, making a most striking looking pen. Space is reserved on name plate for engraving name of owner. No. 16, same pattern as above, Solid 18k gold plate will wear for many years. Price $6.00. If you want to spend as much as $5.00 or $6.00 for a fancy fountain you need have no fear of regretting your selection of [illegible]

No. 30
Price
$10.00

GEO. S. PARKER

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No. 40
Price
$20.00

No. 40. Price $20.00. (Barrel and Cap Covered With Solid 18k [illegible]

We do not expect this pen will ever come into very general use. Yet for Christmas presents, wedding presents, a birthday present, a present to some honored member of a society, it would make a lasting reminder of the donor. It is difficult to conceive how a more beautiful pen could be made. The cut, however good, gives but a poor representation of it. The flowers, leaves, vines, etc., stand out in relief as the body of the barrel is cut down by engraving to give prominence to the beautiful raised work. The delicate beauty and richness of this pen must be seen to be appreciated. Space is left on the barrel in place reserved for it to engrave the name of owner. With this pen will be sent a plush morocco box without additional charge.

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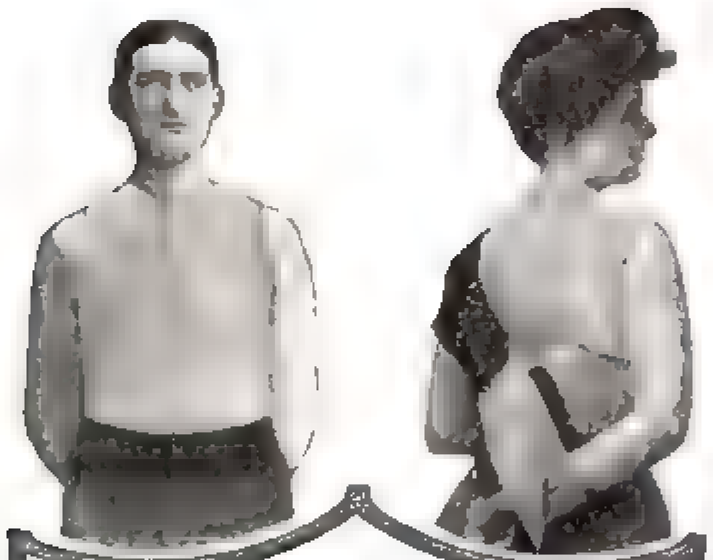

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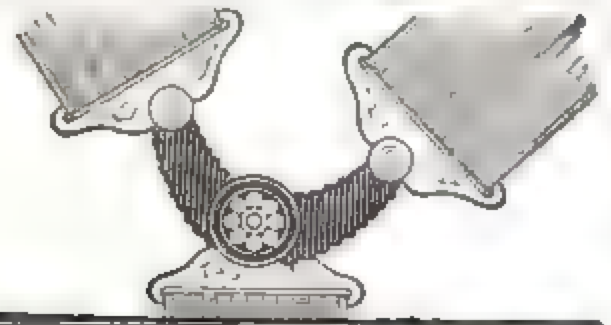

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE library table is heaped high this winter with books of poetry, most of them the offerings of quite new bards, both American and English. What, by the way, does this enormous output of poetry during the last two years mean? That the age is not, as we all have asserted, given over to money-grubbing? That Pan still dwells as of old in shady places by the waterside, and chooses his reeds and plays his songs on them, deaf to the sound of automobiles or the trolley cars?

Or can it be that these human reeds who urge their songs upon us never heard of Pan, but have made up and piped their lays out of their own wits in the reasonable hope of good royalties? Are they also infected with commercialism?

If so, be sure their sin will find them out on their first page. The true bard, now as in the days of Homer, is no bargainer, he carries no purse and goes barefoot, but all the world calls him brother.

Here is one book at least which has been sent out of love of its theme, and not by any greed for money. It is John Burroughs' Songs of Nature *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*. Everybody knows and loves John Burroughs because none of us have kept closer to the Great Mother, or have understood her language better. What he tells you of a pine tree, or a hermit thrush, or an earthworm, you may take as gospel. They are his blood relations and no man is better posted in family affairs

But when publishers set him to choosing the best poems on Nature, we cry, Halt!

That he knows the song of the katydid or the shade of an oak leaf nobody questions. But a poem about these things requires a sense in us which is not in the eye or the ear. The great poem on a bird or a blade of grass seizes the soul of the thing, and makes it real to your soul. You never met a tiger face to face except William Blake's, though you may have shot a dozen in the desert, nor did you ever know a skylark until Shelley's came to you. Job and Byron have sounded the live thunder as you never heard it among the hills, and Blake's rhyme of the Little Lamb bares to us the inner life of God's innocent, helpless creatures. Brutal though we may be, it brings the hot tears to our eyes, and defies us ever to hurt them again.

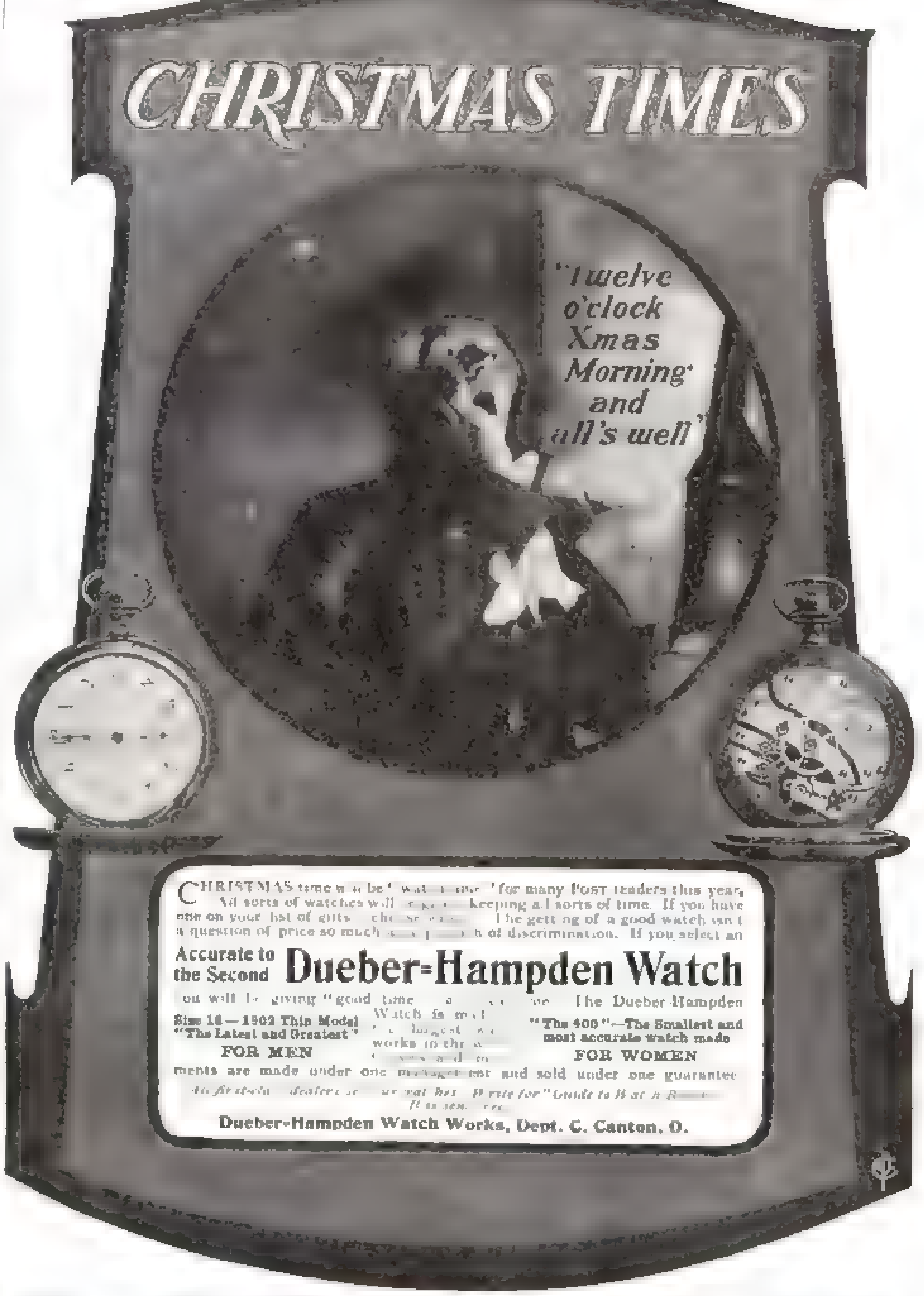
Such as these are the great poems on Nature—they have a breath of Nature's own creative power in them. The men who have thus laid their hands on God's creatures and compelled them to come and say to us, "Here we are," are usually not popular among ordinary readers. They are apt, like Blake and Shelley, to be reckoned by their neighbors as not quite sane

Now, Mr. Burroughs is altogether sane He regards these waking dreamers with good-natured forbearance, but he does not choose many of his favorite poems from their songs. He assures us that the true Nature poem, first of all, must be correct in its small facts. A swallow in it should not be reported as lighting on a fence, because swallows perch on barns. The oriole *père* should not be described as helping to build the nest, because this idle Monsieur only overlooks his wife as she does the work, and does not lift a helping claw to it, etc., etc.

The two poems which Mr. Burroughs himself contributes to the collection are based on this idea of accurate detail. We have in one a matter of fact list of the colors in the plumage of the Alaskan Crown Sparrow, with a concise account of the geographical features of the spot where the author saw this sparrow, winding up with the exact number of miles between the aforesaid spot and Boston. Another poem, a tribute to a Lapland bird, treats of it in precisely the same way, ending with lists of the points in northern latitudes where this bird is to be found, and of the plants indigenous to them. This is interesting information, and doubtless accurate. But is it poetry?

With these petty drawbacks, the compilation is a good one and should be put in the hands of boys or girls who as yet have no feeling of kindness for their dumb brothers.

Another unpretentious volume is A Reading of Life, by George Meredith *(Scribners)*. It is always impossible to get a dispassionate verdict on Mr. Meredith's work. His coterie of disciples reverently regard his utterances as sacred, and tolerate no criticism of them.



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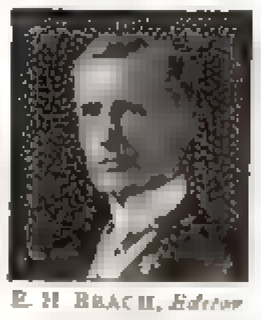

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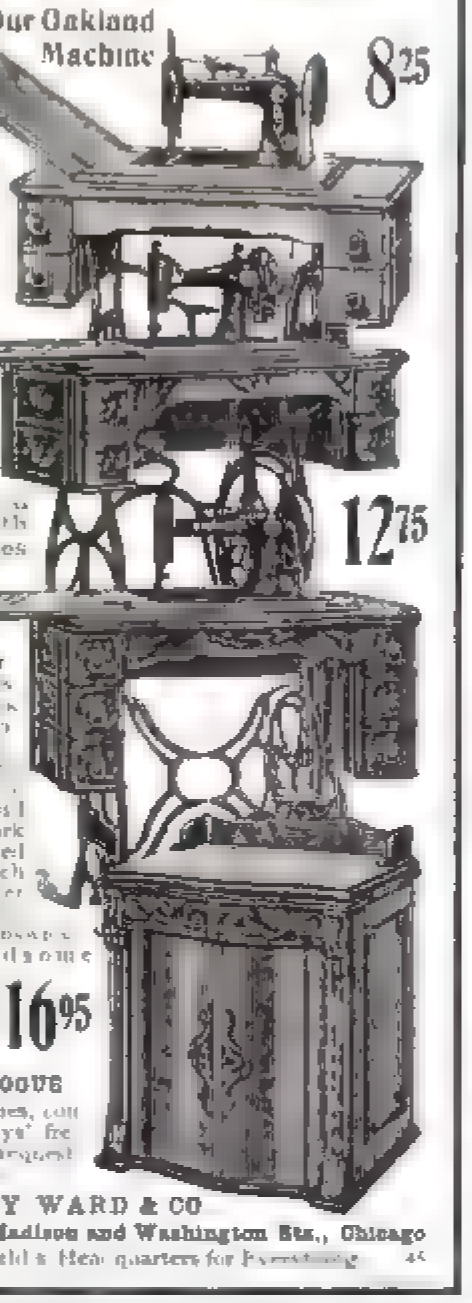

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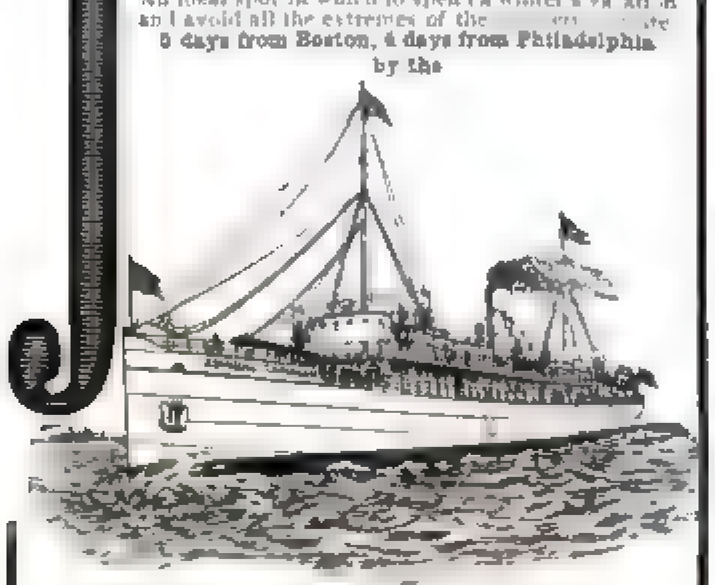

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The great mass of the public always have been indifferent to Mr. Meredith, and always will be. There is no magnetism in him to attract them. But there is a large class of keen-witted, emotional folk whom the appearance of any book by him enrages like the waving of a red rag. They will tell you hotly that they have weighed and measured him and found nothing in him — nothing. Paul or Shakespeare, they remind you, when they had a message for the world, put it into the simplest, most direct and forcible words. This man incessantly belches forth frothy platitudes, bad grammar, and hinted mysteries, and his disciples cry out that a lion is roaring: but it is only Smug, after all. His vagueness, they declare, is like the mist enveloping a gigantic figure seen on Ben Nevis, which in the eyes of the ignorant is the spirit of the mountain, but is really only wee Sandy, the postman.

To whichever party we belong we shall have an uneasy sense of guilt as we open this little green book to find what word by way of *Vale*, Meredith in his old age has chosen to speak to friend and foe. In this Reading of Life, at its end, the truth, whatever it is, that life has brought him, must at last find speech. The three principal thoughts which he urges upon us in it are a description of Passion as a goddess of the elder world, the Peace Council at the Hague, and a Garden Tragedy, the story of a spider defeated by the corpse of a dandelion seed.

Now here were two chances at least for Mr Meredith to take hold of human souls. First — love. Even wee Sandy, the postman, has his tragedy, well worth the telling. Had the poet told it, it would have wrung our hearts and made us, for a time at least, kindlier men and women. But he prefers to display Love as a goddess — a spirit, a flame, through twenty pages. So strenuous is his effort, that at the tenth we are apt to decide that he is doing his task admirably, and to close the book.

The Hague Council working for peace in the world while Boer women were starved and English boys slaughtered on the Veldt surely is a subject not without dramatic interest. But Mr. Meredith prefers to give us a picture of Mother Gaea with her two Titan sons in her lap, rejoicing that they had bound the Lord of War. The poet finds no more human interest in the doings at The Hague than in the work of the spider in her web.

In fact, there is not a drop of red blood in the book, more than in the dandelion fluff to which he devotes so many pages. Just here is the secret of the curious weakness in Mr. Meredith's work. There is no red blood in it. It never has occurred to him that men and women are, first of all, human. Even the Greeks, of whose gods he talks so familiarly, worshiped these gods because they were human to them; Aphrodite and Zeus were only bigger men and women than themselves. But Mr Meredith makes of them, as of all his own heroes and heroines, mere bloodless abstractions.

There are no bloodless abstractions in this little book — Blind Children, by Israel Zangwill *(Funk & Wagnalls)*. Mr. Zangwill in every page and line of it shows that he is not only a man, but a Jew. He never tires of telling us how, being human and Jewish, he has "craved for flash of eye and sword," and "dreamed of love and glory," and how Fate perpetually for him spells

"Life's long, slow, sordid story."

It is so personal a cry, so characteristic of his race, that it is difficult to set aside our own individual liking or prejudices for or against them, and to judge his work as that of a poet and not a special pleader. Perhaps the finest effort in the book, considered either as a plea or a poem, is The Hebrew's Friday Night, which tells us how —

"In a thousand squalid ghettos penned,
  Engirt, yet undismayed by perils vast;
The Jew, in hymns that marked his faith, would spend
  This night, and dream of all his glorious past,
  And wait the splendors by his seers forecast.
And so, while mediæval creeds at strife
  With nature die, the Jew's ideals last,
The simplest love of home and child and wife,
The sweet humanities which make our higher life."

If Mr. Zangwill had a distinct purpose in every line of his book, Mr. Thomas Hardy as distinctly had none when he wrote his large volume of Poems of the Past and the Present *(Harpers)*. We have here a hundred or two fragments which oddly suggest to us that they are bits chipped from some large, complete work. Mr. Hardy's genius, as we all know, has dealt in prose with certain unsavory

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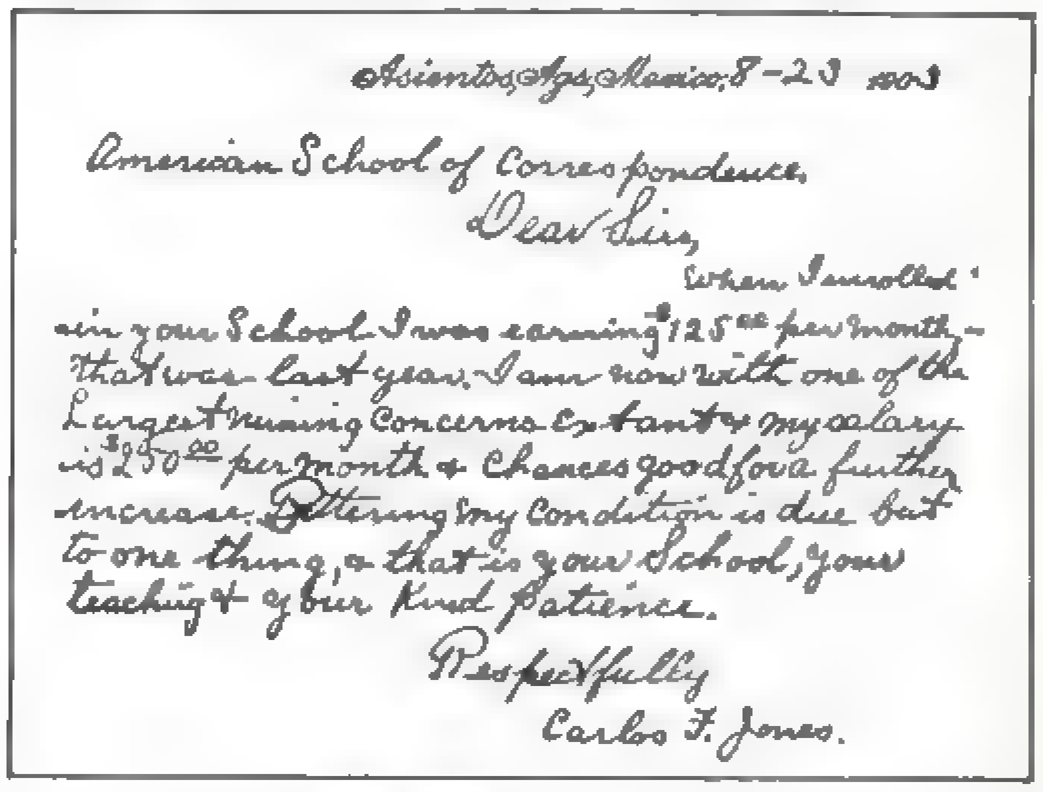

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problems and people in old Wessex. He created the shire, and the towns, cathedrals and conditions in it. We may regard his men and women as fit only for his own pothouses or jails, but we cannot banish them out of our minds. Once in, they stay there Tess and Jude, loathe them as we may, are our own actual companions. So much real power has Mr. Hardy's necromancy in prose

It is probably because the poems are brief and fragmentary that his magic fails of effect on us, that the commonness and vulgarity of his people are more offensive than in the novels. These rhymed scrapings and shavings of illicit love and jail-bird doings disgust us. A whole crime rises into a problem of life, but these shards of it are like the bloody arms and legs heaped in a surgeon's tent after a battle. They are not a tragedy but only offensive accidents

But there are many unconscious outbursts of undoubted power and delicate fancy in these verses, as when poor Hodge is buried uncoffined in the veldt.

> " . . . he never knew
> Fresh from his Wessex home
> The meaning of the broad Karoo,
> The Bush, the dusty loam
> Yet portion of that unknown plain
> Shall Hodge forever be
> His homely Northern breast and brain
> Grow up a Southern tree
> And strange-eyed constellations reign
> His stars eternally "

The poem of The Darkling Thrush, too, is a note from the very heart of Nature, pure as the bird's own.

A Treasure of Canadian Verse *(J. W. Dent, London)* contains the songs of nearly a hundred and fifty bards who have their homes in the northern half of this continent. Life in Canada must be strangely wholesome and happy judging from these songs, which thrill with a passionate delight in Nature, in clean love and in home. There is not a hint of gallows-trees, nor of ruined lives in them. The men and women who sing in this heartsome book, if not great bards, are "dowered with the hate of hate, the love of love." Evidently each man believes in himself, in his English rulers and in all other Canadians hence he strikes his harp with no uncertain sound. Only a national life which was both clean and high in its aims could have brought forth melody so true and sweet.

It is likely, however, that if Mr. W. E. Henley had been born even in Canada he would still have been at odds with his condition, his neighbors and his Maker. Oddly enough, though a man may be a mean, tricky fellow, and yet the language of the gods shall be his mother tongue. Byron stole the Shelley letter and was a vain, paltry creature, yet, too, was he the Childe. Henley depreciated his dead comrade, yet he could speak to his country in such words as these:

> "Where shall the watchful sun
> England, my England,
> Match the mighty work you've done,
> England, my own?
> When shall he rejoice agen
> Such a breed of mighty men
> As come forward, one to ten
> To the Song on your bugles blown,
> England?
> Down the years on your bugles blown?"

But to go back to the old legend that once in a century Pan chooses a reed and blows into it the breath of the waters and of the land, and of all growing things, and of love and death, and gives it to some boy or girl, who goes with it about the world so that men and women may hear the strange music, truer than any other. It tells no story, it teaches no law. It is only a song. But we are the better and the happier for the hearing of it, and we love the singer.

The fresh sound of Pan's pipe in this new century, it seems to me, comes not from England nor this country, nor Canada, but from an obscure corner of Ireland, and the singer is a woman who calls herself Moira O'Neill. Her songs are of the simplest.

> "Sure this is blessed Erin, an' this the same glen,
> The gold is on the whin bush, the wather sings agen,
> The Fairy Thorn's in flower —— "

Or the cry of the Irish reaper in England, homesick

> "For the puff of smoke from his old cabin in Sweet Corry meela, an' the low soft rain "

There are still here many large volumes of poetry, strenuous, high-reaching efforts to give the world noble thoughts in noblest words.

But if you want to catch the real echoes of Pan's pipe send to William Blackwood & Sons for the Songs of the Glens of Antrim, by Moira O'Neill

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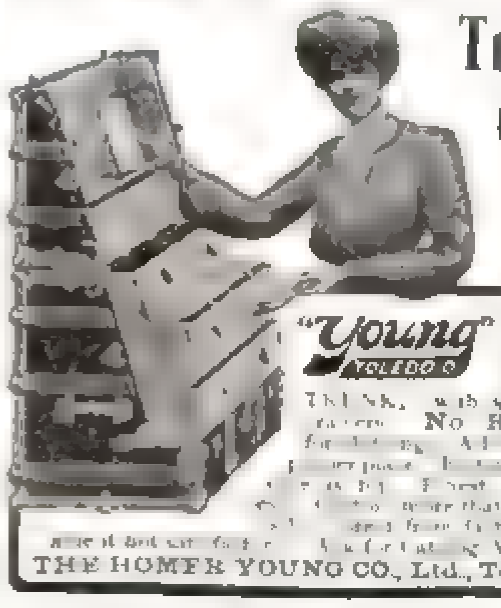

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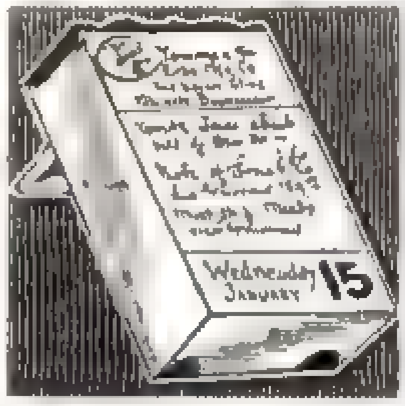

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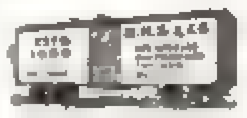

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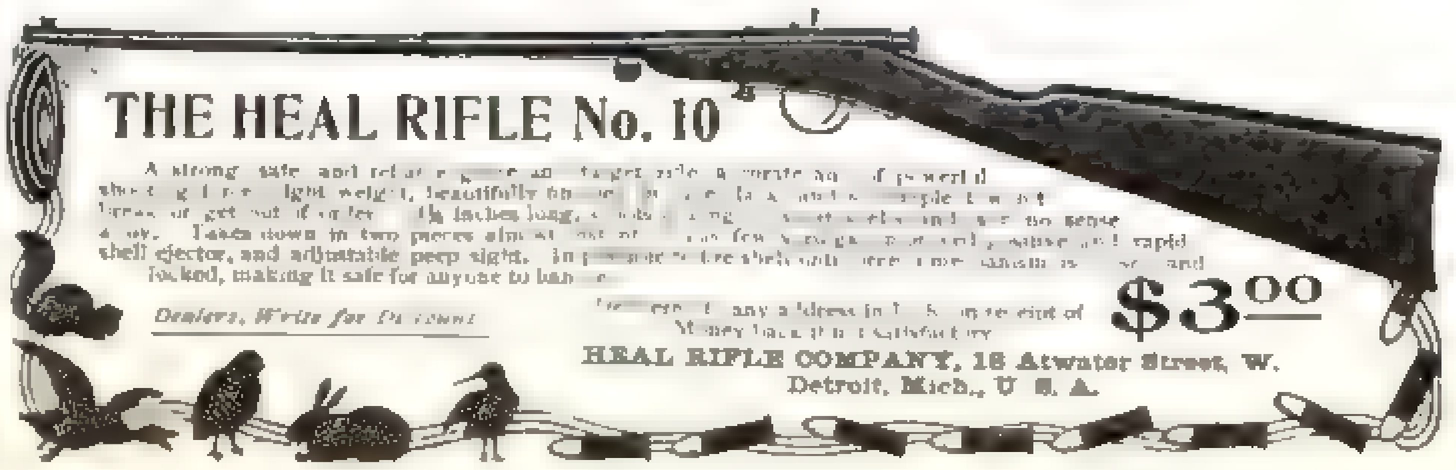

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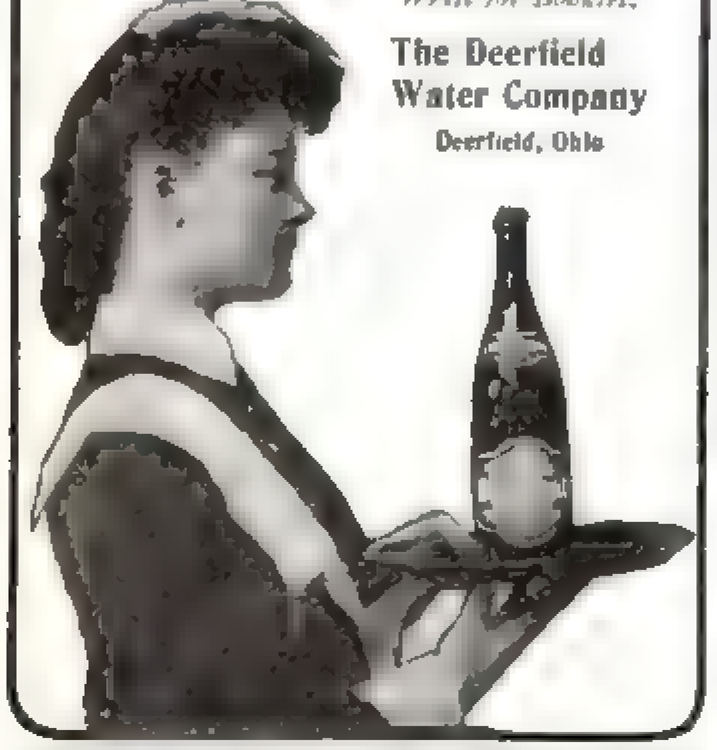

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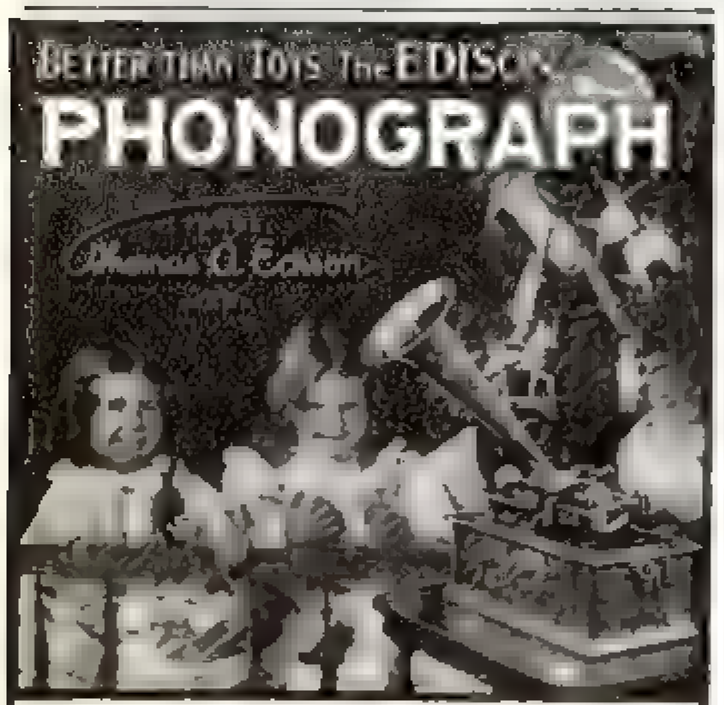
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PAY

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The Unforeseen Reminder

(Continued from Page 6)

He started to turn away and then that same inclination, stronger than his will, led him up to her

"Good-afternoon," he called

With a quick exclamation she turned and then he saw her face change

"I came on you accidentally. Shall I leave you to your meditations?"

"No, I think even you would be better" And for the first time he recognized a spark of the girl's real self

"The thoughts couldn't have been worth even a penny, then

"I'd pay to have them taken away.

"What would you pay?"

"Anything

"Good I'll take them "

"You are untrustworthy."

"Miss Mortimer," said he earnestly, "don't you think I've been hounded enough for what I had no idea I'd done?"

The girl began to be nervous, yet unstrung as she was she held her own

"Do you know, sir, you ought to be put through a hard school."

"Of what kind?"

"You need some woman to tell you how to treat other women "

The girl's manner might be light enough, but her voice quivered with extreme nervousness

"I think you need a lesson, too" He was not joking, either.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know you are a very dangerous person?

"In dangerous company?"

"It isn't fair to trifle with two men."

"Two men!" And she turned on him "What two, if you please?"

"Well," somewhat dazed by the onslaught, "er—er—me for one ——

"Stuff!" said the girl. "And ——?"

"I think I'll [illegible]

"And who else, sir?"

"I've been told by several that his name is —is Chisham

Not a word did she say But she looked straight at him with blazing eyes

"May I congratulate him?" asked Sedley doubtfully

The beautiful eyes closed to a narrow line as she said

"I think, Mr. Sedley that again you are using a handle you have over me to——"

"Miss Mortimer," said the man very quietly, but with a white face, "that is the second time you have said the most unjust thing you could say to a gentleman." He lifted his hat. "I will take good care you do not have an opportunity to repeat it "

And Khartoun leaped off the road into the field in amazement at having spurs used on him in such fashion.

IV

SEDLEY sat by the fire in his big room. It was no use; he could not help it. Day after day he worried over his behavior For four days he had not seen her, and, ass that he was, he hadn't the nerve to come down from his high horse. So ran his thoughts on this late afternoon after sunset when the bell rang

He heard Maggie cross the room to the door; he heard some whispering, and then the door closed

"What is it?" he asked without turning his head.

"This, sir." He turned quickly at the tone in the maid's voice and saw her standing there holding a gray riding-gauntlet.

He jumped to his feet

"Did that come just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who left it?

"She told me not to tell, sir—oh, Mr Sedley, sir——" but he had disappeared through one of the long windows, cleared the piazza with a jump and, counting on the long curved avenue, was making hard for the gateway down the steep and shrub-covered hill

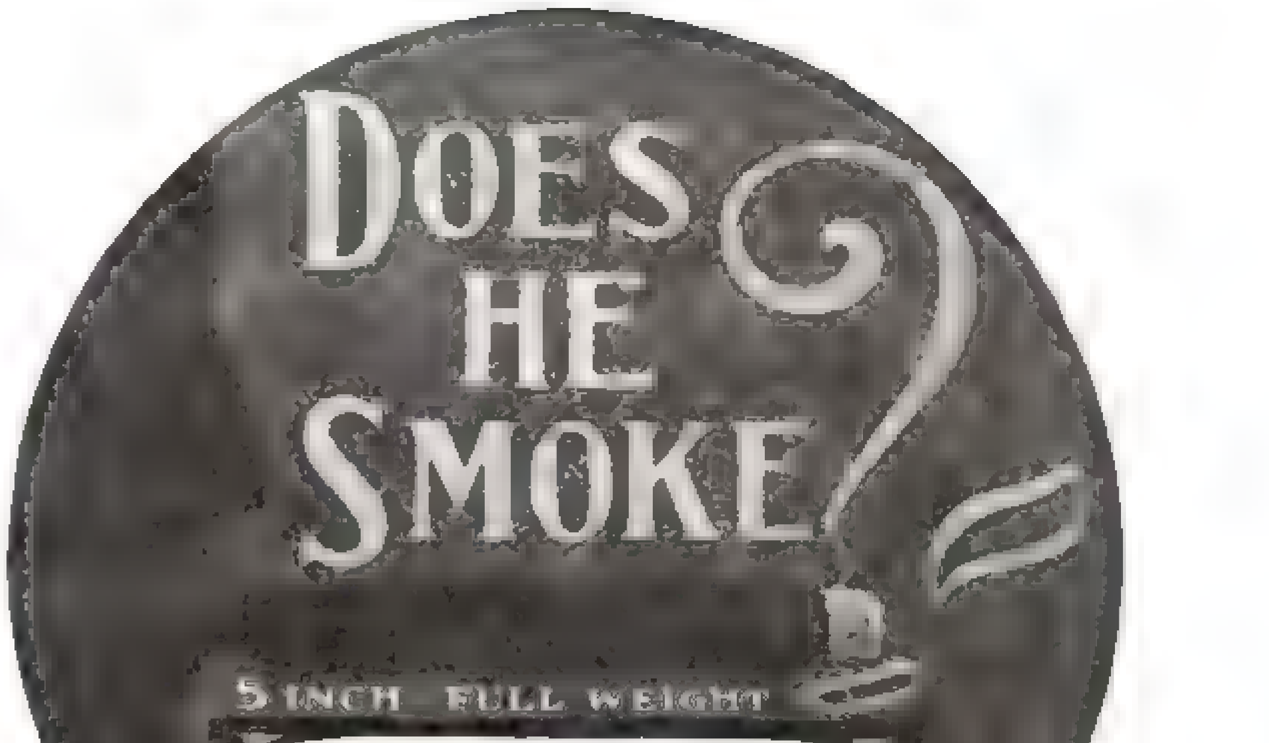
He was just in time, for, as he jumped down from a big retaining wall on to the road, he heard the sharp click of a trotting horse. Without a moment's hesitation he stepped out and grasped Ladysmith's rein.

There came a frightened cry from above in the dusk

"It's all right," said he

"You!" cried the girl in a voice that expressed volumes.

"Yes. Come back."



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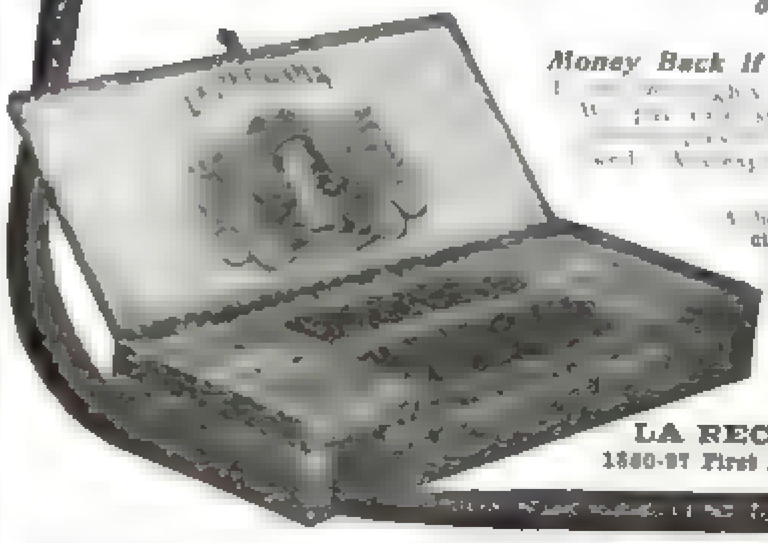

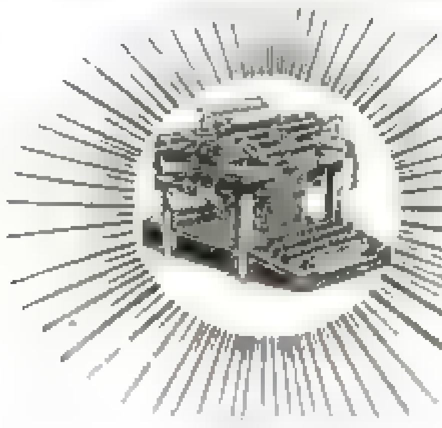

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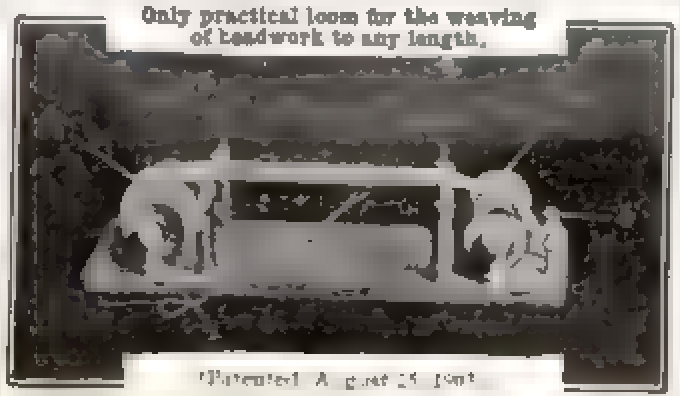

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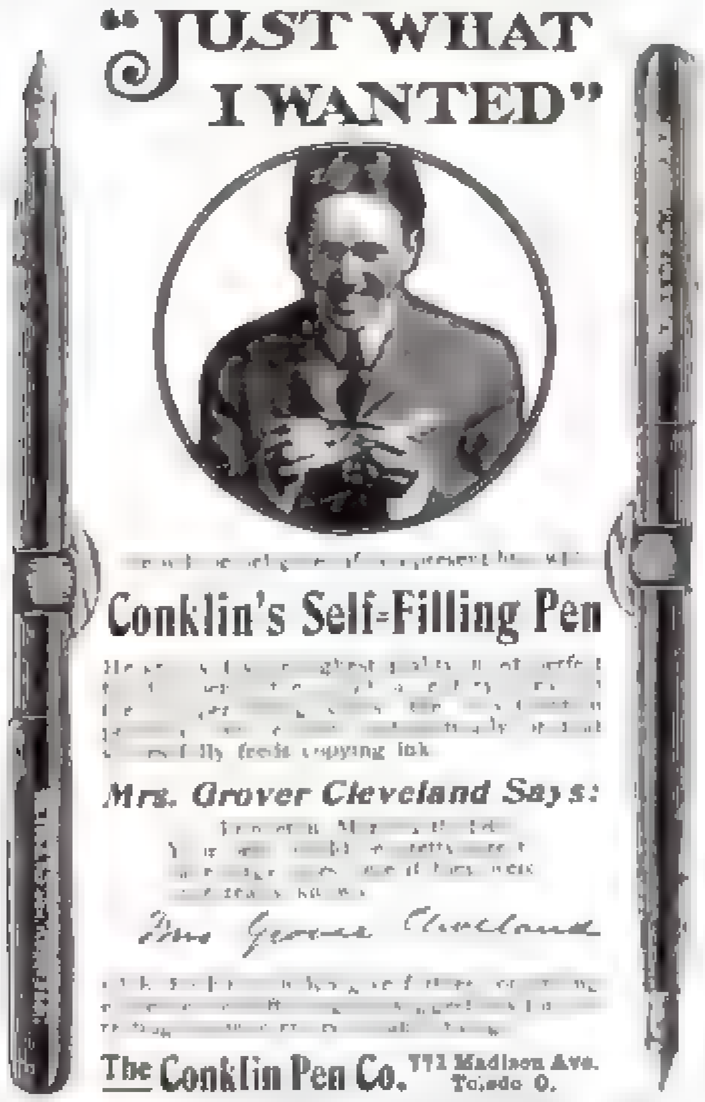

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"No, no, I can't—I won't. Please let me go!"

He had already turned the horse, and something in his manner made her sit quietly until he lifted her down at his door.

They were in the room now. She looked up at him.

"Sit down, and don't say a word," he commanded. "Maggie, tea."

"Yes, sir," said Maggie with the tea tray in her hand.

"Will you give me some tea, Miss Mortimer?" and he watched a shaking hand prepare it. Then she handed him a cup but would not look at him, and the hand trembled so that the cup rattled in the saucer.

"Now have some yourself." And she poured out a cup.

"Drink it." And she did, never lifting her eyes from the tray.

"Miss Mortimer, I have been sitting here four nights without being man enough to come and apologize."

"Never mind," breathed the girl.

"It's mean! I'm a stuck up [illegible]"

"Please don't—" still gazing at the brass kettle.

"Wait! I'm going to tell the whole story."

"I understand."

"No, you don't. I couldn't come and see—I couldn't write but one thing, and that could not be written to a girl who was—who was——"

"As mean as I am?" suddenly looking up at him with tears in her eyes.

"Good Lord! don't you understand——"

"What?"

"——To a girl who was engaged to another man."

"But I'm not——"

"I know! I know! I knew it the moment I saw that glove—— What is it, Maggie?" he cried suddenly.

"The toast, sir."

"Well, drop it! Go away! Hide, Maggie, till I come and find you."

"Yes, sir," said the scared maid as she backed out of the room.

His sudden unreasoning wrath and what came of it brought on the climax. The high strung girl began to laugh, leaning back on the sofa and then forward with her face in her hands. And then the tears came and she put her head on his shoulder and cried and cried and laughed again, until he howled for Maggie and whisky and hot-water bottles. And finally she grew quieter and neither of them spoke as they sat on the sofa by the fire.

"What is it?" said he.

"Suppose," murmured the girl, "some one should see us."

"Well, it's time some one did."

"But here—in this house."

"They'll get used to it."

"What do you mean?" said she, straightening up.

"You don't get outside these four walls again."

"Tom Sedley, you are certainly the craziest person I ever saw."

"That's a nice way to begin married life."

"I must go back this minute."

"But, dear heart, I can't trust you out of my sight again."

"You wouldn't want people to say that your—that I had actually chased you into your own house?"

"I might not want them to say it," chuckled Thomas, "but I couldn't deny it if they did say it, could I?"

"That isn't fair—*now*, is it?"

"No, dear, but I'm so afraid you'll fly away, or that Chisham will capture you."

"Poor Peter. I think—I'm afraid that first afternoon—er—opened my eyes."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes, dear," smiling up at him, "and I—I wanted to stay—to dinner."

"Will you stay now?"

"Goodness me! It would be worse than ever now."

"Will you like to live in this house?"

"You'll have to have a sewing room," critically.

"Yes, dear," meekly.

"And there must be closets without shelves where dresses can hang."

"Yes, dear." Without a quiver.

"It's high time, sir, that I was back under the wing of propriety in the person of Mrs. Ben. And this time you must go all the way down with me."

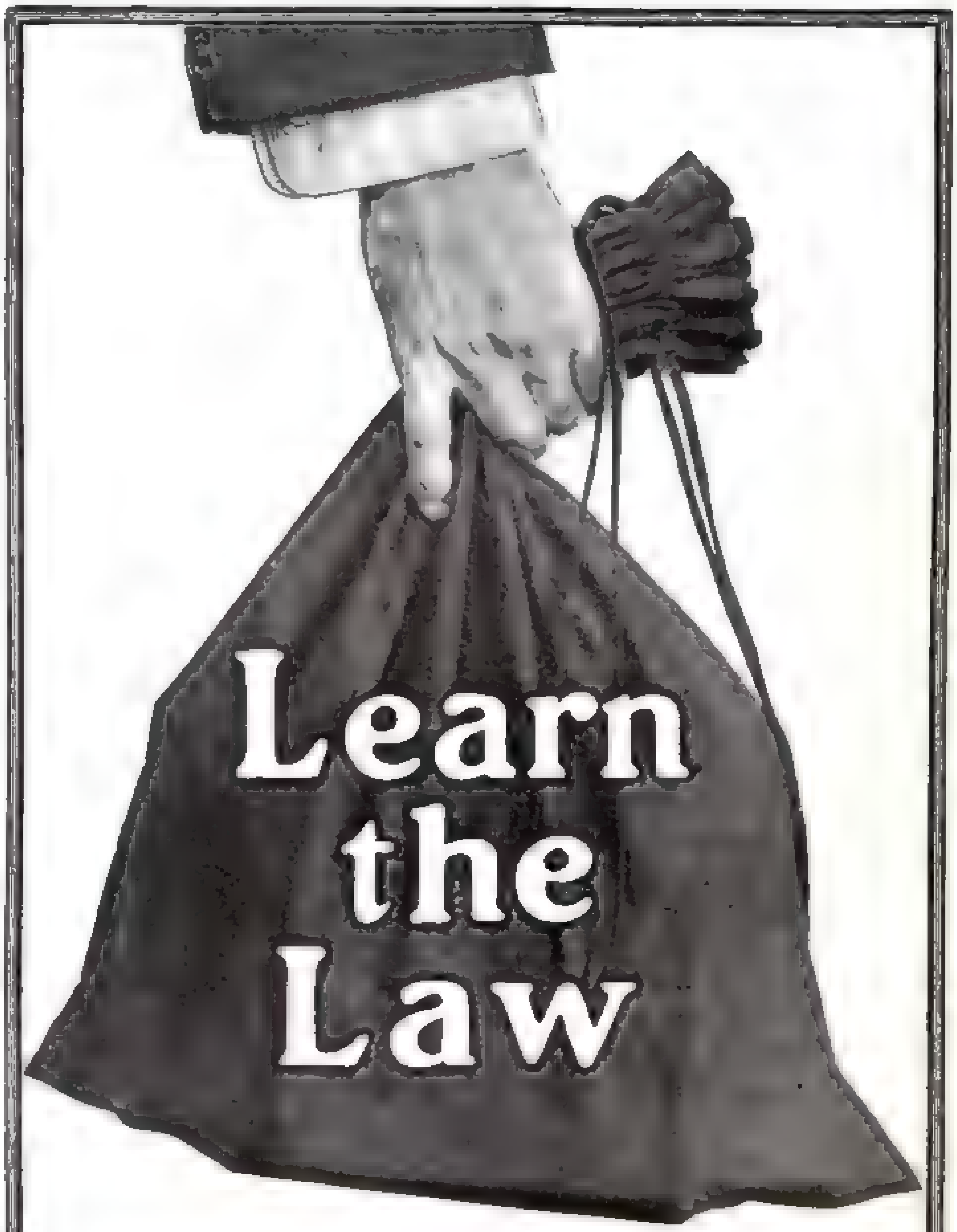
"Will you ever come back?"

"Do you doubt the damsel still?"

They stood now by the door, the horses waiting.

"Couldn't the cavalier have some favor from the damsel this time?" plaintively.

"My dear," said she, gently lifting her face to his.



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Winston Churchill

Author of those two great books, "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis," has just completed a novel dealing with the period about to be commemorated next year at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. "The Borderland" is really the story of George Rogers Clark's famous campaign—"the back-door fight of the War of Independence," when he held Kentucky and Tennessee for this nation against the Indians of half a continent. The story, which begins in the Christmas Collier's and continues for twelve numbers, is worthy of its two great predecessors. No lover of American fiction or student of American history can afford to miss it.

Charles Dana Gibson

Who draws exclusively for Collier's and one other periodical (Life), has a characteristically clever picture in the Christmas Number. It is called "Another Get-Rich-Quick Swindle."

James Whitcomb Riley

Too rare a contributor to the magazine literature of the day, has a lovely lyric in the Christmas Collier's. It is called "The Old Days." His poems appear in Collier's from time to time.

Frederic Remington

Who has just signed a contract to draw only for Collier's, has a masterly painting in the Christmas Number. It is called "The Fight for the Water Hole," and is reproduced in full color.

A. B. Frost

Another mainstay of the Collier's art staff, has a delightfully humorous picture, "The Arkansas Traveller" (depicting a holiday celebration on the old farm), in the Christmas Collier's.

The Art and Literary Features, great as they are, are only **side issues** with Collier's. Its main purpose and chief ambition is to reflect **Current History in the Making**. In this, the most fertile field in American journalism, it acknowledges no peer. Collier's correspondents and Collier's cameras are everywhere. Editorially it is the organ of no party and no section. It stands for simple Americanism, strong, uncompromising, and in earnest.

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We will, on receipt of the **accompanying Coupon** and **twenty-five cents** in stamps or silver, place your name on our mail list for the four December issues of Collier's (including the Christmas Number, price 25 cents, and the Household Number), containing two Sherlock Holmes stories and a new serial by Winston Churchill. **We do not make a practice of short-time offers,** and this is the last time we shall make this proposition.

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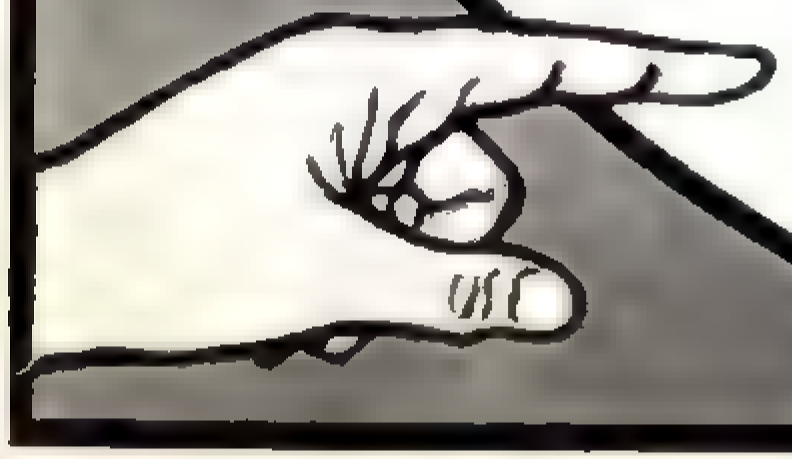

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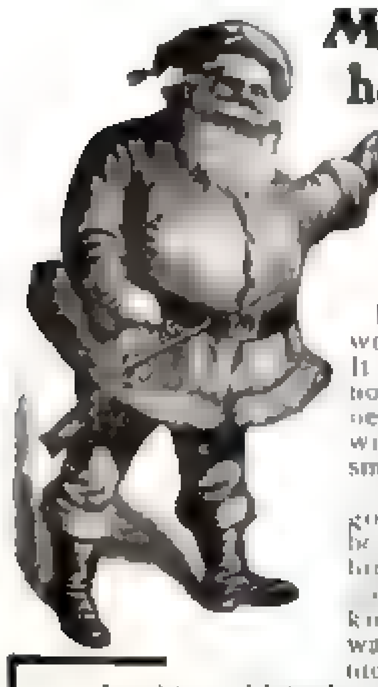

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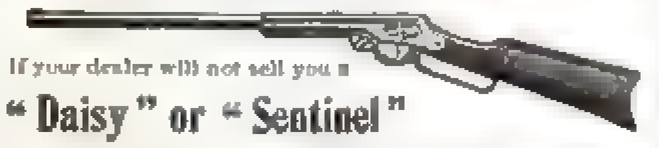

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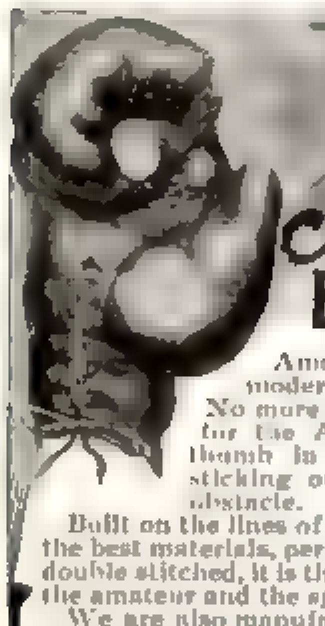

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The Boss

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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CHAPTER XXVIII

NOW, when I went about refurnishing my steel box with new millions, I turned cautious as a fox. The better to cover myself, and because the mere work of it would be too heavy a charge for one head, and that head ignorant of figures, I called into my service a cunning trio who were, each and all, born children of the machine. These inveterate ones, who would be now as my hands in gathering together that wealth which I anticipated, were known in circles wherein they moved and had their dingy being, as Sing Sing Jacob, Puffy the Merchant, and Paddy the Priest.

Paddy the Priest wore a look of sanctity, and it was this impression of holiness to confer upon him his title. It might have been more consistent with those virtues of rapine, dominant of his nature, had he been hailed Paddy the Pirate instead. Of Sing Sing Jacob I should say that he had not served in prison. His name was given him because, though he was never granted the privilege of stripes and irons, he often earned the same. In what manner or at what font Puffy the Merchant received baptism I never learned. That he came fit for my purpose would find sufficient indication in a complaining compliment which Paddy the Priest once paid him, and who said in description of Puffy's devious genius, that if one were to drive a nail through his head it would come forth a corkscrew.

These men were to be my personal lieutenants and collect my gold for me. And since they would pillage me with as scanty a scruple as though I were the foe himself, I must hit upon a device to invoke them to honesty in my affairs. It was then I remembered the parting words of Big Kennedy. I would set one against the others; hating each other, they would watch; and each would be sharp with warning in my ear should either of his fellows seek to fill a purse at my expense.

It will be required that I set forth in half detail those various municipal fields and meadows that I laid out in my time, and from which the machine was to garner its harvests. You will note then, you who are innocent of politics in its practical expressions and rewards, that the town stood to me as does his plowlands to a farmer, and offered as various a list of crops to careful tillage. Take, for example, the knee-deep clover of the tax department: each year there was made a whole valuation of personal property of, say roundly, nine billions of dollars. This estimate, within a dozen weeks of its making, was reduced to fewer than one billion on the word of individuals who made the law-required oaths. No, it need not have been so reduced, but the reduction ever occurred since the machine instructed its tax officers to act on the oath so furnished.

That company or personage in tax peril was never put to fret in obtaining one to make the oath. The town abounded in folk of easy veracity. *One would not long go seeking a witness ready, for shining reasons, to take whatever oath might be demanded.* And thus it befell that the affidavits were made, and a reduction of eight billions and more in the assessed valuation of personal property came annually to be awarded. With a tax levy of, say, two per cent., I leave you to fix the total saved to those assessed, and to consider how far their gratitude might be expected to inure to the yellow welfare of the machine—the machine that makes no gift of its forbearance or its help!

Speaking in particular of the town, and what opportunities of riches swung open to the machine, one should know at the start how the whole annual expense of the community was roughly one hundred and twenty-five millions. Of those millions twenty went for salaries to officials; forty-five were devoted to the purchase of supplies asked for by the public needs; while the balance, sixty millions, represented contracts for paving and building and similar construction what-not, which the town was bound to execute in its affairs.

Against those twenty millions of salaries the machine levied an annual private five per cent. Two-thirds of the million to arise therefrom found their direct way to district leaders; the other one-third was paid into the general coffer. Also, there were county officers, such as judges, clerks of court, a sheriff and his deputies: and these, likewise, were compelled from their incomes to a

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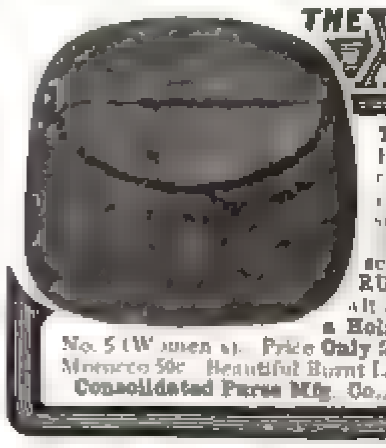

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yearly generosity of not fewer than five per cent.

Of those forty millions which were the measure for supplies, one-fifth under the guise of "commissions" went to the machine; while of the sixty-five millions which represented the yearly contracts in payments made thereon, the machine came better off with, at the leanest of estimates, full forty per cent. of the whole.

Now I have set forth to you those direct returns which arose to the machine from the sure and fixed expenses of the town. Beyond that, and pushing for the furthest ounce of tallow, I inaugurated a novelty. I organized a guaranty company which made what bonds the law demanded from officials; and from men with contracts and those others who furnished the town's supplies. The annual charge of the company for this act of warranty was two per cent. on the whole sum guaranteed; and since the aggregate thus carried came to about one hundred millions, the intake from such sources—being for the most part profit in the fingers of the machine—was, annually, a fair two millions. There were other rills to flow a revenue, and which were related to those money wellsprings registered above; but they count too many and too small for mention here, albeit the round returns from them might make a poor man stare.

Of those other uplands of profit, which bent a nodding harvest to the sickle of the machine, let me make a rough enumeration. The returns—a bit sordid, these!—from pool rooms, faro banks and disorderly resorts, and whereon the monthly charge imposed for each ran all the way from fifty to two thousand dollars, clinked into the yearly till four millions. The grog shops, there being then a cloud of such in New York City-of-the-many-sins, met each a draft of twenty monthly dollars. Then there were "campaign contributions." Of great companies who sued for favor there were, at a lowest census, five who sent to us as tribute from twenty to fifty thousand dollars each. Also, there existed, of smaller concerns and private persons, full one thousand who yielded over all a no less sum than one million dollars. Next came the police, with appointment charges which began with a patrolman at four hundred dollars, and soared to twenty thousand when the matter was the making of a captain.

Here I shall close my recapitulation of former riches for the machine; I am driven to warn you, however, that the half has not been told. Still, if you will but let your imagination have its head, remembering how the machine gives nothing away, and fails not to exert its pressures with every chance afforded it, you may supply what further chapters belong with this great history of graft.

When one considers a Tammany profit, one will perforce be driven to the question: What be the expenses of the machine? The common cost of an election should pause in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars. Should peril crowd and an imported vote be called for by the dangers of the day, the cost might carry vastly higher. No campaign, however, in the very nature of the enterprise and its possibilities of expense, can consume a greater treasure than eight hundred thousand. That sum, subtracted from the income of the machine as taken from those sundry sources I've related, will show what in my time remained for distribution among my followers. And now that brings me abreast the subject of riches, to the Boss himself.

One of the world's humorists put into the mouth of a character the query: What does a king get? The answer would be no whit less difficult had he asked: What does a Boss get? One may take it, however, that the latter gets the lion's share. Long ago I said that the wealth of Ophir hung on the hazard of the town's election. You have received some glint as to how far my words should be regarded as hyperbole.

Nor must I omit how the machine's delegation in a legislature, or the little flock it sends to nibble on the slopes of Congress, is each in the hand of the Boss to do with as he will; and it may go without a record that the opportunities so provided are neither neglected nor underpriced.

And there you have the money story of Tammany in the bowels of the town.

When the new administration was in easy swing, and I had time to look about me, I bethought me of Blackberry and those three millions taken by the weakness and the wickedness of young Van Flange. I would have those millions back or know the secret of it.

With a nod here and a hand-toss there—for the shrug of my shoulders or the lifting

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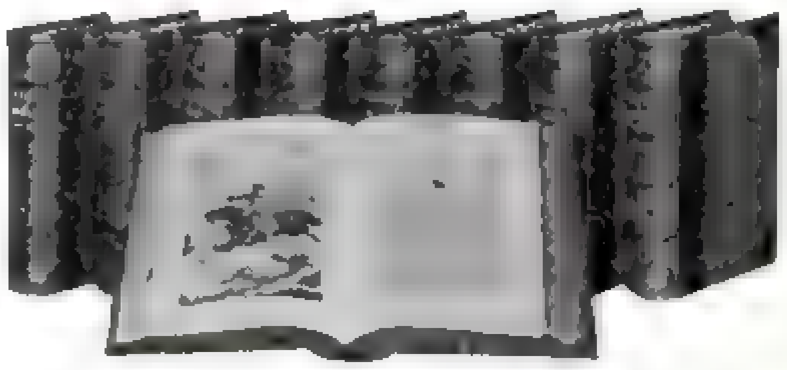

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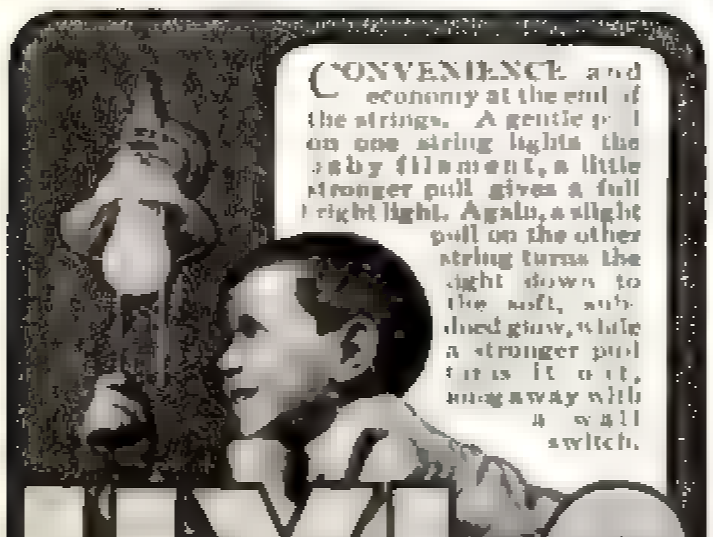

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of my brows had grown to have a definition among my people—I brewed tempests for Blackberry. The park department discovered it in a trespass; the health board gave it notice of the non-sanitary condition of its cars; the street commissioner badgered it with processes; the coroner, who commonly wore a gag, gave daily news of what folk were killed or maimed, while my corporation counsel bestirred himself as to whether or no, for this neglect, or that invasion of public right, the Blackberry charter might not be revoked.

In the front of these the president of Blackberry stood sullenly to his guns. He would not yield; he would not pay the price of peace; he would not return those millions, although he read that argument which was the groundwork of his griefs. I admired his fortitude, while I multiplied my war.

It was Morton who pointed to that final feather which broke the camel's back.

"Really, old chap," observed Morton, that immortal eyeglass on nose and languid hands outspread, "really, you haven't played your trumps, don't y' know."

"What then?" cried I, for my heart was hot.

"The fear that keeps a street railway company awake nights, don't y' know, the fear of a strike. There, my dear boy, you have your weapon. Convey the information to those Blackberry employees that you think they get too little money and work too long a day. Let them understand that, should they strike, your police will not repress them."

Within the fortnight every Blackberry wheel was stopped, with every employee rioting in the streets. Cars were sacked; what men offered for work were harried, and made to fly for very skins and bones. Meanwhile, the police stood afar off, with virgin batons, innocent of interference.

Four days of this and I had those millions; the Blackberry president yielded and my triumph was complete. With that my constabulary remembered law and order, and, descending upon the turbulent, they calmed them with their clubs. The strike ended, again were the gongs of an unharassed Blackberry heard in the land.

And now I draw near to the sorrowful, desperate end—the end at once of my labors and my latest hope. I had held the town since the last battle for well-nigh three and one-half years. Throughout this space, affairs political had preserved themselves as rippleless as a looking-glass, and nothing to ruffle with an adverse wind. But though it was isles of spice and summer seas with my politics, matters at home went ever darker with increasing threat. Blossom became weaker and still more weak, and wholly from a difficulty in her breathing. It was the more strange to one looking on; for all this time, when Blossom was made to creep from one room to another and for the most part to lie panting upon a couch, her cheeks were round and red as peaches while her eyes grew in size and brightness like stars when the night is black.

"Would you have her sent away?" I asked of the physician. "Say but the place; I will take her there myself."

"She is as well here," said he. Then, as his brows knotted with the problem of it: "This is an unusual case; so unusual, indeed, that during forty years of practice I have never known its fellow. However, it is no question of climate, and she will be as well where she is. The better; since she has no breath with which to stand a journey."

Though I said nothing to this I made up my mind to have done with politics and take Blossom away. That my present rule of the town had still six months of life before another battle did not move me. I would give up my leadership and retire at once. It became no question of weeks or even days; I convened my district leaders, and, with the few words demanded of the time, returned them my chiefship and stepped down and out. Politics and I had parted; the machine and I were done.

I was retiring with the wealth of kings—I, who am an ignorant man, and the son of an Irish smith! If my money had been put into gold it would have tasked the strength of eighty teams, with a ton of gold to a team, to have hauled it out of town—a solid procession of riches an easy half-mile in length! No Alexander, no Cæsar, no Napoleon in his swelling day of conquest, could have made the boast! I was master of every saffron inch of forty millions!

That evening I sat by Blossom's couch and told her of my plans. I made but the poor picture of it, for I have little power of words, and am fettered with an imagination of no wings. Still, she smiled up at me as though with pleasure—for her want of breath was

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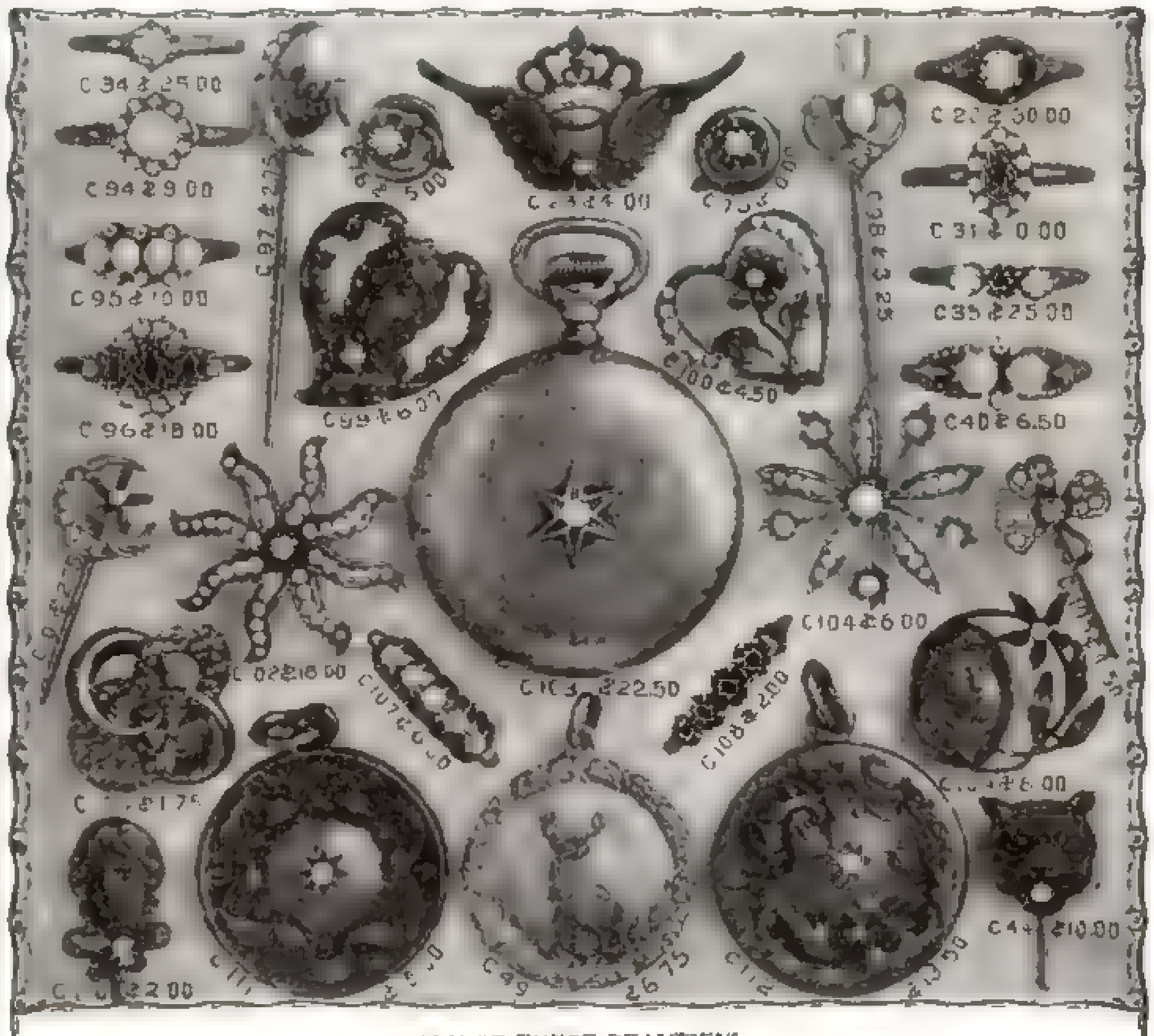

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so urgent she could not speak aloud, but only whisper a syllable now and then—and after a bit, I kissed her and left her with the physician and nurse for the night.

It was during the first hours of the morning when I awoke in a sweat of horror, as if something of masterful evil were in the room. With a chill in my blood like the touch of ice I thought on Blossom; and with that I began to huddle on my clothes to go to her.

Moved of an instinct that might have prompted some threatened animal to spy out what danger menaced him, I went, cat foot, to the door and listened. It was the two physicians in talk.

"The girl is dead," I heard one say.

Blossom dead! My girl dead! Apple Cheek, Anne, Blossom, all gone, and I to be left alone! Alone! The word echoed in the hollows of my empty heart as in a cavern!

There came a blurr, and then a fearful whirling; that gorilla strength was as the strength of children; my slow knees began to cripple down! It was the last I recalled; I fell as if struck by a giant's mallet, and all was darkness.

CHAPTER XXIX

WHAT should there be more? My house stands upon a hill; waving, sighing trees are ranked about it, while to the eastward I have the shimmering stretches of the river beneath my feet. From a wooden seat between two beeches I may see the fog-loom born of the dust and smoke of the city far away. At night, when clouds lie thick and low, the red reflection of the city's million lamps breaks on the sky as though a fire raged.

It is upon my seat between the beeches that I spend my days. Men would call my life a stagnant one; I care not, since I find it peace. I have neither hopes nor fears nor pains nor joys; there come no exaltations, no depressions; within me is a serenity—a kind of silence like the heart of nature. I have outlived importance and the liking for it; and all those little noises that keep the world awake I never hear.

My Sicilian, with his earrings and his crimson headwear of silk, is with me; for he could not have lived had I left him in town, being no more able to help himself than a ship ashore. Here he is busy and happy over nothing. He has whittled for himself a trio of little boats, and he sails them on the pond at the lawn's foot. One of these he has named the Democrat, while the others are the Republican and the Mugwump. He sails them against each other; and I think that by some marine sleight he gives the Democrat the best of it, since it ever wins, which is not true of politics. My Sicilian has just limped up the hill with a story of how in the last race the Republican and the Mugwump ran into one another and capsized, while the Democrat finished bravely.

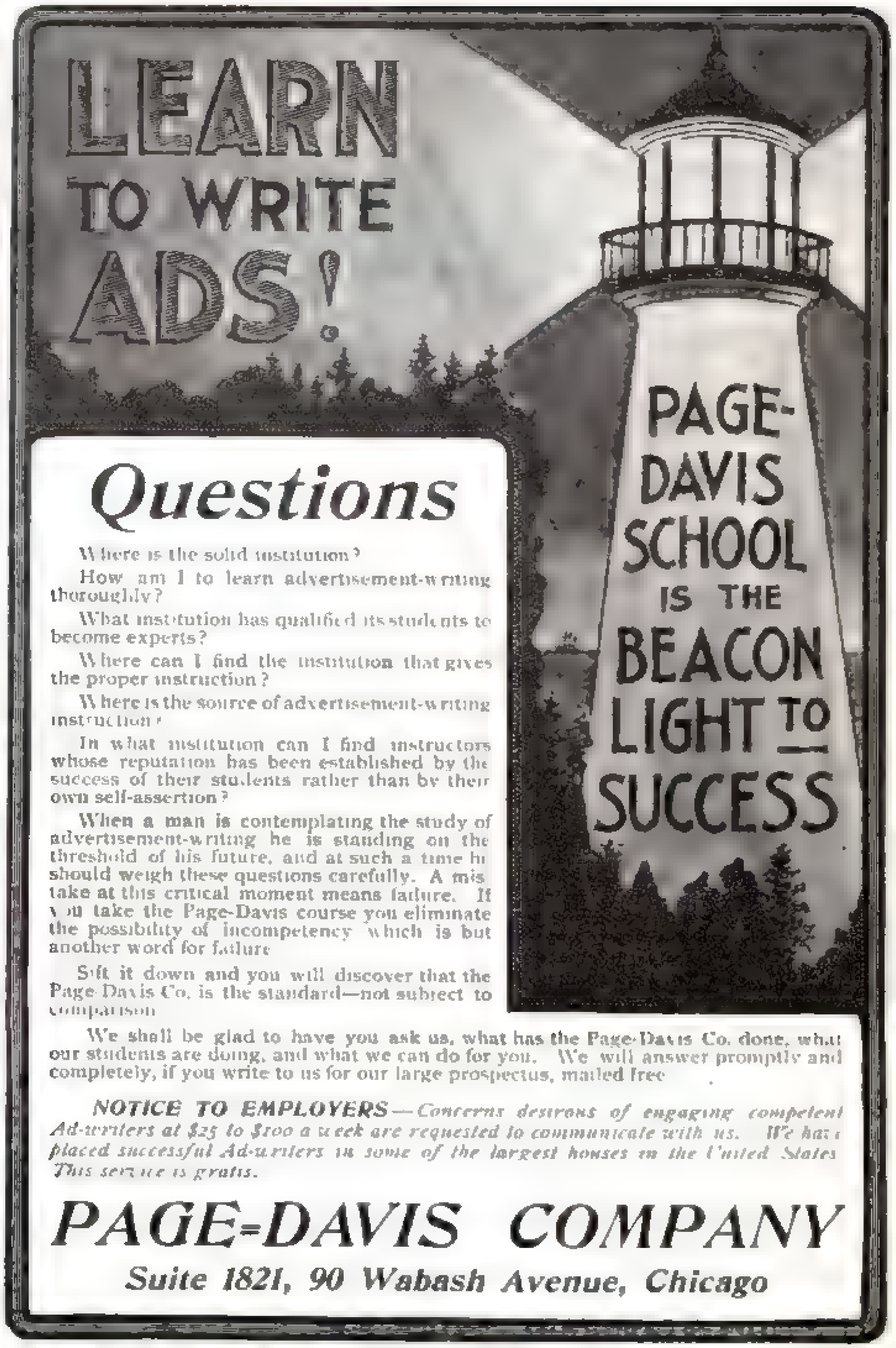
Save for my Sicilian, and a flock of sable ravens that, by their tameness and a confident self-sufficiency, have made themselves part of the household, I pass the days between my beeches undisturbed. Now and then I have a visit from Morton and the Reverend Bronson. The pair are as they were, only more age-worn and of a grayer look.

"By the way!" said Morton, on his last visit, turning to me as he was about to depart, and producing a scrap of newspaper, "this is what a scientist writes concerning you. The beggar must have paid you a call, don't y' know. At first I thought it a beastly rude thing to put in print; but gad! the more I dwell upon it, the more honorable it becomes. This is what he says of you:

"'There was a look in his eye such as might burn in the eye of an old wolf that has crept away in loneliness to die. As I gazed, there swept down upon me an amazing conviction. I felt that I was in the presence of the oldest thing in the world—a thing more ancient than the sphinx or aged pyramids. This once Boss, silent and passive and white and old, and waiting for the digging of his grave, is what breeders call a 'throw-back'—a throw-back, not of the generations, but of the ages. In what should arm him for a war of life against life, he is a creature of utter cunning, utter courage, utter strength. He is a troglodyte; he is that original one who lived with the cave bear, the mastodon, the sabre-toothed tiger and the Irish elk.'"

They went away, the Reverend Bronson and Morton, leaving me alone in my place between the beeches, while the black ravens picked and strutted about my feet, and my Sicilian on the lake at the lawn's foot matched his little ships for another race.

(THE END)



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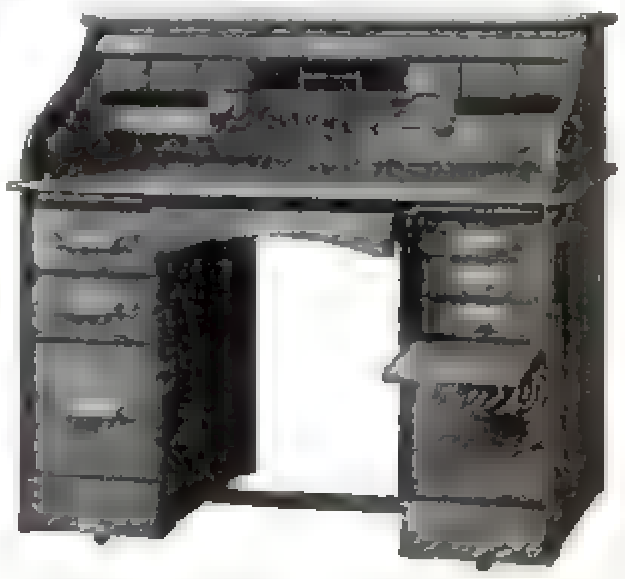

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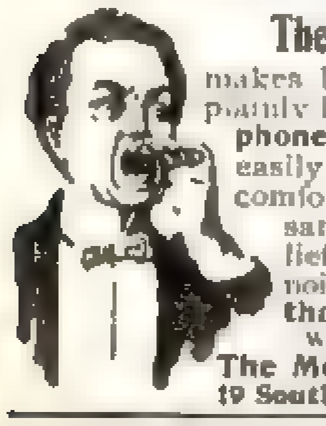

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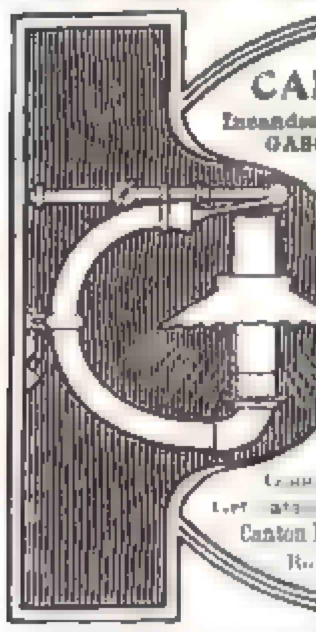

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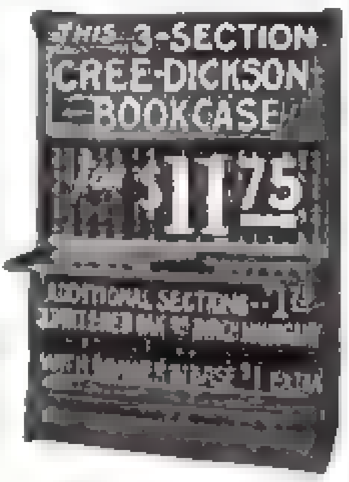

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THE COST

(Continued from Page 17)

Chalmers signed second, and then Wilton. "Take Chalmers away with you," said Scarborough to Wilton in an undertone. "I've something to say to Brigham."

When they were gone he again seated himself at his desk and, taking his checkbook, wrote a check and tore it out.

"Now, listen to me, Brig," he said friendlily to Brigham, who seemed to be in a stupor. "I've won about six hundred dollars from you, first and last — more, rather than less. Will that amount put you in the way of getting straight?"

"Yes," said Brigham dully.

"Then here's a check for it. And here's the paper exonerating you. And — I guess you won't play again soon."

Brigham choked back his sobs. "I don't know how I ever came to do it, Scarborough. Oh, I'm a dog, a dog! When I started to come here my mother took me up to her bedroom and opened the drawer of her bureau and took out a savings-bank book — it had a credit of twelve hundred dollars. 'Do you see that?' she said. 'When you were born I began to put by as soon as I was able — every cent I could from the butter and the eggs — to educate my boy. And now it's all coming true,' she said, Scarborough, and we cried together. And ——" Brigham burst into a storm of tears and sobs. "Oh, how could I do it!" he said. "How *could* I!"

"You've done wrong," said Scarborough shakily, "but I've done much worse, Eddie. And it's over now, and everything'll be all right."

"But I can't take your money, Scarborough. I must pay for what I've done."

"You mean, make your mother pay. No, you must take it back, Brigham. I owe it to you — I owe it to your mother. This is the butter and egg money that I — I stole from her."

He put the papers into the boy's pocket. "You and I are going to be friends," he went on. "Come round and see me to-morrow — no, I'll look you up." He put out his hand and held Brigham's hand in a vital, courage-giving grasp. "And — I hope I'll have the honor of meeting your mother some day."

Brigham could only look his feelings. Soon after he left Pierson came. His anger had evaporated and his chief emotion was dread lest Scarborough might still be angry. "I want to take back ——" he began eagerly, as soon as his head was inside the door.

"I know you do, but you sha'n't," replied Scarborough. "What you said was true, what Olivia said was true. I've been acting like a blackguard."

"No," said Pierson, "what I said was a disgraceful lie. Will you try to forget it, Scarborough?"

"*Forget* it?" Scarborough looked at his friend with earnest, brilliant eyes. "Never! So help me God, never! It's one of three things that have occurred to-day that I must never forget."

"Then we can go on as before. You'll still be my friend?"

"Not *still*, Pierson, but for the first time."

He looked around the luxurious study with a laugh and a sigh. "It'll be a ghastly job, getting used to the sort of surroundings I can earn for myself. But I've got to grin and bear it. We'll stay on here together to the end of the term — my share's paid, and besides, I'm not going to do anything sensational. Next year — we'll see."

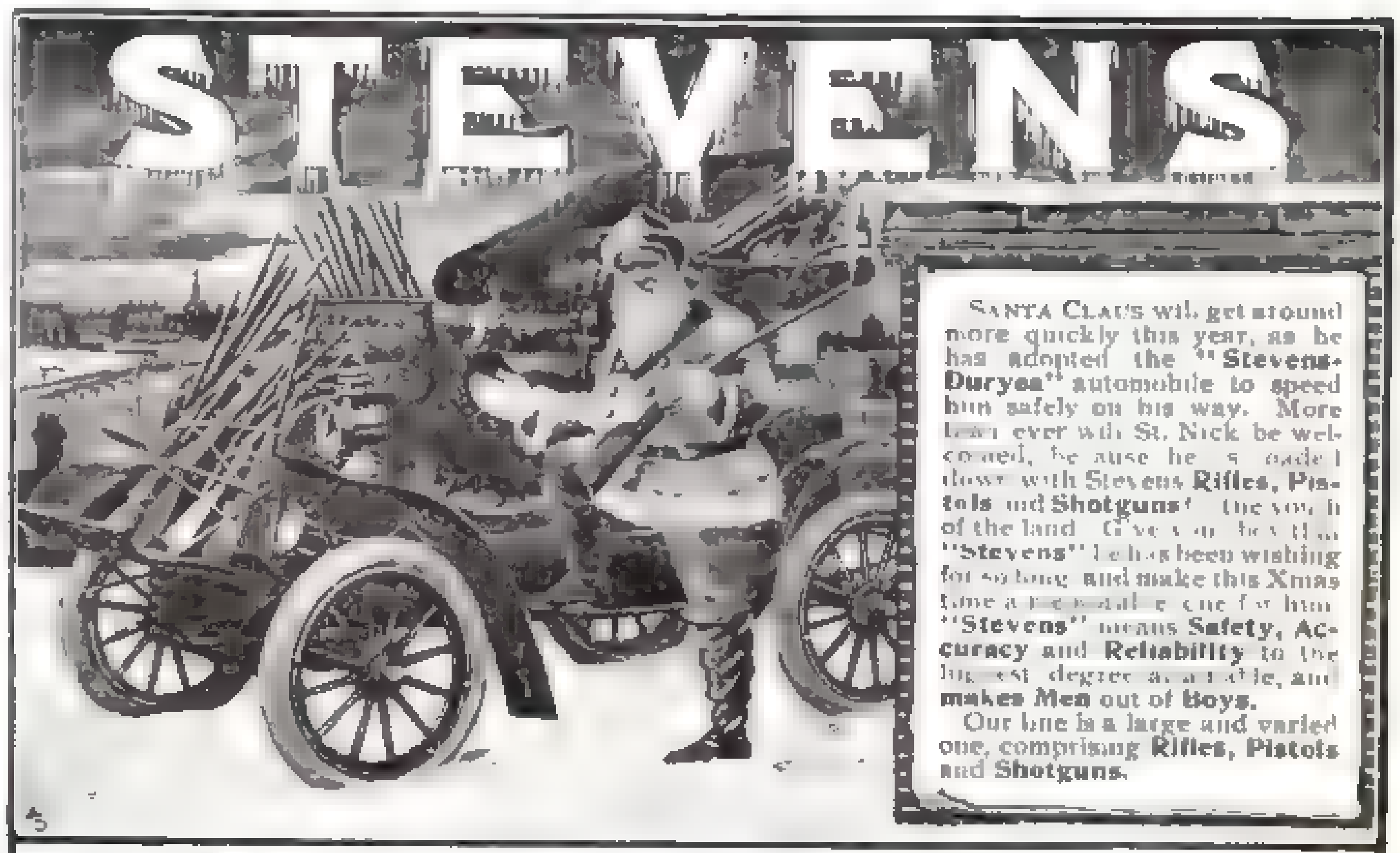
While Pierson was having his final cigarette before going to bed he looked up from his book to see before him Scarborough, even more tremendous and handsome in his gaudy pajamas. "I wish to register a solemn vow," said he with mock solemnity that did not hide the seriousness beneath. "Hear me, ye immortal gods! Never again, never again, will I engage in any game with a friend where there is a stake. I don't wish to tempt. I don't wish to be tempted."

"What nonsense," said Pierson.

"I have spoken," said Scarborough, and he withdrew to his own room. When the door was closed and the light out he paused at the edge of the bed and said: "And never again,, so long as he wishes to retain his title to the name of man, will Hampden Scarborough take from anybody anything which he hasn't honestly earned."

And when he was in bed he muttered: "I shall be alone, and I may stay poor and obscure, but I'll get back my self-respect — and keep it — Pauline!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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The Christmas Special

(Continued from Page 1[illegible])

they dropped on him, and with the fire streaming twenty feet from the stack Jack ran whizzing through the shades of Christmas Eve past them. It was just after he had shot through McCloud itself with the trainmen on the platform waving red lanterns and yelling murder and the chief dispatcher throwing fits up at the superintendent's window that they got into communication with Bucks, who had come into Blue Hill from the Northern division

Bucks' face, they said, was a thundercloud in two seconds after he reached the office, but he took the key instantly himself and sent his orders

He shook up the dispatchers as if he were dropping long range shells into McCloud. "Give Santry orders for Blue Hill instantly," said Bucks to the McCloud men savagely.

And he was right, for since the quarrel was on, what was a concession compared to such anarchy as the division now found itself in? Jack Santry had the whip-hand. Every one realized that feature of it, after Bucks' order came in. Let Jack have his fling, Bucks had said in effect, much as he was disappointed in and disgusted with a favorite engineer' the moment will come when Santry on his little spree gets to Blue Hill—then he may talk to me

The boys gathered all this from the expression on Bucks' face. One thing the President of the West End would never, even when he was dispatcher, stand for—drinking, and no awed subordinate that watched the big superintendent's silent rage, as he sat beside the Blue Hill operator, envied Jack Santry's reception when he should face the lightning in Bucks' eyes. The unspeakable pity of it, so every man at headquarters felt, was that poor little Mrs. Jack should herself actually be mixed up in the shame and disgrace of the mad escapade. They knew she was a helpless participant

Every man at Blue Hill felt his throat tighten with anger at Jack Santry and his heart sink with pity in thinking of Mrs. Jack, who was, if any one ever was in the world, the pet of the entire division

The dispatchers lost no time in executing the superintendent's commands in so far as they could. Indeed, it was easy enough to say, give the man orders to Blue Hill; the next thing was to deliver the goods. The orders were flashed to half a dozen stations ahead of Santry's runaway household, but Santry had ignored all red signals; indeed, no bull could dash at one with greater ferocity than Jack Santry exhibited. The bell-ringer was set, the crossing signals and station signals were shrieked fiendishly from the whistle, Shockley was firing like a demon. It became a question that puzzled the wisest men, that of delivering orders to a madman, and rewards were considered for the operator who should succeed

The opportunity came to the very last person on the line that would have been picked for such luck; for it really meant promotion and every one knew it. No man on the division could stop Santry, that much he had plainly said, but among the operators was one woman, Betty Weaver at Oxford Junction, and by the simplest possible expedient she did stop the outlaw special. She ran out on the track and stood there between the rails waving her arms until Santry saw he should run her down if he didn't slow, and he unwillingly slowed: she threw the orders, tied to a spike, into the cab window. Santry ran as far as the water tank, took water, and to Betty Weaver's delight backed up to the station, sprang from the cab and signed the register She had planned to ask him questions: one glance at his face changed her mind. He signed and without a word ran out, and by the time he was moving down the tangent she was reporting him under orders and McCloud was asking her whether he had been drinking or appeared crazy. Crazy he might be, she reported, for he looked terribly wrought, but as to drinking she could not believe it. At the small towns along the line word had gone abroad, evening church services were deserted and the people flocked to the stations to see the runaway go by. At Blue Hill the conviction was stealing over Jack's friends that his mind had become affected. Word was passed to have the company surgeon, Doctor Baker, on hand to examine him promptly on his arrival. And while the speculation grew on this theory, the crowd watching the track that stretched up

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Ala., Montgomery, suburban res. and 13 A. Horse and tools
Ala., near Mobile, 6-r. house, 6½ A. land
Ala., [illegible] 80 A. and impts
Ala., near Anniston, 12 A. fruit land
Ariz., Yavapai Co. 120 A. and impts
Ariz. Prince Co., fine ranch property, 2050 A. [illegible]
Ark., Newton C[illegible] A. [illegible]
Ark., [illegible] A. farming and timber [illegible]
Ark., Newton Co. ½ int. in 1000 A. zinc and lead mineral claims, contains fine bldg. stone and marble.
Ark., Izard Co., 40 A. timber land
Ark., Newburgh, res. and 3 A., 20 A. adjoining
Cal., Corning 20 A. olive orchard
Cal., E. Oakland, excellent cor. res. lot 100x150 feet
Cal., near San Gabriel, 10 A. land, 5 A. bearing prune trees
Cal., Monterey Co., 80 A. imp'd ranch
Cal., Galt, res. and 3 lots, 8 A. vineyard
Cal., Tropico near Los Angeles, 5 lots
Cal., Riverside, 9 A. orange grove
Cal., San Diego, 6-r. cottage and lot, gardeners' add
Cal., near Los Angeles, 23 A. orange grove and impts
Cal., Los Angeles Co. 20 A. imp'd orange and lemon grove
Cal., Los Angeles, mod. [illegible] res., beautifully located opp. West Lake Park
Cal., Azusa, Los Angeles Co., 6 A. orange grove
Cal., near Corning, 2½ A. olive orchard
Cal., Monterey Co., 160 A. and impts
Cal., San Diego Co., excellent eqp'd ranch, 600 A. [illegible]
Cal., Santa [illegible] excellent mod. 10-r. res., State st., furnished or unfurnished
Cal., Santa Clara Co., 16 A. eqp'd fruit ranch
Cal., Santa Cruz Co., [illegible] A. orchard and vineyard property, all impts. Well fenced and watered, paying good income.
Cal., near [illegible] 20 A. land, 10 A. in oranges
Cal., San Diego [illegible] 500 A. imp'd ranch, [illegible] A. in bearing lemon trees
Cal., San Diego Co., 40 A. and impts
Cal., Placer Co., 25 A. finest fruit land
Cal., near Menlo Park, bldg. plot, about 3 A., just outside Stanford University grounds
Cal., near Pomona, 7 A., orange grove, 9-r. house, barn, etc
Cal., Yreka, good res. and 7 A. Fine location for physician
Can., N. B., Hartland, store and dwelling
Can., Man., Marquette Co., 640 A. and impts
Can., Que., Stanstead Co., 128 A. and impts.
Colo., nr. Fort Collins, finely eqp'd farm, 400 A. Under fine irrigating canal.
Colo., Pueblo Co., fine ranch, 1190 A., 10 mi. from Pueblo.
Colo., Delta Co., 18 A. fruit farm
Colo., nr. Boulder, eqp'd fruit and truck farm, 10 A.
Colo., Sterling, 4 finely located lots
Colo., Anaconda, 4-r. house and lot
Colo., near Pueblo, fine stock ranch of 10,000 A., deeded and leased land and improvements, complete eqpt., well watered
Colo., La Junta, 5-r. brick house, 2 lots
Colo., Denver, Lakeview, 4 bldg. lots. S. [illegible] st
Colo., Montrose Co., 113 A., impts., 15 A. orchard.
Conn., Pine Orchard, mod. 10-r. cottage and lot.
Conn., nr. Willimantic, 47 A. and impts.
Conn., New Haven, bldg. lot, opp. entrance to East Rock Park.
Conn., Oxford, New Haven Co., 80 A., good 9-r. house and outbuildings
Conn., Torrington, 16-r. res. (2 flats), Prospect st
Conn., Norwich, store, tenement and lot
Conn., Woodbridge, mountain lodge and 8 A.
Conn., Danbury, 11-r. res. and lot
D. C., Washington, 34 A. suburban land, admirably located for residences.
Fla., Ocala, 10-r. res. and 10 A. land
Fla., Crescent City, 4 A. orange grove
Fla., near Bartow, 10 A. timbered, fruit and vegetable land.
Fla., on Lake Weir, Marion Co., 15 A., 5 A. orange grove, fine sanitarium site
Fla., near Green Cove Springs, 100 A. fruit and pasture land
Fla., near Orlando, 40 A. bordering on lake, 10 A. bearing orange grove, house, barn, etc.
Fla., Leroy, good bldg. lot
Fla., near Manatee, 15 A. containing fine orange grove
Fla., near DeLand, 20 A. fruit land
Fla., near Clermont, 30 A. vegetable and fruit land
Fla., near Lakeland 15 A. fruit and truck farm
Fla., near Interlachen, 10 A. fruit land, 5-r. house.
Fla., Little Sarasota Key, 150 A. beautifully located for winter home or hotel
Ga., Guyton, 9-r. res. and 1½ A.
Ga., Habersham Co., 190 A. mostly timbered. Mica mine on property
Ga., Brunswick, fine bldg. site 90x180 ft. situate in center of city
Ga., Guyton, 100 A. suitable for sub-div. 30 mi. from Savannah
Ga., Fitzgerald, [illegible] res. 4 lots
Idaho, Ada Co., fine farm, [illegible] A.
Idaho, Canyon Co., 223 A. imp'd ranch
Ill., Union Co., 80 A. truck farm
Ill., River Forest, fine mod. 9-r. res. and lot.
Ill., near Geneva, fine 80 A. farm
Ill., Decatur, [illegible] res. and lot
Ill., Chicago, 4-story flat bldg., [illegible]
Ill., Chicago, [illegible] lots, [illegible] st.
Ill., [illegible] res. and 8 A., Knoxville and Nebr. aves.
Ill., Chicago, La Grange, 14-r. res. and lot
Ill., Macon, brick store and office bldg. and [illegible]
Ill., Chicago, [illegible] finely located lots
Ill., Chicago, West [illegible]
Ill., [illegible]
Ill., Chicago, 6 bldg. lots, Washington Heights, [illegible]
Ill., Rockford, fine large res. and grounds
Ill., [illegible]
Ill., Chicago, 3 lots, Kenny & Pemberton's Add. to Pennock
Ill., Glencoe, nr. Chicago, furnished res. and 1½ A. on lake shore
Ill., Barrington, 8 good bldg. lots
Ill., Franklin Co., 240 A. stocked farm
Ill., Chicago, fine 12-r. brick res. and lot, Prairie ave
Ill., Chicago, Clarendon Hills, 5 bldg. lots
Ill., Havana, good mod. res. and lot
Ind., Indianapolis, 10-r. res. and lot, N. Alabama st
Ind., La Fayette, 12-r. res. and lot
Ind., Ripley Co., 90 A. and impts
Ind., Fremont, store and dwelling [illegible]
Ind., Lake Co., 67 A. land and [illegible], 17 mi. from Chicago.
Iowa, Clinton, 10-r. res. and lot
Iowa, Burlington, cottage and lot, S. [illegible]
Iowa, Des Moines, cor. res. property, mod. impts
Iowa, Marshalltown, house and lot
Iowa, Rockford, Floyd Co., excellent 160 A. stock farm
Iowa, Kossuth Co., 155 A. and impts. near Corwith; 130 A. cultivated
Iowa, Winnebago Co., 120 A. and impts
Iowa, Clarinda, bldg. lot 75x150 ft
Iowa, Keokuk, 9-r. res. and lot
Iowa, S. Ottumwa, [illegible] res. and [illegible] N. [illegible] st
Iowa, Wapello Co., [illegible] A. farm, [illegible] ft vein coal underlying
Iowa, Lenox, res. and 10 good bldg. lots
Iowa, near Waterloo, 610 A., 3 sets bldgs
Iowa, Vinton, 2 finely located lots
Kans., Greeley Co., 480 A. grazing land
Kans., Parsons, mod. cottage and lot
Kans., Galena, [illegible] bldg. lots, 19th and Mineral ave
Kans., near Leavenworth, 80 A. farm underlaid with coal
Ky., Owensboro, 7-r. res. and lot
Ky., Ellsmere and Erlanger, 7 bldg. lots
La., Caddo Parish, 160 A. good truck land
Me., Portland, cor. tenement house and lot
Me., West Gouldsboro, furnished res. beautifully located
Me., South Hancock, summer home and 1½ A.
Me., Hancock Co., 46 A., mostly woodland, opp. Western Bay, summer res. site
Md., near Annapolis, 551 A. and impts
Md., near Oxford, historic colonial mansion and 5 A. lawn and orchard
Mass., Westport Point, mod. 12-r. res
Mass., [illegible] country estate and [illegible] A.
Mass., Berks [illegible] stock farm [illegible] A.
Mass., near New Bedford, fine farm [illegible] A.
Mass., Newtonville, near Boston, 13-r. res
Mass., Pittsfield, mod. 9-r. res. and [illegible]
Mass., Groton, 10-r. res. and ¾ A.
Mass., Winchester, near Boston, plot 45,797 ft., well located for [illegible]
Mass., Winchester, near Boston, plot of land 300,000 ft., suitable for factory or medium price houses
Mass., Falmouth, 7-r. cottage, near fine bathing beach
Mass., Berkshire Co., 650 A., impts. and stock
Mass., Cambridge, fine mod. 11-r. res. and lot
Mich., nr. Fremont, 20 A. fruit and truck farm,
Mich., Grand Haven, res., greenhouses and 8 A. vegetable land.
Mich., Ypsilanti, fine 9-r. res. and lot
Mich., Grand Rapids, 2 houses and lot, 1st st.
Mich., [illegible] 11-r. res. and lot
Mich., [illegible] cottages and lot
Mich., Kalkaska [illegible] 40 A. tillable land
Mich., Ottawa [illegible] farm 350 A., 12 mi. from Grand Rapids
Mich., [illegible] 40 A. fine clay and sand soil, good location for fruit or poultry farm
Mich., near Detroit, 40 A. farm
Mich., Oscoda Co., 80 A. timbered land
Mich., Detroit, mod. 8-r. res., 3 lots, McClellan ave
Mich., near Ludington, bldg. lot Piney Ridge Resort
Mich., Detroit, bldg. lot, 29th st., between Wreford and Moore.
Mich., near Ludington, bldg. lot on Hamlin Lake Piney Ridge Resort
Minn., nr. Hibbing, 166 A. land
Minn., Minneapolis, 13 bldg. lots, park add
Minn., Nobles Co., 80 A. and impts
Minn., adjoining Winona, fine 136 A. farm
Minn., Norman Co., 145 A. farm and store
Minn., [illegible] Wing [illegible], 40 A. land, part timber
Minn., Todd Co., 302 A. and impts
Minn., Clay Co., 320 A. and impts
Minn., Duluth, [illegible] tenement and lot
Minn., Todd Co., 160 A. and impts
Minn., [illegible] res. [illegible] lots
Minn., Minneapolis, mod. 10-r. house, [illegible] st., S. E. Suitable for two families
Minn., Polk Co., excellent farm, 414 A., one-half in city limits of Crookston
Miss., Harrison Co., 320 A. pine timberland.
Miss., Warren Co., 1042 A. cotton plantation
Mo., Randolph Co., excellent farm, 500 A., underlaid with coal, suitable for sub-division
Mo., Shelbina, 4 well located lots.
Mo., Waynesville, 12-r. res. and 3 lots
Mo., Cape Girardeau Co. 142 A. and impts
Mo., St. Charles, mod. brick 8-r. res., 9th and Madison sts
Mo., Douglas Co., 160 A. and impts
Mo., Dallas Co., 160 A. farm, 120 A. in timber
Mo., Taney Co., 316 A. ranch and 127 A. farm [illegible] farming implements, etc
Mo., adjoining Osceola, fine dairy farm 313 A.
Mo., Audrain Co., 160 A. and impts
Mo., near Charleston, excellent 160 A. farm, highly cultivated, excellent location.
Mont., Livingston, mod. 7-r. res., 2 lots
Mont., Cascade Co., 160 A. grain and grazing [illegible]
Mont., [illegible] res. and lot
[illegible] A. ranch, 900 A. tillable
Nebr., Kimball Co., 160 A. land
Nebr., Banner Co., 157 A. land
Nebr., Buffalo Co., fine farm of 160 A.
Nebr., Cherry Co., 479 A. hay and pasture land.
Nebr., Box Butte Co., 158 A. land
Nebr., Dawes Co. 160 A. land
Nebr., Keyapaha Co., 160 A. grain land
Nebr., [illegible] eqp'd 80 A. farm
N. H., Sullivan Co., eqp'd farm, 120 A.
N. H., nr. Lisbon, summer boarding-house [illegible] A. [illegible]
N. H., [illegible] A. and impts
N. H., Manchester, fine mod. res. and grounds
N. J., Wildwood, 9-r. house 4000 ft. ground.
N. J., Hunterdon Co., 96 A. farm
N. J., Avon, fine summer resort lot
N. J., near Burlington, good 45 A. truck farm
N. J., near Mt. Holly, good 117 A. farm
N. J., [illegible] bldg. lots.
N. J., West Orange, 12-r. res. and ground
N. J., Montclair, 11 A., suitable for subdiv. Fine res. section 14 mi. from N. Y. City
N. J., Irvington, 23 A. farm, two 6-r. houses, [illegible] located for sub-division
N. J., [illegible]
N. J., Farmingdale, 3 A. bldg. plot, desirable [illegible]
N. J., Moorestown, fine res. and lot
N. J., Middlesex Co., 100 A. and impts
N. J., Bergen Co., excellent dairy or stock farm, 56 A.
N. J., Magnolia, good cottage and lot
N. J., Middlesex Co., 184 A. clay land; finely located for mfg. site
N. J., Hunterdon Co., eqp'd farm, 135 A.
N. J., Blairstown, good 10-r. res. and lot
N. J., Netcong, good 7-r. res. and lot
N. Mex., Chaves Co., 2,000 A. ranch on Pecos River
N. Mex., 6-r. adobe res. and lot.
N. Mex., nr. Watrous, [illegible], excellent ranch property, 2980 A. located in fine agricultural [illegible]
N. Y., [illegible] summer res. [illegible]
N. Y., Ithaca, 6 bldg. lots, [illegible]
N. Y., [illegible] Kingston [illegible]
N. Y., [illegible]
N. Y., [illegible] res. and [illegible] A., [illegible] located
N. Y., nr. Addison, 35 A. and impts
N. Y., Chenango Co. fine 270 A. farm
N. Y., [illegible] A. [illegible], Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain, Adirondacks
N. Y., Woodhaven, Boro. Queens, store and dwelling, cottage and 10 lots
N. Y., [illegible] 9-r. res. and grounds
N. Y., [illegible] farm 149 A.
N. Y., [illegible] 17 lots
N. Y., [illegible] res. [illegible]
N. Y., [illegible] A. and impts
N. Y., [illegible] bldg. lots
N. Y., [illegible] Co. 50 A. and impts
N. Y., Jefferson Co., 273 A. farm
N. Y., Buffalo, 31 A., suitable for [illegible], 400 ft. frontage on South Park [illegible] best [illegible]
N. Y., Putnam Co., 136 A. [illegible]
N. Y., Ulster Co. 95 A. and impts
N. Y., Orleans Co., 104 A. and impts
N. Y. City, Flushing, 2½ bldg. lots
N. Y., Wayne Co., 100 A. and impts
N. Y., Sullivan Co., 140 A. and impts
N. Y., Brighton, nr. Rochester, Willow Pond property, res. and 4 A., good fishing and hunting
N. Y., [illegible] Co., fine farm 80 A. and impts.
N. Y., Monroe Co., 9[illegible] A. and impts., suitable for summer res. or landscape gardening
N. Y., Wayne Co., fine farm, 6[illegible] A. and impts.
N. Y., Putnam Co., 120 A. and impts
N. Y., Brooklyn, Mapleton, 10 bldg. lots, 59th and 60th sts
N. Y., Brooklyn, Rugby E., 2 well-located lots
N. Y., Cayuga Co., 20 A. and impts
N. Y., Rochester, 10-r. brick res. South ave
N. Y., [illegible] story store bldg., hall and dwelling
N. Y., Orange Co., 197 A. timbered land and impts
N. C., Polk Co., 700 A. and impts., 600 A. timber.
N. C., nr. Southern Pines, 10 A. fruit farm
N. D., Steele [illegible] A. grain land
N. D., [illegible] A. and impts
N. D., [illegible] A. grain farm
Ohio, Greenfield, [illegible] story bldg., dry house, etc
Ohio, nr. Canton, fine 61 A. farm
Ohio, Wayne Co., fine 120 A. farm.
Ohio, Columbus, fine corner bldg. lot, Central ave.
Ohio, Dayton, mod. 10-r. res. W. First st
Ohio, Medina Co., 55 A. and impts
Ohio, Mansfield, [illegible] lots
Ohio, [illegible] A. farm
Ohio, Wayne Co., 1½ mi. from Worcester, excellent farm 200 A.
Ohio, near [illegible] good 90 A. farm
Ohio, [illegible] res. and [illegible]
Ohio, [illegible] Co., stock and grain farm 207 A.
Ohio, Pike Co., 111 A. and impts
Okla., Custer Co., eqp'd 148 A. farm
Okla., Washita Co., relinquishments on 160 A. homestead
Ore., Medford, fine 8-r. res. and 2 A.
Ore., Irvington, finely located lot
Ore., Klamath Co. 320 A. timber land
Pa., McDonald, 6-r. house and lot.
Pa., [illegible] Sharon, finely located lot
Pa., nr. Downingtown, fine farm, 102 A.
Phila., Weldon, nr. Glenside, 10-r. res. and 1½ A. land
Pa., Monessen, 3 good bldg. lots
Pa., Duquesne, mod. 8-r. res. and lot
Pa., Potter Co., 91 A. eqp'd farm
Pa., Lancaster, country estate of 96 A., just outside city limits, on trolley line; mod. 21-r. res.; finely located for sub-div.
Pa., Scranton, 2 6-r. res., N. Everett ave
Pa., [illegible], frame factory bldg
Pa., [illegible] excellent farm, 117 A.
Pa., York [illegible] excellent 120 A. farm, suitable for dairy or [illegible]
Pa., [illegible] A. and impts
Pa., McKeesport, fine [illegible] frontage 5th ave. [illegible]
Pa., Lackawanna Co., 50 A. undeveloped coal land
Pa., Pittsburg, West Liberty, good lot.
Pa., Parkside, in Pocono Mts., hotel and resort property [illegible] A.
Pa., Fayette Co., excellent 130 A. farm
Pa., Fayette Co., 23 A. and impts
Pa., [illegible] fine store and dwelling, good stable, outbuildings and lot
Pa., Altoona, 60 well located lots
Pa., Bedford Co., 113 A. and impts
Pa., Jermyn, 2 stores and dwelling Main st
R. I., Tiverton, 9 mi. from Fall River, Mass., 13 mi. from Newport, fine res. and 58 A.
R. I., East Providence, 6-r. cottage and lot
S. C., Barnwell Co., 716 A. plantation
S. C., [illegible] A. farm, well cultivated
S. C., Camden, Kirkwood, fine 1 A. bldg. plot
S. D., Brown Co., 160 A. tract of land
Tenn., Williamson Co., eqp'd farm 259 A.
Tex., Denison, 8 lots, Stewarts add
Tex., Sherman, 8-r. res., E. Lamar st.
Tex., DeWitt Co., complete dairy farm, 117 A.
Tex., Paris, cottage and 6 lots, Margaret st
Tex., San Antonio, 3 res. and [illegible] lots, Hays and Mosquite sts.
Tex., Jefferson Co., 10 A. [illegible]
Tex., San Antonio, 6 A. central bldg. site, ideal for tourist hotel.
Vt., Allison Mountain Inn and 460 A.
Va., [illegible] res. and lot
Va., [illegible] 275 A. and impts
Va., [illegible] 8-r. res., blacksmith shop and 1 A. land
Va., Albemarle [illegible] 194 A. and impts
Va., [illegible] 120 A. and impts
Wash., Cowlitz Co., eqp'd farm, 158 A.
Wash., North Bay, Mason Co., 59 A. oyster bed, float house, tools, etc
Wash., nr. Seattle, 152 A. on Puget Sound, fruit and vegetable land, also home sites
W. Va., 9,782 A. coal land, 8,585 A. surface, splint and steam coal 6 workable veins
W. Va., Wirt Co., 240 A. oil land.
Wis., [illegible] res. and 14 A.
Wis., [illegible] A. [illegible] on lake
Wis., [illegible] and ½ A.
Wis., [illegible]
Wis., [illegible] A. farm [illegible]
Wy., [illegible] relinquishments [illegible] homestead

Business Opportunities

Complete Greenhouse property, stock and bus., St. Clairsville, Ohio.
Retail Millinery bus., Santa Ana, Cal
Complete Pulp Mill, 228 A. farm, 3 dwellings, barn, etc., on River Portneuf, St. Raymond Parish, Que., Can.
Furnished Hotel and Grounds, Hartford, Wis. $10,000.
1[illegible]5 Barrel Roller Flouring Mill and 400x600 ft land, Alexandria, Minn. $[illegible],000
Fine Hotel Property near Lancaster, Pa. Fine mineral water, health and summer resort. $100,000
Paving and Bldg. Brick Plant and 11 A., Canton, Ill. $[illegible]
Patent on [illegible] $10,000
Complete Roller [illegible] Mill, Douglasville, Ga. $8[illegible]
Furnished 45-r. Hotel, Chinook, Mont. $[illegible],000
Gen. Mdse. Bus., stock and fixtures, Clarence, Iowa. $[illegible],000
Roller Flour and Feed Mill, 2 good dwellings, [illegible] suitable for [illegible] $[illegible],000
[illegible] Fair[illegible], N. D. $[illegible]
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the Blue Valley shouted; Santry's headlight was twinkling in the horizon.

Bucks, upstairs with the operators, took a nervous hitch at his trousers and walked to the window. No man spoke to him and he spoke to no man, but the expression in his eyes none had seen before. Santry with a long, shrill whistle ran down the yard as if he owned it and pulling up right in the face of the crowd sprang from the cab. Callahan was waiting, but he only eyed the boy keenly and pointed directly over his shoulder, "Bucks is upstairs." Santry, white and drawn, said never a word. He walked to the building, cleared the stairs three steps at a time and entered Bucks' room pulling off his gloves.

"I suppose you know what I've done, Mr. Bucks," Santry began, flinging his cap halfway across the table. "I asked three times this afternoon for orders to Blue Hill. Your forty-dollar-a-month men at McCloud turned me down three times and I ran through them. Before you begin I want just to explain, then I'll take my penalty. May I close this door?"

He slammed shut the door leading into the operators' room and cut off every listening ear. For a moment two rather high voices were heard in discussion in Bucks' office, then the tones were suddenly lowered, and before the fellows listening in the hall could dodge away through handy doors, out strode Bucks red as a turkey gobbler, and down the stairs, Jack Santry, sullen and white, behind him. Shockley, cool-headed and capable as ever, and mum as a Sioux buck, had already run the engine and house-car away from the crowd, up past the eating-house. Every one wanted to follow the superintendent and the engineer, but no one dared. They walked together in evident haste to the eating-house, where Shockley and Doctor Baker joined them, and to the consternation of one hundred wildly excited men Bucks was seen at long range to shake hands with Shockley precisely as if nothing had happened.

As a matter of fact nothing had happened. But the next morning Kenrick, who had not slept a wink all night for excitement, got advices that a Christmas Special had most unexpectedly come into the division at Blue Hill; that it was a boy, and that Shockley, who was a widower and up on forms, had announced that it would be named Jack Santry, Second, after its father; and that, in Shockley's judgment, the boy would be able to sign a train register in *about* six weeks.

No one but Shockley knew just how the row between Jack and the dispatchers was ever fixed up, though the dispatchers must have taken the worst of it. For this reason. There was no Blue Hill woman available, in Mrs. Jack's judgment, for godmother, and the Santrys finally compromised by substituting two godfathers. Naturally, Shockley had to be one of them, for he had solved the terrible perplexities of the situation at Benkleton by instigating prompt action. But three weeks later, when the midget was baptized, what most surprised the railroad men was that Bucks should have thrown to the winds the bachelor traditions of twenty years by standing, at Mrs. Jack's request, as godfather number two for THE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL.

* * *

Old Gorgon Graham

(Continued from Page 3)

every note just when it came due, but when he got through it was all wrong. That was Sol in business, too. He knew just the right rule for doing everything and did it just that way, and yet everything he did turned out to be a mistake. Made it twice as aggravating because you couldn't consistently find fault with him. If you'd given Sol the job of making over the earth he'd have built it out of the latest textbook on How to Make the World Better, and have turned out something as correct as a spike-tail coat—and every one would have wanted to die to get out of it.

Then, too, I never saw such a cuss for system. Other men would forget costs and prices, but Sol never did. Seemed he ran his memory by system. Had a way when there was a change in the price list of taking it home and setting it to poetry. Used "Ring Out, Wild Bells," by A Tennyson, for a bull market—I remember he began it "Ring Off, Wild Bulls"—and "Break, Break, Break," for a bear one.

It used to annoy me considerable when I asked him the price of pork tenderloins to

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have him mumble through two or three verses till he fetched it up, but I didn't have any real kick coming till he got ambitious and I had to wait till he'd hummed half through a grand opera to get a quotation on pickled pigs' feet in kits. I felt that we had reached the parting of the ways then, but I didn't like to point out his way too abruptly, because the friend who had unloaded him on us was pretty important to me in my business just then, and he seemed to be all wrapped up in Sol's making a hit with us.

It's been my experience, though, that sometimes when you can't kick a man out of the back door without a row, you can get him to walk out the front way voluntarily. So when I get stuck with a fellow who, for some reason, it isn't desirable to fire, I generally promote him and raise his pay. Some of these weak sisters I make boss of the machine shop and some boss of the bonemeal mill, though of course the real bosses understand the situation and stay right along as "assistants." I didn't dare send Sol to the machine shop, because I knew he wouldn't have been there a week before he'd have been running the shop on Götterdämmerung or one of those other cuss-word operas of Wagner's. But the strong point of a bonemeal mill is bonedust, and the strong point of bonedust is smell, and the strong point of its smell is its staying qualities. Naturally it's the sort of job for which you want a bald-headed man, because a fellow who's got nice thick curls will cheat the house by taking a good deal of the product home with him. To tell the truth, Sol's hair had been worrying me almost as much as his system. When I hired him I'd supposed he'd naturally moult it along with his musical tail-feathers. I had a little talk with him then, in which I hinted at the value of looking clear-cut and trim and of giving sixteen ounces to the pound, but the only result of it was that he went off and bought a pot of scented vaseline and grew another inch of hair for good measure. It seemed a pity now, so long as I was after his scalp, not to get it with the hair on.

Sol had never seen a bonemeal mill, but it flattered him mightily to be promoted into the manufacturing end, where a fellow could get ahead faster, and he said good-by to the boys in the office with his nose in the air, where he kept it, I reckon, during the rest of his connection with the house.

If Sol had stuck it out for a month at the mill I'd have known that he had the right stuff in him somewhere and have taken him back into the office after a good rub-down with pumice-stone. But he turned up the second day, smelling of violet soap and bonemeal, and he didn't sing his list of grievances, either. Started right in by telling me how, when he got into a street car, all the other passengers sort of faded out; and how his landlady insisted on serving his meals in his room. Almost foamed at the mouth when I said the office seemed a little close and opened the window, and quoted some poetry about that being "the most unkindest cut of all." Wound up by wanting to know how he was going to get it out of his hair.

I broke it to him as gently as I could that it would have to wear out or be cut out, and tried to make him see that it was better to be a bald-headed boss on a large salary than a curly-headed clerk on a small one; but, in the end, he resigned, taking along a letter from me to the friend who had recommended him and some of my good bonemeal.

I didn't grudge him the fertilizer, but I did feel sore that he hadn't left me a lock of his hair, till some one saw him a few days later dodging along with his collar turned up and his hat pulled down, looking like a new-clipped lamb. I heard, too, that the fellow who had given him the wise-men-muses letter to me was so impressed with the almost exact duplicate of it I gave Sol, and with the fact that I had promoted him so soon, that he concluded he must have let a good man get by him, and hired him himself.

Sol was a failure as a musician because, while he knew all the notes, he had nothing in himself to add to them when he played them. It's easy to learn all the notes that make good music and all the rules that make good business, but a fellow's got to add the fine curves to them himself if he wants to do anything more than beat the bass-drum all his life. Some men think that rules should be made of cast iron; I think that they should be made of rubber, so that they can be stretched to fit any particular case and then spring back into shape again. The really important part of a rule is the exception to it.

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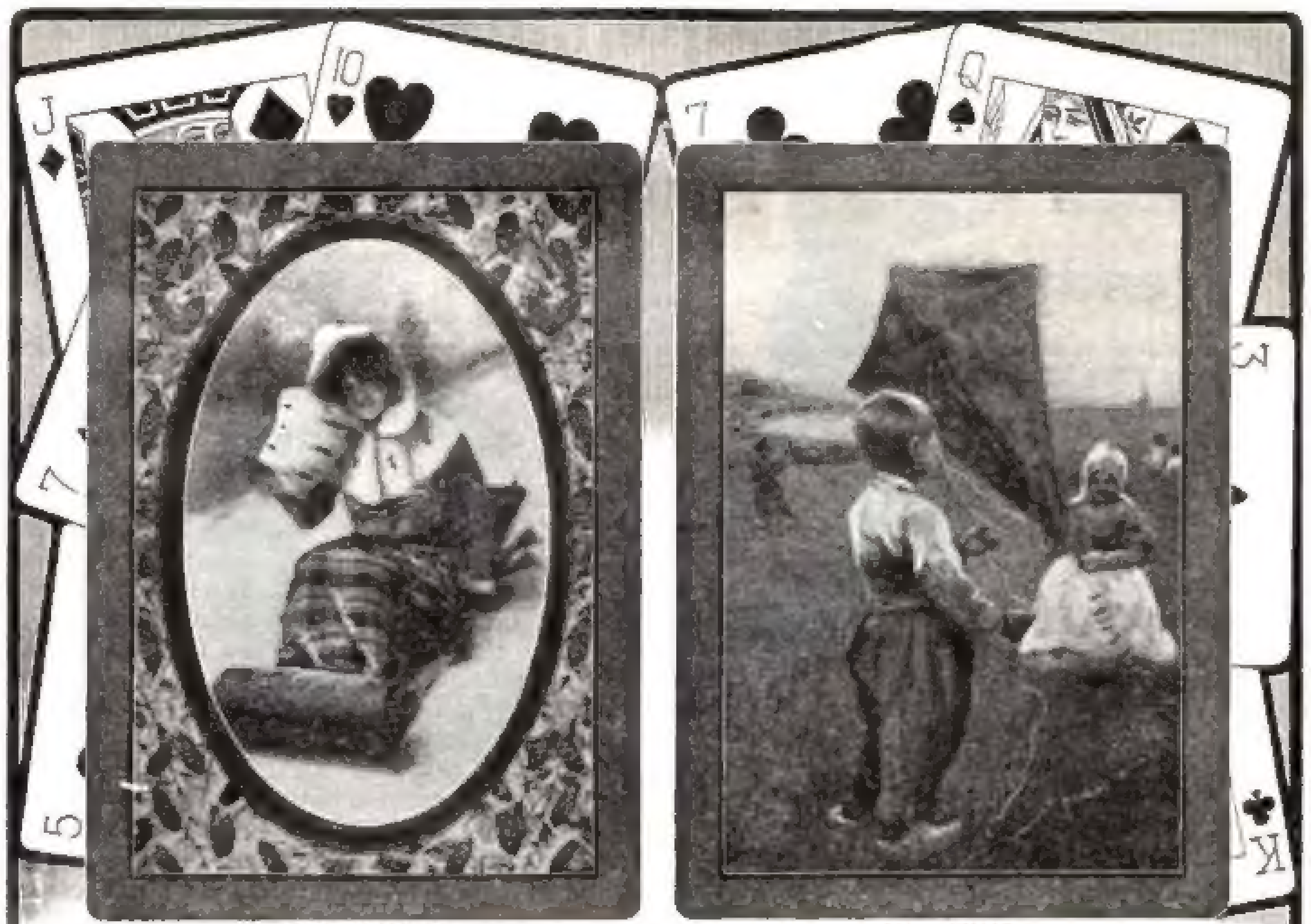
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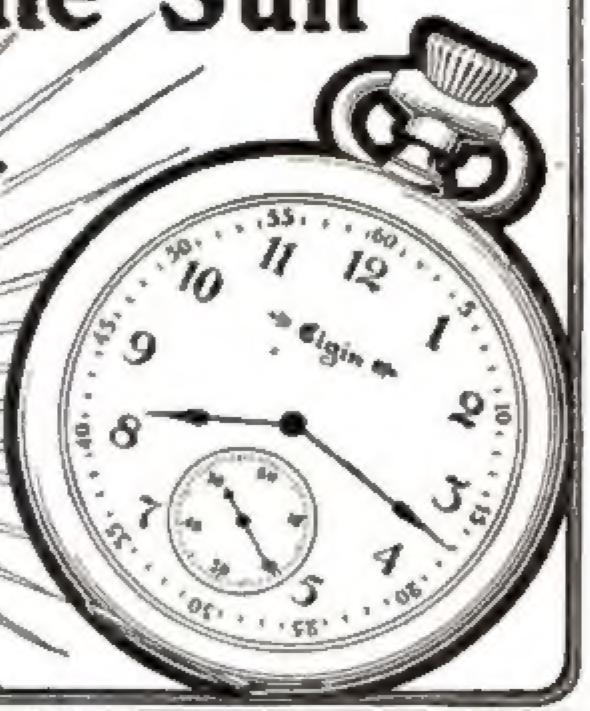

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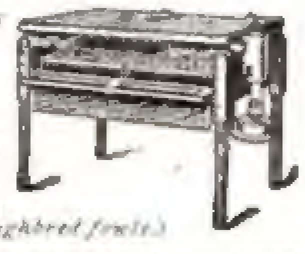

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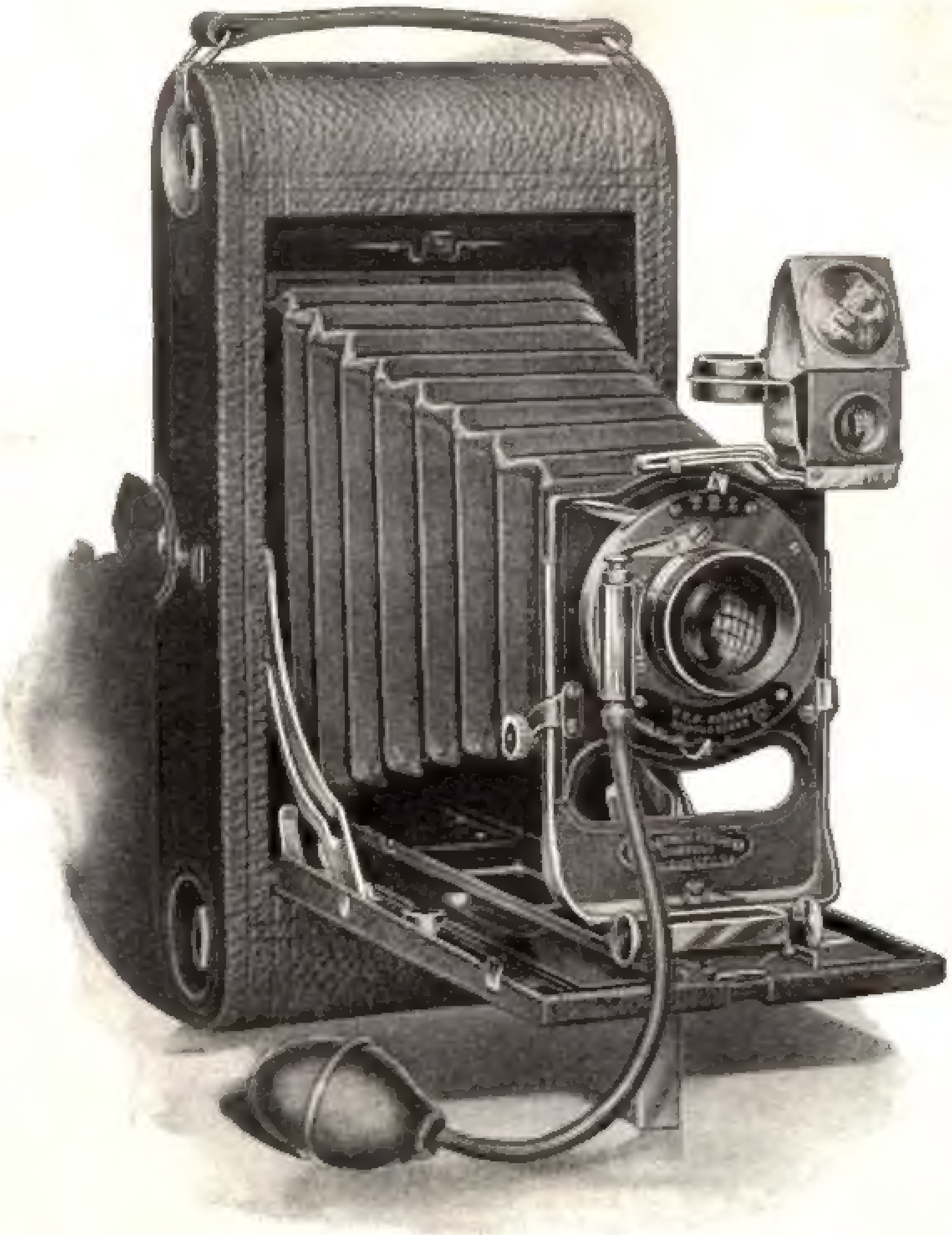

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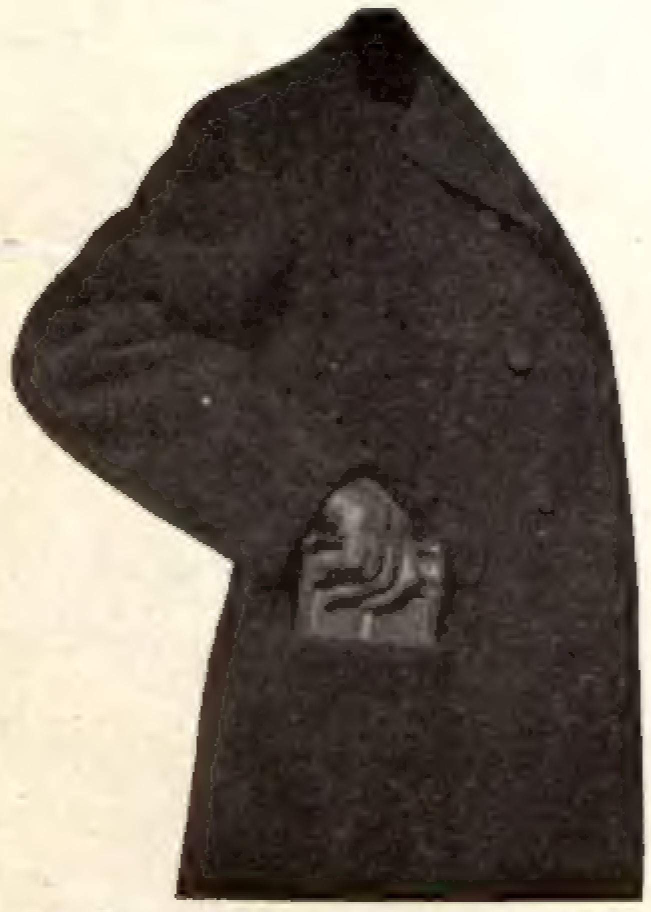

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